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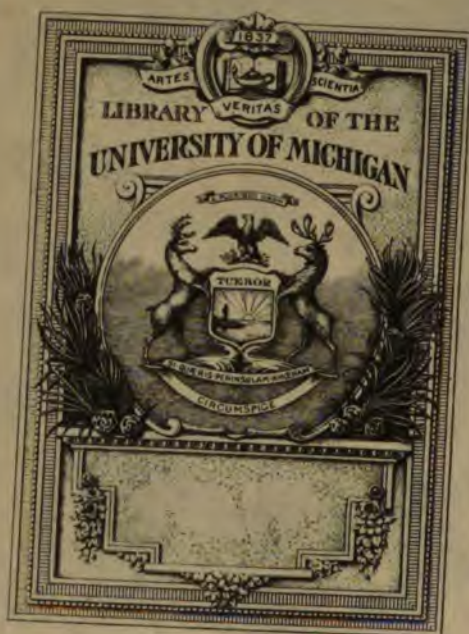
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QUEEN JOANNA I.

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THE ISLES, SICILY, AND JERUSALEM  
OF JESSÉ H. FLOVENTE, FORTUNE  
AND FREDMONT

**An Essay on their Times**

BY  
CHARLES ALDORELLI

NEW YORK, 1878



LONDON

BY  
J. B. L. & CO.





EXAMPLES, SUCH AS THE FOLLOWING,  
OF THESE OF THE NEW YORK  
AND THE NEW YORK

## An Essay on the Theory

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# QUEEN JOANNA I.

OF NAPLES, SICILY, AND JERUSALEM  
COUNTESS OF PROVENCE, FORCALQUIER  
AND PIEDMONT

**An Essay on her Times**

BY

WELBORE ST. CLAIR BADDELEY

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*



LONDON  
WILLIAM HEINEMANN

1893

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*To*

*MY FRIEND*

*E. H. PEMBER, Q.C.*





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## PREFACE.



**T**HIS book has been written, not for the sake of arguing in a good or a bad cause, nor yet for the purpose of whitewashing a blackened reputation, but solely in the cause of violated truth,—to clear away a little the nightshade and bramble that have been not only allowed, but encouraged, to overgrow and conceal the doors of a Royal palace; in fact, to narrate causes and effects, so as to enable the reader to judge, as far as may be, the character of the beautiful Queen whom it humbly commemorates.

Some men say that, after so many centuries of damning tradition, the main question as to a historic character must be considered as settled; that the day has long passed for successfully determining anything contrary to what has been said and written. But surely this were tantamount to asserting that a falsehood has only to be repeated long enough in order to take its place as a fixed and honoured truth. If there is one matter which more deeply concerns history and historians than another, it is this, that no amount of slander on the part of defeated foes, no amount of over-zealous defence on the part of

\*

ingenious friends, and above all, no reckless ignorance or incompleteness of statement on the part of writers, in an especial chain of events and circumstances, shall ever permit any calumny, great or small, to become chronic. It must be excised at any cost.

Our particular warfare, however, passive though it be, is clearly not so much with calumniators, of whom we know there have been plenty, nor with advocates of truth, of whom, strange to say, there have been few, though strong; but it is with gross misstatements, partisan narratives, and a sort of tropical atmosphere of literary carelessness and credulity, which in this particular instance has nourished only too exuberantly certain evil but seductive flowers of untruth.

It is my trust that, without undue pressure upon the fact, I have been able to show that the view taken by Petrarch, Baldus, and Clement VI. as to the one great crime—the only one originally imputed to Queen Joanna I.—was probably the correct one, namely, that she was innocent of the murder of her first husband and cousin, Andrew of Hungary. For it seems to have been upon the at first not unnatural belief in her guilt in this affair, by credulous people in a credulous age, that all other imputations made during her life and after her death have been founded and carefully preserved for us. If, in support of this hope, I venture to make any general criticism about previous writers on the subject, it will only be to note that

among their successes they have curiously neglected to consider the influence of the most important, but, perhaps, the best concealed of all the Queen's enemies, her mother-in-law, Queen Elizabeth I. of Hungary.

It is strange enough that one and all of these writers fall headlong into a quagmire of error, when dealing with King James of Majorca, and the eleven important years of the Queen's life, wasted, as far as marriage went, by her union with him. It is strange that they copy the Venetian Collenuccio in his cynical but unfounded suggestion that Clement VI. never paid the Queen the stipulated sum for the sale of Avignon. But it is far more strange that, knowing of the ominous gap that separated the two elder branches of the house of Anjou, they should have reasoned that the sole motive for the invasion of Naples by Louis of Hungary was fraternal vengeance, and not dynastic ambition to unite two hereditary kingdoms which had been separated by a most politic, but most unjust Papal fiat; and also that they should have reasoned that, in taking this vengeance, King Louis, who was but two-and-twenty at the time, was acting alone, instead of fulfilling, as in reality he was, the promptings of the shrewd and energetic mother whom he worshipped and consulted in all things as long as she lived, and to whom, in no small measure (as Hungarians know), he owes his accepted title of 'The Great.'

Before I conclude this preface, I had better point

out two more active sources of calumnation, and deal briefly with them. They are these. Firstly, Queen Joanna, during a life of fifty-seven years, was married four times. Secondly, confusion with her great-niece and namesake, Queen Joanna the Second, who had the vices of Messalina, without any of the redeeming merits which may be claimed for Catherine of Russia.

In dealing with the first of these sources of scandal, I will dare to say at once that Queen Joanna, though unfortunate in her first and third unions, acted on the pressing advice of her people, and did wisely in remarrying. If, however, we are to look upon the state of matrimony as an immoral institution, by all means let us blame the Queen's ministers for urging her not to remain single. Personally, perhaps, after the tragic issue of her first marriage, she would have wished to continue a widow, or, at any rate, after the death of her second and much-loved husband, Luigi of Taranto; but the right of remaining single, which belongs to every ordinary woman, from an ordinary point of view, did not belong to the monarch of an important Guelfic realm in those troublous times. Her crown was not merely coveted, but was never safe without the protecting influence of a husband. Such was the point and delicacy of that proud age of chivalry! Now, Joanna was more of a Mary Stuart than a Boadicea, or rather, more of a Jane Grey than a Catherine; consequently, her Papal guardians and

advisers continually pressed marriage upon her, not as a moral, but as a political necessity. To this must be added, of course, in their justification (if that be needed), that the hope of her giving birth a second time to a male heir to the crown was for many years constantly before their political eyes.<sup>1</sup>

As to the second source of calumnation, let it suffice to the reader that, in the same period of history, there were two Angevine queens of Naples bearing the same name—Giovanna—and that they stood in relationship to one another as great-aunt to great-niece. But whereas one crime had been laid by her enemies on the shoulders of the first queen, a hundred were known and were the constant scandal to the familiar friends of the second. In the course of time (not in the justice of it), the crimes of the latter were added to the supposed crime of the former, and wholesale confusion has been one of the historical results.

But over and above these two active causes of traduction, it is necessary to point to the large and cumulative body of unreasoning literary prejudice against the Queen. Great as this is, however, there is little in it that need give us pause; nothing, certainly, that need inspire us with alarm. For, examined but cursorily, it can be seen to consist of one huge ink-bubble, quite ready to burst at the

<sup>1</sup> Queen Joanna gave birth to three children in all: one (Carlo Martello) by Andrew, her first husband, and two daughters by Luigi of Taranto. They all died in infancy.



prick of a needle. Writer after writer has been content to copy blindly from Giovanni and Matteo Villani, the prejudiced, but otherwise reliable Florentines, from the Ghibelline Gravina, and from Angelo Costanzo, the credulous though amiable Neapolitan poet and historian. Others, too, apparently for the sake of verbal and dramatic effect, have copied the clumsy inventions of Collenuccio, which Costanzo and Summonte have taken especial care to avoid and condemn; while still others there have been, and yet are, whose animosity, whether religious or political, against the Papacy, has been such as to make them take a clean sweep of the characters of all those monarchs who were its allies or supporters.

The reader may here remark, 'But, surely, there could not have arisen this perpetual smoke if there was no fire.' It is true there was fire; there was strong ground for suspicion of the Queen's privity to the crime, as will be shown in our narrative; but it did not amount to more than suspicion founded upon, but not supported by, the circumstantial evidence. The foremost minds of the age, credulous though it was, did not doubt her innocence. But what advantage was taken of this suspicion by the Hungarian enemies of the realm, by the jealous Angevine relatives who coveted her crown, and by the Ghibelline party generally, may be more easily imagined than described.

Thus, in favour of her character, over and above her uniform conduct of life during a reign of thirty-

nine years, we have the explicit testimony of Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Angelo da Perugia, of the famous Baldus, and not less famous Niccolo Acciajuoli, who, all of them, for years enjoyed her personal friendship; while against it, we have but the wholesale and reckless errors of Collenuccio, the Republican bias of Villani, the Florentine,—the inspired slanders of the Hungarian, and the natural hostility of the Ghibelline, writers.

In all times there have been idle and careless authors, whose objects have been to make books and reputations by the quickest means available. With such writers, the will or the ability to discount previous errors or political prejudices, or to examine and question their subject-matter from various points of view, is usually lacking; and with such writers, also, it will be readily understood that there would appear to be little or no motive for lifting away the veil of an interesting mystery which has had the unique merits of connecting a young, lovely, and accomplished bride with a clumsy and atrocious murder. To do so would have appeared in their eyes to do away with a notable and piquant bit of dramatic interest, all ready to hand. It would not occur to them, for instance, that to clear this gentle and beautiful lady from the horrible suggestion of guilt, would be still more piquant and notable, would still further heighten the drama and the mystery. Therefore they have been, almost all of them, supinely content either to let the sus-

picion remain a suspicion, or else to intensify it by inventive lights and shadows. Even Muratori, who had a good opportunity for forming an individual judgment, had he so inclined to do, contented himself by stating harshly that it would be more easy to turn a negro white than to clear the Queen of Naples of the murder of Andrew. But, though we respect Muratori, are indebted to him, and admire his prodigious industry, we are by no manner of means bound to accept his epigrammatic dictum for a judicial opinion; and we do not accept it. On the contrary, we feel only the more sorry to remark that a writer, whose name worthily carries so much weight, should have compelled us in this instance to rally him for permitting himself to be carried away, after the manner of far inferior writers on the same subject, by the common tide of error, without making any reasonable resistance.

In the introductory essay, Queen Joanna has been called the Mary Stuart of the fourteenth century. It should be mentioned here that this denomination is not at all new, and only in part true. Many writers have previously noted the curious general analogy between the cases of the two Queens. Whether they have detailed the points of resemblance, I do not remember. It will suffice, perhaps, if they be briefly noted.

First, their lives present in common the infantine betrothal to a partner inferior in all things, save social rank. Each was beautiful, vivacious, and

acquisitive. Their education was similarly among poets, heroes, and artists, in the atmosphere of a learned and luxurious court. Most of the serious troubles of both Queens can be shown to have proceeded from the greed and jealousy of their nearest relatives, male and female. The difficulties of settling the succession were not very dissimilar. Each was suspected of the murder of one of her husbands; both alike had their chief enemy in a reigning or ruling kinswoman—in each case, a Queen Elizabeth. Finally, both died violent deaths, and both died almost equally martyrs.

Here the points of resemblance may be said to end. The suspicions against Queen Joanna, which followed upon the murder of Andrew,<sup>1</sup> were in no wise strengthened, far less confirmed, by anything in her subsequent conduct;<sup>2</sup> whereas those which followed upon the death of Darnley, left hardly a doubt as to the guilt of the Queen of Scots. The

<sup>1</sup> Our judicious and temperate Hallam ('Middle Ages,' vol. i. p. 486, 487, note), says, after reading Gravina's account of the murder of Prince Andrew, 'I find myself undecided as to this perplexed and mysterious story. Gravina's opinion, it should be observed, is extremely hostile to the Queen. Nevertheless, there are not wanting presumptions that Charles, first Duke of Durazzo, who had married the sister (in law) of Andrew, was concerned in his murder, for which, in fact, he was afterwards put to death by the King of Hungary. But if the Duke of Durazzo was guilty, it is unlikely that Joanna should be so too, because she was on very bad terms with him, and indeed the chief proofs against her are founded on the investigation which Durazzo himself professed to institute.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Middle Ages,' vol. i. p. 487. 'Her subsequent life was not open to any flagrant reproach. The charge of dissolute manners, so frequently made, is not warranted by any specific proof, or contemporary testimony.'

government of Mary in Scotland was violently disturbed by religious differences ; but under the government of Joanna, no religious difference gave rise to any dispute at all. Consequently, the difficulty in clearing up matters relating to the actions of Queen Mary, though they are nearer to us by two centuries, is really far greater than in the case of Queen Joanna.

In conclusion, if the sultry atmosphere which has been permitted to gather around the name and reputation of this royal lady is cooled or even vivified by one breath of healthy and truthful air, the purpose of my volume will be fulfilled. At the same time, I cannot but regret that, owing to scantiness of information about her private life, the absence of her non-political correspondence, and her somewhat early date, I have been unable to present more than a moderate outline of her life. The same regret likewise applies to my dealings with the Queen of Hungary, whose personality cannot be made as evident as her influence.

At the close of the volume will be found an account of a tragic episode in the reign of Charles of Anjou, which is intimately connected with English History. It is included here as a further small contribution to the History of the Angevine Princes in Italy.

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# INTRODUCTION.<sup>1</sup>

AVIGNON,

LA VILLE SONNANTE.

## I.



SPLENDOUR falls on castle walls ;  
on the gray old battlemented walls  
that very proudly girdle Avignon ; it  
pours right down upon them, streams  
fiercely through their crenellations,  
like some overpowering celestial host. Every gleam-  
ing blade of grass that softens their edges is like a  
miniature spear, and waves as with victory of in-  
vading Spring. Out beyond them, the joyous Rhone,  
glittering along magnificently, hurries through her  
almond-fields ; up above them, those silver wisps,  
or cirri, like caprices of the wind, drift across the  
bright azure ; while in the quiet streets behind them,  
every exposed eave, shutter, cornice, casts a soft  
shadow. Upon the tiles a lazy cat lies curled up ;

<sup>1</sup> This essay on Avignon is not an essential portion of this volume, and has been retained and utilised here solely on account of certain of its contents relating to the flight of Queen Joanna from Naples to Provence, and to give the reader some small account of the contents and decorations of the Château des Papes.

## INTRODUCTION.

from a window below, a pert parrot talks unabashed to passers-by; and a lark in his cage utters little spurts of song, feeling the glad spirit throbbing in his tiny breast; while the flies dance about in front of him, as if mocking him with merry freedom.

Yes, it is the Spring, with its voice from the valley, its breath upon the rippling rivers that wind glinting from the woody hollows of the hills; Spring that sings ever so softly in quickening pine and tender green strings of willow and poplar! The dark purple land in the distance grows glad with bees and blossoms; even the bare rocks and herbless precipices brighten: for the swallows have come away from their temples of Cairo and Memphis, to whirl joyously through the air of Provence, that fills one's heart with light and one's body with youth!

What a prospect is this from the Promenade des Doms! The ground below us drops suddenly to the bright fields, that forthwith spread themselves out softly, like emerald shawls, for the silver feet of the Rhone; and there, but a little beyond, glides the shining Durance, hastening to mingle with it. How the rivers tantalise one another before they finally meet;—as if they were two lovers slightly afraid of fully expressing themselves to one another! Yonder, like a monster heaving out of the broad flood, stretches the broken twelfth-century bridge of St. Benézét, with its disused chapel of St.







THE BRIDGE OF ST. BENÉZÉT—AVIGNON.





Nicholas; while away across both rivers the eye rests on the massive towers of the castle of Villeneuve, whose masonry glows like gold; and from them it wanders over the rich land to the bare shoulders of Mont Ventoux, whose giant head is just silvered with snow.

But with this feeling of April, this delight the South, gradually rises, like a beautiful thunder-cloud upon its blue horizon, a consciousness of the mighty Past; while involved and infolded in that, shade upon shade, as it were, great and dramatic events slowly reveal themselves, stealing away as by magical fascination the simple light and joy of to-day, and in place of it giving us a succession of sombre if magnificent shadows.

Such however, is the bright prospect around Avenio Ventosa, the city which in other days paid homage to the beautiful Joanna I. of Naples (that Mary Stuart of the fourteenth century) as its sovereign lady; she being Countess of Provence in right of her descent from Raymond Berenger. It was she who, in 1348, not iniquitously, but through tragical stress of circumstances, parted with her rights over the city to Pope Clement VI. for eighty thousand gold florins.

And here, before treating further of Avignon and its attractions, let us linger for a few minutes to consider the circumstances which led to this dramatic coming of the Queen.

She had fled from Naples to Provence with Prince

Luigi of Taranto, her second husband, so as to escape the violence of their ambitious cousin, Louis, King of Hungary, brother of her first husband Andrew, who had been assassinated three years before at Aversa. Louis, representing the eldest branch of the family of Charles of Anjou, determined to take advantage of his just indignation at this state-crime, in order, under the name of vengeance, to swoop down from Buda with a Hungarian army, and seize for himself the crown of Naples, then held by the grand-daughter of King Robert, who represented the younger branch. The idea was not new, inasmuch as a bitter family jealousy caused by the separation of the crowns of Hungary and Naples, at the death of Charles the Lamé, had made itself acutely felt during his father Carobert's reign. That separation had not been made by the testament of the deceased Charles; nor had it been made by the express wishes of his heirs; indeed, without any sort of deference to the desires of the one or the other; it had been made solely by the arbitrary command of a Pontiff, acting upon defensive political motives united with the arguments of a far-seeing lawyer who demonstrated to him the evil certain to result from a union under one sovereign of two such incompatible realms and races.

Throughout their reigns, King Carobert and his uncle, King Robert, were thus rendered painfully conscious of the inequitable, if not iniquitous proceeding, in regard to the carrying out of the wills

of their respective fathers. The Pope, it is true, profited considerably, but it placed them in false and dangerous positions with reference to one another, which seemed beyond the power of either to improve. Whatever they may have thought, felt, or desired, one thing was plain—the fiat of the Pope could not be over-ridden. The Papacy had wished above all things a strong ally at Naples, who would be able and desirous to prevent hostile collusion between the Spanish Usurper of Sicily and the Emperor Henry VII. Robert was precisely the man for the position, and accordingly, he had been made king.

It does honour, therefore, to King Robert's sense of justice as a man, though scarcely to his wisdom as a monarch, that he adventured a solution of this ominous difficulty by projecting marriages between the heirs of their respective crowns, with a view to reuniting them.

Fate, however, decreed otherwise. The union projected between Louis, son of Carobert and eldest grandson of Charles Martel, and Mary, the second grand-daughter of King Robert, did not come to pass; while that between her elder sister, Joanna, and Andrew, the younger brother of Louis, although accomplished, soon came to the fatal termination already referred to.<sup>1</sup>

Now, therefore, bearing in mind the original cause of soreness, and his wrath being inflamed by the

<sup>1</sup> See Genealogy.

murder of his brother, King Louis found an excellent pretext for making an attempt upon the kingdom of Naples. That kingdom he looked upon as rightfully belonging to himself. The first great act of his reign should be the unification of a divided crown and the circumvention of a national injustice. There could be no mistake as to his intention, nor were his allies blinded by his profession of taking vengeance. His measures were devised with every precaution. He made peace with the Venetians, with whom he had been at war, on condition that they should provide him with galleys for the conveyance of his army across the Adriatic. He personally conciliated the various states of Central Italy, while, as became an influential and warlike monarch, he disregarded the prohibitions of the Papal Legate. Finally, when, with great pains and expense, he had ravaged the entire realm, had driven the lawful sovereign from her throne, and had taken captive not only her royal kinsmen of Durazzo and Taranto, but her infant son (whom she had been compelled to leave in the hands of the Papal guardian), he felt that he needed but one thing more in order to complete his design and gratify his ambition, and this was to be crowned king of Naples in her stead. To this consummation, however, something further was inevitably necessary,—namely, the Papal permission. But to his bold proposal, backed by the urgent entreaties of his mother, Queen Elizabeth, Clement replied

with a flat refusal. Louis therefore had to conceal his chagrin as best he might, to be satisfied with carrying his captives and plunder to Hungary, and to inform his somewhat sceptical allies that he had accomplished to his heart's content the just vengeance for his brother's death.

Clement VI., to whose guardianship King Robert by his will had commended his grandchildren and his kingdom, understood very clearly the tendencies and politics of these two branches of the House of Anjou. He was, moreover, kept duly informed, both by lawyers, by men of letters, and by his own Legate at Naples, of the chronic quarrels and rivalries between the Hungarians and the Neapolitans, between those who surrounded Andrew and those native and Provençal nobles who jealously attended upon their young Queen; and, beyond doubt, he was aware how impossible it had become to expect elements differing so acutely to agree. In fact, he saw in the court of Naples what Petrarch personally had seen there—a house divided against itself. These long-rising and more and more powerful elements of discord culminated then, in this tragedy, this crushing invasion, and the ultimate flight of the Queen to Avignon.

In spite of the inaccuracies, calumnies, or deliberate inventions of Collenuccio<sup>1</sup> and many others, who have been fascinated into ingenuity by the

<sup>1</sup> *Compendio delle Historie del Regno di Napoli*, composto da Messer Pandolfo Collenuccio, jurisconsulto in Pesaro, 1541.

dramatic materials of these events, the entire conduct of Clement and his cardinals shows him, in common with Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Baldus, to have considered from the first that the bright and accomplished Queen, then barely out of her teens, and already six months with child when the murder took place, was above suspicion. Moreover, until King Louis himself became aware of the practicability of a successful invasion of Naples, he did not affect to believe in the charge against his cousin. In his letters to his allies he made no accusation against her, though he fully stated the fact of his brother's cruel murder. But we shall see that in order to carry out his ambitious design upon the coveted kingdom, it became a necessity for this military monarch at least to profess his belief in the guilt of Joanna, whose entire household was well known to have been inimical to the courtiers of his deceased brother, and thus had formerly aroused the fury, as now the vengeance, of Queen Elizabeth, his mother.<sup>1</sup>

After the birth of her son in December 1345, Queen Joanna sent the Bishop of Tropeia as her especial envoy to Hungary, to beg from her brother-in-law protection for herself and her child. After some delay, came the following ominous and laconic reply; and when we consider that King Louis was but her own equal in years, it will not be difficult

<sup>1</sup> Queen Elizabeth had herself visited Naples, and informed herself of the ominous state of things at court. See A. Vambéry, 'Hungary.'

to guess the source of its inspiration. 'Your former ill-faith, your impudent assumption of the government of the kingdom, the vengeance you have neglected to take, the excuse made for it, all prove you to have been accessory to the death of your husband. Be sure, however, that none ever escape retribution for such a crime.'

It is quite true that his hate, whether professed or real, toward Queen Joanna lasted a long time,—in fact, throughout their respective lives; but it is not necessary to believe that this hate had entirely for its motive the supposed guilt of Joanna in the matter of the murder. Later on, it may have been the hate of a man toward a woman whom he has grievously wronged, but who has defeated his most cherished design; the hate felt by the vanquished strong for the victorious weak; a malignant masculine chagrin, quite capable of belying its own best instincts in order to revenge a wounded *amour-propre*. Moreover, he worshipped and was guided in all things by his mother.<sup>1</sup>

Why Clement did not put a peremptory check to the outrageous doings of King Louis with a Papal interdict is to be explained partly by the following reasons. Firstly, Louis was young, powerful, and energetic, and promised to be of considerable use to the Church in the east of Europe, both on account of his political influence as an Angevine monarch, and as a chronic antagonist to the detested Venetian

<sup>1</sup> See A. Vambéry, 'Hungary,' Story of the Nations.



Republic. Secondly, and most especially, the Papacy was under great obligations to the Neapolitan House of Anjou, and, as we shall see, was desirous of becoming further indebted, by permitting pressure to be brought upon it. Lastly, when Clement's envoy actually stood forth and forbade Louis and his army to enter the kingdom of Naples, the King felt himself able to treat the command with open contempt, and gave his captains orders to advance.

Jan. 1348. When Queen Joanna left her capital for Provence, she did not quit it furtively and in the night, as some have averred, but in full daylight, amid the tears and blessings of her people, to whom she had publicly proclaimed her resolution of laying her cause before the Vicar of Christ, and proving to the whole world her innocence. By the wise recommendation of her councillors, she had then wedded again, and had chosen a prince of her own branch of the House, Luigi of Taranto, who, being also a military commander, would be able to protect her, with her child, and her needy realm.<sup>1</sup>

Aug. 1347.

In the then perilous juncture of Neapolitan affairs, the foe being almost at the gates of the capital, this marriage had to take place before the required arrival of the Papal dispensation. Clement, however, received her and her husband with due honours at Avignon, heard her eloquent self-defence in full

<sup>1</sup> Learning of this projected union, Louis wrote urgent letters to Clement, entreating him to discountenance it, reiterating that Queen Joanna rather deserved death than marriage.

Consistorial Council, proclaimed her his beloved daughter, pronounced her to be above suspicion, and ratified her second marriage. He then created Luigi Count of Provence, and decorated him with the coveted Order of the Golden Rose. But all these things will be duly considered in detail in their proper place.

## II.

During that same period, Petrarch had been residing hard by, at Vacluse; and, as he tells us (on the fly-leaf of that precious Virgil in the Ambrosian Library), it was on the 6th of April 1327, in the Church of Sta. Chiara, that for the first time he met Laura. It was on the same day, in 1348, that she died here. It was also in Avignon that he won the lasting friendship and sincere admiration of Stefano and Jacopo Colonna, that he was himself fired by romantic enthusiasm for Cola Rienzi, and addressed him that exquisite canzone commencing, 'Spirito gentil, che quelle membra regge;' and finally, was it not here that, disgusted by the Papal luxury and corruption, he said adieu to France, and retired to spend his latter years in his native land?

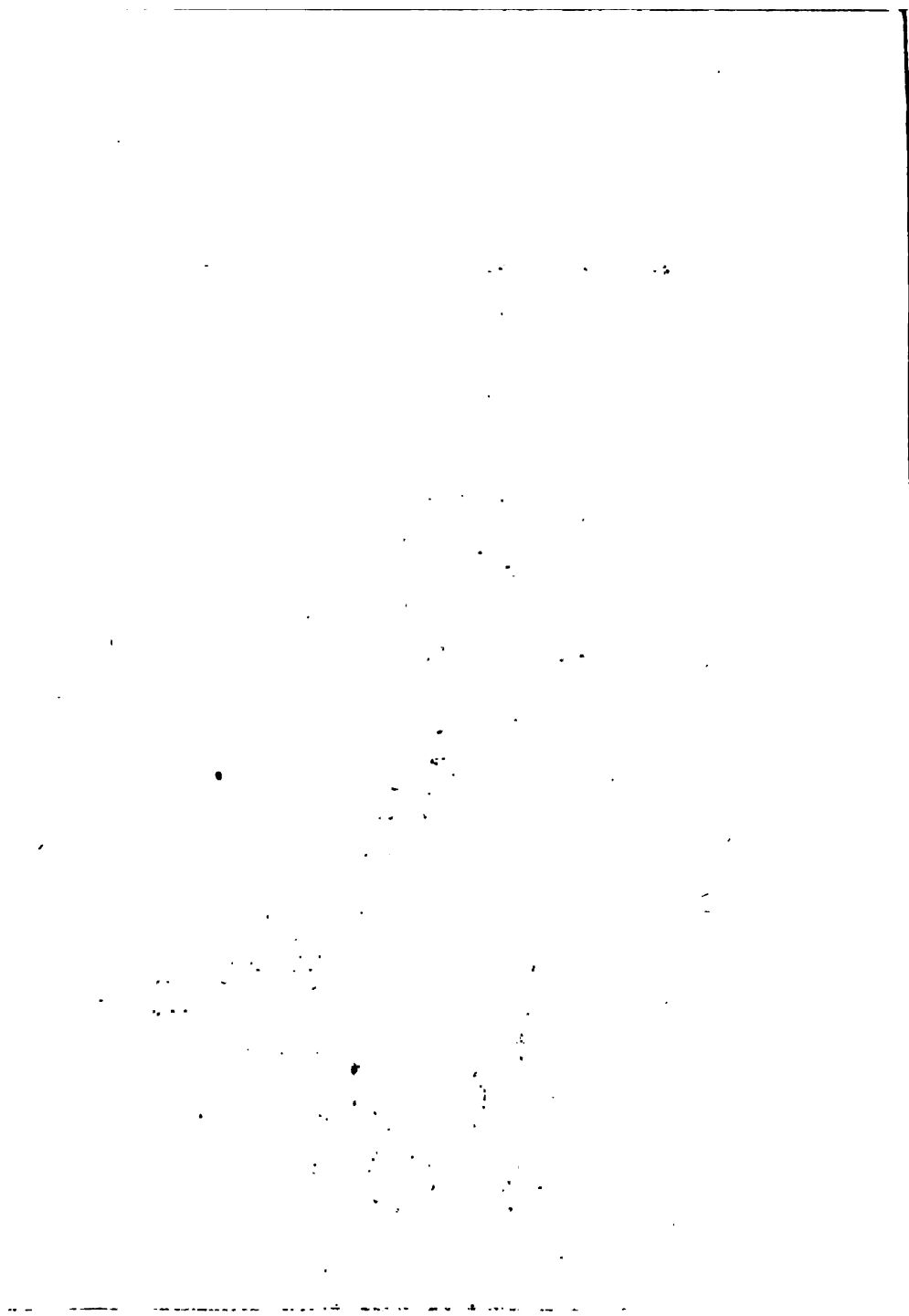
Can it be true that this mighty Château des Papes, with its galaxy of golden-gray towers, was rising daily during the identical years when

Petrarch and Laura passed to and fro in Avignon streets, and that it was finished by Urban V. in 1370? It hardly looks so old as five hundred years. Yet, in one of its dungeons assuredly Rienzi lived as Clement's prisoner—a dangerous if remarkable gift diplomatically delivered over to him by the Emperor Charles IV., to whom he had fled for refuge; and there probably he would have been put to death but for the poet's friendly, if mistaken, mediation.<sup>1</sup>

There remains, however, in the castle another far more actual assurance of those distant times and of those historic friendships. In the grand hall of the Consistory, in the Chapel of the Popes, and in that of the Inquisition, frescoed faces and figures habited in the quaint and motley costumes of the fourteenth century still dimly reveal themselves, which were limned by the careful brushes of Simone Memmi with his associates and followers<sup>2</sup>—that same Simone whose works we know at Assisi, at Florence, and at Pisa. Do we not learn, by the 49th and 50th sonnets, that he painted Laura from life, and by his portrait pleased the poet so passing well, that in his warmth he says Simone must certainly have been to heaven to have learned his art so perfectly?

<sup>1</sup> See chapter on Fra Moriale. Rienzi was at first fettered with a heavy chain, and treated as an ordinary prisoner; but owing to the representations of Petrarch, he was given books and good fare.

<sup>2</sup> Donato Martini, Matteo Giovanetti, and later, possibly, Spinello Aretino. Memmi's veritable work was once to be seen in the porch of the adjoining Dom. He died at Avignon in 1344.







CHÂTEAU DES PAPES—AVIGNON.



What feet of famous men, shod with light, as it were (or with darkness), have ascended these broad stairs, now so deeply worn down and so entirely denuded of their marble! The rich corbels and capitals above our heads are whitewashed and cobwebbed; the pointed and graceful arcade of the cardinals is dim and dingy; and the sumptuous halls, wherein emperors, kings, and the *elite* of chivalry have been entertained (of the groined and frescoed vaultings of which it may be said, without exaggeration, that they resemble richly variegated tulips closed at twilight), have been, and are at this moment being put to very base uses. They have been divided at the spring of their arches, so as to create two storeys of dormitory; the upper of which consequently has a groined roof, while that of the lower is merely bare and square. It is scarcely possible to picture a transformation more ugly, more complete, or more degrading. The entire building is defiled and dishonoured; yet, from this balcony the Pope was wont to give his Easter benediction to the expectant crowd below; in that room with the queer chimney,<sup>1</sup> scores of monks, Beghards, Begouins, Apostles, and Spirituals, are said to have been tortured by the Inquisition, in times when the Dominicans had their day; and within these walls were decided the affairs of the entire Christian world. Thence were thundered excommunications against

<sup>1</sup> There is, however, no reason to doubt that this room was simply the grand kitchen.



Louis of Bavaria and the Visconti ; and therein also were banquetted Bertrand du Guesclin and his roving captains, who were given gold and absolution in order to hasten their departure from Avignon.

The whole building is devoted to barracks. 'In one of the big vaulted rooms,' says Mr. Henry James, 'I saw several soldiers lying on their wretched beds, in the dim light, in the cold, in the damp, with the bleak bare walls before them, and their overcoats spread over them, pulled up to their noses. A regiment, changing quarters, had departed the day before. The place had been left in the befouled and belittered condition which marks the passage of the military after they have broken camp.' When we ourselves saw it, however, it was under more lively conditions, and resembled a huge ant-heap. One stumbled over clumsy soldiers in every passage—some were cooking, some were feeding, some were smoking, and some were carrying between them cauldrons of regimental soup. The stir of this modern life, though it might not harmonise with the old castle, certainly detracted from the grimness of its associations, and, as it were, drew a sort of coarse veil between them and ourselves.

French Pointed architecture itself is so much less severe than German or Early English, that by contrast it seems almost cheerful ; it cannot exactly frown, and perhaps one cannot say that it smiles. It is, however, more amiable than either of them, and

more captivating. It resembles a beautiful mistress who has been kissed into radiant silence. The stone used at Avignon, like that used in contemporary buildings at Florence, does not appear to age. Then, of course, this Sun of Provence, beaming through lancet-windows upon the gray floors of groined and frescoed chambers, cannot but make many a charming effect. He is the only royal guest who occupies them nowadays. The stiff saints and prophets do not fail of a certain formal fascination by being almost heraldic. Observe how rich have once been their robes of orient silk and satin! What quaint and bold designs yet peep dimly and skilfully out of their flowing if over-studied raiment! The looms of Shiraz and Damascus seem to have been under the control of these old Italian masters; and sometimes, too, one would think, even the faces under Arabian veils. Just as the Church and her Crusaders brought the Holy House, the True Cross, and the Holy Coat to Europe, so the Masters boldly laid everything else in the East under contribution, and absorbed its beauty. Apart from all the later and more brilliant schools of Venice, Florence, and Rome, how nobly, how sincerely these old Orcagnas, Gaddis, and Memmis stand out for us! And though their frescoes in Avignon are to-day but as fading rainbows after the storms of centuries, do they not vividly recall those immortal ones by the same school in the Spanish Chapel, and in the Chapel of

the Spezeria, at Florence, wherein also the same Dominicans are represented who so cruelly worried the heretics of Provence, and wherein also we see the portraits of the same Laura and Petrarch, whose friendship Memmi has thus once more commemorated?<sup>1</sup>

On the four walls of the little Papal chapel, which have so often heard the earnest prayers of Innocent VI., Urban V., and St. Catherine of Siena, have been represented Christ meeting the sons of Zebedee, the Betrayal, the Crucifixion, &c.; while the four divisions of the groined vault are covered with poetical landscapes, wherein trees and flowing waters environ the figures of St. Anne and St. Elizabeth. These, although in a decayed condition, are still fairly complete; but from the figures of the frescoes on the walls below many of the heads have been deliberately removed to private collections, so that the original red lines of the master's design alone are to be traced in their places. On the whole, however, the dim and damaged beauty of this now forlorn chamber, once so magnificent, so constantly full of solemn ceremonies, leaves on one the impression as of some lovely afterglow, or of a choir fading in the distance.

Claiming our chief interest above all that re-

<sup>1</sup> As is well known to art-students in Italy, it remained a fashion of the Masters long after Memmi's death to introduce in their frescoes the portraits of Petrarch, Laura, and Boccaccio.

mains to attest the former glory of this chapel is a frescoed group which adorns the recessed wall of the middle window. It is composed of the full-length figures of two ladies and two men. In the background appear the faces of several other men, evidently leaving their company, and looking somewhat scornfully at them.

This little fresco commemorates the triumph of Queen Joanna before the Papal Court in 1348, when she so successfully vindicated her character from the vile aspersions to which it had been subjected, for their own rival purposes, by her cousins, King Louis of Hungary, and Charles, Duke of Durazzo. She is figured in the hooded and close-fitting habit of that period, entirely of blue, the colour sacred to the Angevines. Her hair is yellow, as is also that of the lady next to her, who is possibly her widowed sister, Mary, the Duchess of Durazzo. The male bearded figure beside them is called that of Petrarch, and sometimes Luigi of Taranto. It is probably neither the one nor the other, but that of Niccolo Acciajuoli, the Grand Seneschal. The departing folk, however, are assuredly intended to represent the discomfited Hungarian advocates who had been sent to substantiate his charges by King Louis. This fresco should be placed under glass without delay. It is an actual piece of living history, and is unique.

What an imposing place must Avignon have been in the following century, when, with her two hun-

dred towers and spires, she looked calmly out over the rapid Rhone ; when, like the Moscow of to-day, she was a city of bells, and merry Rabelais christened her 'La Ville Sonnante!' What a pleasant way, too, they had in those days of naming their cities :—Verona, 'La degna ;' Genova, 'La superba ;' Ferrara, 'La gran donna!' How much affectionate pride and patriotism, and what a caressing sense of beauty this represents !

### III.

It would lead the reader too far away from our main subject, to which this merely local essay stands as a kind of revolving light, were we to discourse further anent the manifold interesting associations connected with each portion of the Papal Château. We cannot, however, permit ourselves to pass over without a word, one momentous, ever-memorable event, with which, although divorced by time from our purpose, we will close. As we have detailed the circumstances under which Avignon became Papal property, we will here briefly relate, or, rather, glance at those other circumstances under which it passed into other hands.

The famous La Glacière, or Tower of the Ice-house, recalls deeds of terror of a much later day, the crimes of the Furies but a hundred years ago. It is an object of which one thinks tremblingly, —as one thinks of the Castle of Seven Towers

at Constantinople, of our own Tower of London, and of many another tragic building; for there is no country but possesses some such memorial of massacre—the Christian world, as far as we know, being a little richer in this respect than any other.

Nevertheless, the Glacière gazes softly over the tawny housetops toward the Gothic belfries of St. Pierre and St. Didier, and thence across the Rhone, shining through long miles of golden-green orchards, to the snowy crest of Mount Ventoux—that home of storms,—whose broad feet are folded in a mantle of deep violet; in fact, upon a very spacious world of peaceful loveliness hardly to be matched in midland Provence.

It is scarcely necessary to state that Avignon, remaining as it did in the possession of the Papacy until 1791, was an aristocratic city, and that, what with jealousy of its continuing Papal property, the contagion of the revolutionary outburst, and the supersensitiveness of such human metal as that upon which the mistral breathes, there needed no especial subtlety to foretell what kind of an explosion might take place there.

Differences of a critical kind had developed between the possibly bigoted, certainly conservative, Papal party, and those whose sympathies had been seized and absorbed by the Revolution; and Commissioners of the Constituent Assembly sat for months in Avignon, making their reports to head-

quarters at Paris; in consequence of which, in August 1791 (some eighteen months after the first resort to arms and the gibbet), it was decreed that Avignon and Comtât Venaissin were to be French, and free for ever.

One bright Sunday morning Avignon woke up, and found certain of her buildings plastered with anti-Constitutional placards, the sure death-warrant of those who placed them there, and of many more, indeed, who took no part whatever therein. L'Escuyer, a prominent patriot, determined to beard the aristocratic party at their devotions in the Church of the Cordeliers, and speak his mind. 'Adventurous errand, which had the fatalest issue! What L'Escuyer's word of admonition might be, no history records; but the answer to it was a shrieking howl from the aristocrat Papal worshippers, many of them women. A thousand-voiced shriek and menace, which, as L'Escuyer did not fly, became a thousand-hundred hustle and jostle; a thousand-footed kick with tumblings and tramlings, with the pricking of seamstresses' stilettos, scissors, and female pointed instruments—horrible to behold! The ancient dead and Petrarch and Laura sleeping round it there; high altar and burning tapers looking down upon it. L'Escuyer's friend or two rush off, like Job's messengers, for Jourdan and the National Force; but heavy Jourdan will seize the town gates first, does not run treble-fast as he might. On arriving at the Cordeliers' church, the

church is silent, vacant ; L'Escuyer, all alone, lies there swimming in his blood, at the foot of the high altar, pricked with scissors, trodden, massacred, gives one dumb sob, and gasps out his miserable life for ever more.'<sup>1</sup>

Murder is now once more enthroned in the castle ; and Jourdan Coupe-tête, as he is called, stands greedy, with bloated face, twinkling eyes, and burning sword, beside her ; while all around him stands a grim court of vengeful brigand-patriots, before whom files of men, women, and children are being dragged, and hurried onward with curses, execrations, and pushes into the filthy darkness of the old dungeons. The whole vast palace this night moans with agony, frenzy, and despair—if only those pitiless walls did not suppress it.

Next day, after an eternity of terror and heart-break, the doors are flung open, and a shrieking rout of half-drunken patriots, poignard in hand, like hungry tigers, begin the massacre, which soon paints those gray walls with a deeper scarlet than ever painter's fresco had given them before. And the poignard,—alas ! is not the cruellest weapon used there. As the huddled victims tumble over one another, and block the furious butchers from their work, some seize them by legs, arms, or hair, and, dragging them to the edge of the Tower, hurl them, howling, imploring, into the depth below, which soon becomes an awful palpitating

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle.



heap of dead and dying, upon which by and bye is emptied barrel upon barrel of quicklime.

## IV.

As we quitted Avignon, we were vividly reminded of the tragic events she has witnessed by the glories of a fiery sunset. Her towers, walls, and Provençal faces were tinted by the rosy air; above her a pale turquoise sky was streaked with scarlet cirri, resembling the tattered banners of a routed army; while through it the maiden moon peered down, very white and tranquil. Presently the light died away from Villeneuve and the far-off mountains, and night spread her veil without a whisper over that terrible castle of other days.

## JOANNA I. OF NAPLES.<sup>1</sup>



WHETHER the fourteenth century was richer in crime than another century—that is, in great crime—seems to us a nowise attractive or profit-promising speculation. In Europe, at least, precisely the same forces were at work which brought about events both memorable and dramatic in the previous century and in that following. If we except the Turk, there were no new races for the Church to deal with, though petty states and dynasties had certainly multiplied. The same vain struggle on the part of the Holy See to maintain absolute supremacy both in things temporal and spiritual charged the political atmosphere with constant danger. The monarchs of one or another realm were continually threatened with, or were actually under, the Papal interdict. They could not make their ambi-

<sup>1</sup> Authorities critically made use of:—Costanzo, *Storia di Napoli*; Giannone; Summonte; Gravina; Muratori; Giovanni and Matteo Villani; Buchon, *Nouvelles Recherches*, 1843; Crivelli, *Vita da Joanna, Regina di Napoli*, 1832; *Life of Queen Joanna of Naples*, London, 1824; Zurita, *Annales*; Froissart; Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*; Hallam's *Middle Ages*; Milman's *Latin Christianity*; Bussi's *Chronicle of Viterbo*; M. Palmieri, *Vita di Niccolò Acciajuoli*, 1588; *Niccola Acciajuoli*, by Leopoldo Tanfani, 1863; Corio, *Storia di Milano*; Theiner, *Monumenta Historica Hungariæ*; *Opere di Santa Caterina da Siena*, Gigli, 1707; Theod. à Niem, *De Schisma*; *Lettere di Franc. Petrarca*, &c., &c.

tions or their antagonisms agreeable or advantageous to the reigning Pontiff, and so, like unruly children, they frequently broke out into open rebellion.

On a smaller scale the leading families in Rome enacted a very similar spectacle. They had their factions, their feuds, and their clannish alliances, and they composed, as it were, the small ill-disciplined string-band of the European orchestra, occupying the positions immediately beneath their sorely-tried but despotic conductors.

Whatever charges can be brought against the Papacy of those times—and there are many—it seems that unreasonable stress is often laid upon the matter of its worldliness. It is clear that many of the wild rulers in Christendom could only be held in reasonable check or decent subordination by something more practical than objurgations, bulls, and bans. The spiritual reins alone were not always strong enough to control chafing or defiant elements, and their powers of resistance were put to the severest test by the removal of the Papacy to France. Commands which often had to be reiterated, even from Rome, naturally lost much of their efficacy when they had to cross the sea or the Alps. A merely spiritual governance, as every intelligent politician of those days must have felt, was incompatible with the incipient state of European civilisation. The Popes, in order to maintain their authority, therefore found themselves compelled to employ every available weapon.

Some of the more timid and peace-loving, however, could not be brought to perceive this, and consequently lived and died like retired scholars; or worse, shut themselves up as distressed and persecuted prisoners, either in Viterbo or in the Vatican, and so have left little but their names and monuments to posterity;—while others, like Boniface VIII., obstinate, imperious, and boldly grappling with critical situations, or crafty, diplomatic, and luxurious, like Clement VI., did not scruple to use means which caused the temporal arm to be felt far and wide as a vivid and unmistakeable reality.

There were, briefly, four modes in which in those days the supreme head of the Church used his temporal or political power. They may be stated thus: firstly, the Crusade; secondly, use of Indulgence, or of Interdict; thirdly, Royal Marriage; and fourthly, Absolute Fiat:—it being understood that in action, the spiritual and secular authority were being continually and indefinitely blended.

The patronage of the Crusades was political as well as spiritual. It employed the surplus forces of war in fields beyond the seas, and so helped to make certain parts of Europe less difficult to deal with; while, at the same time, it ensured troves of precious relics which increased both spiritual and financial command; and lastly, not leastly, the imposition of unnumbered profitable penalties for sins committed by the way.

The exercise by various Popes of the power of Interdict and Indulgence is too familiar to the reader to need more than mention here.

Perhaps no force under Papal control yielded workings so uncertain and so speculative, so fascinating to observers and so serious to the peace of the Pontiffs themselves, as the control of royal matrimonial alliances. No important, or even subordinate, piece on the European chessboard could make a move in the direction of matrimony without obtaining their sanction, or at least without incurring the gravest risk of their displeasure, which, to be sure, had a hundred unpleasant ways of finding out the impolitic offender.

Among the many historical episodes about to be related, will be included at least one important compromise effected by the Papacy, partly by means of the politic ratification of a royal marriage after it had taken place. This happened in the memorable days when the power of France not only had decided that the Pope should be a Frenchman, but had located and overshadowed the Holy See at Avignon, and indeed was the famous compromise which conveyed that Provençal city with its Comtat<sup>1</sup> to the actual patrimony of St. Peter for more than four centuries.<sup>2</sup>

Situations, however, did rise occasionally which called none of these three modes of governance into play, but which, though at the risk of civil strife,

<sup>1</sup> Venaissin.

<sup>2</sup> Till 1791.

called for a despotic fiat on the part of the Pontiff; and it is upon an historical instance of the temporarily successful use of this autocratic power, that the present narrative may be said entirely to turn.

The triumphs of statecraft, as is notorious, were not always on the side of the Pope. He sometimes made wide miscalculations; exceeded the bounds of wisdom very often; most especially, as we know, in dealing with certain stubborn peoples of the north and middle of Europe. A storm in the tideless Mediterranean is proverbially nasty and choppy, but the same wind raises billows of far more disastrous bulk on shores washed by the Atlantic, where skies and waters use graver and grayer tones. But the Popes only found out these things by slow and circuitous reasonings.

Charles of Anjou,<sup>1</sup> to whom Clement IV. had iniquitously handed over Sicily in 1266, and who, sixteen years later, despite the valour of Guy de Montfort, lost it for a time by that famous popular outburst known as 'The Sicilian Vespers,'<sup>2</sup> had married Beatrice of Provence. Naples, Sicily, and Provence thus came to be united under one ruler. His son, Charles the Lamb, inherited these dominions from him,<sup>3</sup> and married Mary, heiress to the crown of Hungary. By her he had a family, including six sons, to wit, Charles Martel,<sup>4</sup> King of Hungary;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Brother of Louis IX.

<sup>2</sup> 31st March 1282.

<sup>3</sup> 7th January 1285, and died 5th May 1309.

<sup>4</sup> Died at Naples, 1301.

<sup>5</sup> In his father's lifetime.

Louis,<sup>1</sup> Bishop of Toulouse; Robert the Wise (Giotto's patron and friend), afterwards King of Naples; Philip, Prince of Taranto; John, afterwards Duke of Durazzo; and Peter, Count of Gravina; besides several daughters, with whom we have nought here to do.

When, however, Charles the Lamé died in 1309, leaving this numerous progeny, there arose on the political horizon unmistakeable signs of storm. Many years were destined to elapse ere it should finally break; but there it rose in sight of all men, leaving them in no sort of doubt as to its nature. In plain terms there befell a crisis of gravest moment, involving the settlement or unsettlement of the two kingdoms of Hungary and Naples. Charles Martel had predeceased his father by seven years, bequeathing his kingdom to his son Carobert. This lad, or rather his Hungarian subjects, now looked for his natural investiture to the sovereignties of Naples and Sicily, as representative of the entire family of Charles of Anjou. Their expectations were to be disappointed in the following manner.

His uncle Robert, then Duke of Calabria, both by deeds of military prowess and by personal disposition, had firmly ingratiated himself with the French Pontiff, Clement V., who reigned on Angevine territory, at Avignon; and not only the Pope, but his legal and clerical advisers, both French and Italian, desired to seat him upon the throne of Naples.

<sup>1</sup> St. Louis of Toulouse.

In their eyes there appeared to be attractive and even convincing political reasons in favour of his elevation; while indeed there could be but one reason against it, namely, its illegality. But when did statesmen in power offer up their supposed interests to the cause of right? When did a diplomatist in office sacrifice his calling to the God of truth? When did an advocate seal the fountains of his eloquence because the case he had undertaken to defend was obviously a bad one? The very fact of the Angel standing in the way only stimulates their efforts to get past it, or else to find out a by-path. On this occasion, therefore, it may be said that their united conduct must not be too severely blamed, for there was nothing particularly unusual in it. Niccolo Ruffolo, Bartolommeo of Capua, the Vicar of Christ and his cardinals, by all that was holy and reasonable, determined to defraud an innocent, unoffending, and helpless king of his lawful inheritance: and they did so. That was all.

Their reasons were these: Firstly, it was manifestly inexpedient that any one monarch should rule over three kingdoms and several principalities. Secondly, Carobert King of Hungary was but a youth, and therefore lacked the necessary tact and experience for undertaking so formidable a responsibility. Thirdly, the temperament, language, and habits of the Hungarians presented strong contrast to those of the Italians, and what was suitable for the governance of the one people was seen to



be quite unsuitable for that of the other, thus constituting a natural source of peril to the peace of both, if indeed both were to be governed by a single ruler. But all these reasons were subordinated in the mind of Clement V. to the urgent necessity of raising up a powerful and subservient ally as a balance against Imperial influence.

All these subjects were elaborately debated before the Pope and the Sacred College, as also were the respective merits of the deserving uncle Duke Robert, and the promising nephew, King Carobert; but in the quivering irradiation of all this clerical and forensic eloquence, the one overwhelming reason which should have vanquished even the most able arguments of the ablest of men — namely, that these arguments tended to rob a man of his just inheritance, was allowed to evaporate. In consequence, Duke Robert was crowned King of Naples and Sicily, while little Carobert was restricted to his crown of Hungary. . We shall see by and bye what were the natural results of this action.

The leading personages in the following historical drama are some of the immediate offspring of the four ruling princes above-named, chiefest among them being Joanna,<sup>1</sup> heiress and grand-daughter of the aforesaid Robert the Wise.

Her father, Charles, Duke of Calabria, having pre-  
1328. deceased King Robert, Naples, Sicily, and Provence will naturally devolve upon her. We will here

<sup>1</sup> Born 1325.

introduce also her only sister, Mary,<sup>1</sup> as she afterwards marries their cousin, Charles, heir to the Duke of Durazzo, who will likewise figure in a manner dramatic and important, if not altogether pleasant.

In 1328, the two little princesses, Joanna and Mary, by their father's death, through a fever caught while out hawking in the Campagna, had been left to the care of their widowed mother, Mary of Valois. Their grandfather, King Robert, consequently took measures to settle the succession to his crown and all his dominions on Joanna, and, in case of her death, upon Mary. Unfortunately for them, as if wedded to calamity, their mother survived her husband but three years, when, therefore, they became orphans.

By the will of Charles the Lamé, it had been decreed that Provence should descend in the male line only; and if Robert should leave no male issue, it was to pass first to the branch of Anjou-Taranto, or failing that, to the branch of Anjou-Durazzo. Robert, for obvious reasons, desiring to unite his Count-ships of Provence, Forcalquier, and Piedmont, with his realm of Naples and Sicily, annulled this ordering of things, and made Joanna (or, in case of her decease, Mary), heiress to his entire possessions.

<sup>1</sup> Born 1328. There was another daughter christened Mary, born in the interval between the birth of Joanna and this one, who died in infancy; also a son, Carlo Martello, who survived his birth but eight days.

1331. He then called together a national assembly, in order that his subjects might take the oath of allegiance to Joanna, thereafter to be styled Duchess of Calabria. Two years later, she being but seven years of age, the King made a treaty with his nephew, Carobert,<sup>1</sup> King of Hungary, whereby the latter promised his second son, Andrew (or Andreasso, as the Italians chose to call him), in marriage to Joanna, when she should be old enough. Furthermore, Robert desired that Mary should marry Louis, the elder brother of Andrew and heir to the Hungarian throne,—thinking, by this arrangement, not only to allay the perilous enmity which had repeatedly shown itself between the two branches of the House, but to overcome the effects of the flagrant wrong represented by himself having worn the crown of Naples. Thus it will be seen that he intended the two ladies respectively should become queens of Hungary and Naples. Before long, however, he saw good reason to regret the ingenious, but impolitic, bargain. He had schemed as a dreamer whose ideas belong not to practical life and politics, but which, when forced into realisation, are usually fraught with very actual disaster.

As the patron of poets and painters, as the quickener of the arts, as the lover of justice and of learning, Robert was a romantic monarch in his glory, and so far he undoubtedly merited the epithets of 'good' and 'wise,' with which he was universally

<sup>1</sup> Son of Charles Martel.

honoured by his friends and allies; but as a man of business, of practical statecraft, he was contemptible, and as fully deserved the epithet 'mad.' He was a shining example of a king whose amiability, or whose anger, in fact, whose self-love usually got the better of his common-sense, and in political affairs invariably hoodwinked his judgment. Anxious for glory of every kind, although his tastes, by nature and education, were academic and æsthetic, he desired to be considered a great soldier and a great politician. Great he was, dispensing justice and ameliorating the condition of his grateful subjects: but almost all his foreign schemes were foolish,—almost all his expeditions, failures. When employed by the strong arms of France and the Church, he proved a useful and subservient tool; but he mistook the prosperity which accrued from pliant obedience to their requirements for the natural results of his own wisdom, and the flatteries of his courtiers fortified him in the error. When, however, he undertook to act upon his own political ideas, from being a fairly blameless and sensible man, he became unconsciously one of the most dangerous and mischievous of monarchs. He then mentally resembled an Oriental overcome by the maddening influence of *bhang*, whose frenzy causes him to stab right and left, not only the most inoffensive of people, but even those most near and dear to him. Inasmuch then as in Italy he was the representative of a clan of royal families, it was clearly lamentable,

in a difficult and delicate period, that King Robert should happen to be the arbiter of its destinies.

His next brother, Philip of Taranto, who died in 1332, with a wiser design at heart, had left his principality to the infant Joanna, hoping that Robert, the eldest of his own three sons, might by and bye make her his bride, and so become Robert, the second. This hope was not to be fulfilled, although, as we shall find, an equally close alliance<sup>1</sup> was destined to be brought about in a somewhat devious and tragic manner.

King Carobert and his queen, Elizabeth, who had greatly aggrandised Hungary, and who furthermore had now an eye to the acquisition of Poland, were overjoyed at the amiable design of King Robert as delivered to them at Visegrad by Neapolitan ambassadors. Accordingly in July 1333, the King and his son Andrew, attended by a train of nobles, set out for Naples by way of Friuli, and arriving there, they were magnificently received and entertained. In the following September the infantine betrothal took place with solemn ceremony and cloudless rejoicings. Andrew was created Duke of Calabria, and his father, leaving him at Naples, returned full of thankfulness to Hungary.

The education of Joanna and Mary was now intrusted to a clever, beautiful, and possibly blameless woman, Philippa the Catanian, who, however, suffered from the disadvantage of an exceedingly

<sup>1</sup> With Luigi, his second son.

humble origin. This circumstance made her coveted position the focus for every envious jibe and taunt on the part of the proud nobles and their prouder wives at the Neapolitan court, whether French, Italian, or Hungarian. Nevertheless, Philippa not merely won, but so creditably retained the royal favour in the performance of her responsibilities, that, as her precious charges grew up, she was continually advanced in honour. King Robert married her to his chamberlain, Raimondo di Cabani, who had himself risen from even humbler beginnings;<sup>1</sup> and then created her Countess of Morcone. At a later date her eldest son was made Count of Eboli, and ultimately Grand Seneschal of the kingdom, and his daughter Sancha, Countess of Montorio. In fact, all her relatives were honourably promoted.

Can we not picture to ourselves the doting grandfather and his orphan-heiresses; his daily delight in their beauty and their growing gifts; their childish pretty pleasures in listening to Messer Giovanni Boccaccio telling them endless capital (expurgated) stories; their delight in the singing of the various minstrels and troubadours; their curiosity at the wonderful dresses of the great lords and ladies, the foreign ambassadors, and their motley retinues?

One day they ask Philippa about those other oddly-attired ill-mannered strangers, who do not seem to mingle happily with either the poets or painters, with the diplomatists, or with the king's

<sup>1</sup> He had been bought as a slave from a Moor by the Duke of Calabria.

suite? Why do they keep apart and use such a funny language? They are the Hungarians, and that awkward boy with a dark ill-shaven friar beside him is, of course, Andreas, their cousin. It is indeed he, who, in view of King Robert's fatal bargain, has been sent to be affianced to Joanna, and is now being brought up at the court. He is, as his face says plainly, guileless, but indolent; prefers food to anything else, and is likely always so to do; heavy-jawed, dull of eye, and, compared to Neapolitan boys, clumsy of figure. Although Niccolo, the Hungarian, is nominally the Governor of this future king, it is Friar Robert who acts for him, delights facetiously, too, in displaying his own importance, and, at times, in making it unpleasantly felt. Niccolo himself is but a little way off, trying to make friends with other intelligent men, and talking Italian fairly well. All the petty offices about Andreas are being gradually filled by ambitious Hungarians; not a Neapolitan or Provençal among them!—and, much to the disgust of the native nobles, both offices and claimants to them rapidly increase. Moreover, becoming disagreeably aggressive, the Hungarians already constitute a serious element of social and courtly discord.

King Robert both sees and hears of all these things, and cannot but grieve over them, though he finds himself utterly unable to control them. His Queen, Sancha, although absorbed in religious devotions, does not succeed in consoling his melan-

choly. Meanwhile, the hostility of the various princes of his House and their courtiers toward the Hungarians is daily intensified. In manners, culture, and language the two parties have absolutely nothing in common ; and, worse, neither takes any care to conceal the mutual animosity. The King has made a vast and very evident miscalculation, which cannot now be corrected. A struggle is foretokened, which even he is unable to prevent. He would wish to forecast, at most, merely a bold transition or gentle revolution of things ; but his conscience warns him that it is likely to prove nothing less than a sweeping, and perhaps sanguinary, subversion. The culture of poetry, painting, and music, flourishes under his sympathetic and beneficent patronage. The society of brilliant men and agreeable women at Naples does not fail, and cannot pall. At times, life still resembles the azure bay that ripples out royally to the far horizon ; but more and more frequently his day-dreams give way to dismal forebodings, and the calm evenings bring him underbreaths of coming storm. He reflects, regrets, consults with his councillors, argues with his confessor, and at last makes a fresh will.

Indeed, he perceives but too plainly that at his death those greedy aliens will seize the ship of state, and falling foul of the Princes of Taranto and Durazzo, will wreck her in the red billows of a civil war. Is it really coming to that ? At any rate, he will make whatever effort he can to preclude this tragical tendency of affairs.



The years glide by softly enough. Andreas increases in stature though not in attractiveness. Joanna has grown to be her grandfather's idol. Her beauty astonishes even those who live with her; her warm-hearted energy heightens her uncommon talents. All are her captives, as well as himself. She is seventeen; and seventeen in Naples,—is it not the bloom of beauty and something more than the sweet border of womanhood?

In a later day, the too-susceptible Chevalier de Brantome saw the Queen's portrait,<sup>1</sup> and he tells us: 'It was more angelic than human. She is painted in a splendid gown of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold and silver lace. This robe is almost in the exact fashion of the ladies of our day on great occasions, which is called "Boulonnaise," adorned with many tags of gold. On her head she wears a bonnet on a cushion. In truth, this fine picture displays all her beauty, sweetness, and majesty so well, that one becomes enamoured of her mere image.' Boccaccio, however, gives his simpler personal testimony: 'She was fair and goodly to look upon.' Moreover, as to her intelligence, we have the explicit statements of Petrarch and Boccaccio that she appreciated all their merits.

The long-promised marriage at last takes place,

<sup>1</sup> In the Doria Gallery at Rome is a portrait of a beautiful lady, by a Flemish follower of Leonardo, which is often absurdly called Queen Joanna I. of Naples. It represents Joanna of Aragon, whom Raphael was asked to paint by Cardinal Bibiena. Other copies of the original may be seen in the Louvre, at Berlin, and at Warwick.

with all the splendid accompaniments of an Angevine state-ceremony. The bad bargain is faithfully fulfilled, and Joanna's fate is sadly sealed to an uncouth, if blameless husband, rather younger than herself, whom, despite their long childhood acquaintance, it is certain she can never deeply love.

An unforeseen and important event presently occurs in the death of Carobert, King of Hungary, who is succeeded on the throne by his son, Louis, the elder brother of Andreas. By the consequent transference of the power and guidance of Hungarian affairs to the Queen-mother, Elizabeth, and her son, their complexion is totally changed. A corresponding change accordingly takes place in the policy of King Robert. He knows very little of King Louis ; but one of the first things he learns is, that instead of his coming forward for the hand of the Princess Mary as had been hoped and desired, that young monarch, by his mother's desire, is treating for the hand of the daughter of the King of Bohemia. King Robert is deeply annoyed, and now sees fit to further exercise his supreme wisdom ; so he makes yet another will. Sept. 1348.

By this new will the King decisively excludes Andreas from the promised sovereignty of Naples, naming him only consort of the Queen, and solely giving him in fief the Principality of Salerno. Moreover, he appoints Philippe de Cabassole, Bishop of Cavaillon, guardian-in-chief of the young couple, together with Goffredo di Marzano, Count of Squil-

lace, the Admiral of the kingdom, Charles d'Artois, the Grand Chamberlain, and Philip Count of Sanguinetto, as trustees and administrators for the two Princesses until they shall have reached the age of twenty-five.

Having done this, the King calls together another national Congress. He is only sixty-four years of age,<sup>1</sup> but of late he has become quite feeble, and his end certainly draws nigh; moreover, he is fully aware of it. He therefore publishes these last intentions; makes it clearly known that Andreas is in future to be styled the Queen's consort and Duke of Salerno, but is nowise to be regarded as king of Naples and Sicily. Civilly and religiously married as they are, the political union of Joanna and Andreas is to be considered as practically null. Furthermore, should Joanna die childless, her sister Mary is to succeed her on the throne, and Andreas is to do homage to the future sovereign for his principality of Salerno. Finally, the King declares Joanna absolute heiress to his lands in Piedmont, to Provence, and to the crowns of Naples and Sicily; and so he commends his two grand-daughters to the fatherly care of the Pope and the Sacred College.

When these intentions are made public the Italians are delighted, and once more bless their glorious King Robert; but the jealous and ambitious Hungarians are roused to dangerous fury. That day many a wry face is seen along the galleries

<sup>1</sup> Villani is in error in saying he was eighty years of age.





TOMB OF KING ROBERT IN STA. CHIARA, NAPLES.

of the Castello dell'Ovo. Friar Robert's head swells, though he endeavours to steady the corners of his eyes. Niccolò Hungaro has succeeded, writes in detail to the Queen-mother, who betakes herself at Buda, and explains what has taken place.

Soon after the opening of the new year King Robert dies, his beloved grandchildren and the Queen sitting at the bedside, receiving his last advice, and hearing his explicit wish that they are not to regret his loss, since he is going to an eternal kingdom where nothing ever troubles him, and where he hopes to go to them.

No sooner is he dead, however, than Robert and his Hungarian satellites (which has been foreseen by many) eagerly re-elect Ladislas King, and write to urge his brother, King Louis, to speed a special embassy to Avignon for the purpose of inducing Clement to authorise his coronation. But Friar Robert is not destined to meet with success in this high endeavour. Clement sends Cardinal Aimeric de Chastellux to Naples, in order to crown Queen Joanna, to give her the Papal investiture, and to receive her homage; but he desires it to be clearly understood that though he may be considering the proposals of King Louis and the Queen-mother, he sees no reason at present to make any change in the testamentary commands of the late King.

Queen Joanna therefore receives the homage of Counts Ugo and Novello del Balzo (or de Baux)



of the Castello dell' Ovo. Friar Robert's ugly forehead swells, though he endeavours to smile out of the corners of his eyes. 'Niccolo Hungaro,' as he is called, writes in detail to the Queen-mother, Elizabeth, at Buda, and explains what has taken place.

Soon after the opening of the new year King Robert dies, his beloved grand-children and the Queen sitting at the bedside, receiving his last advice, and hearing his explicit wish that they are not to regret his loss, since he is going to that eternal kingdom where nothing ever more can trouble him, and where he hopes to greet them. Jan 16. 1343.

No sooner is he dead, however, than Friar Robert and his Hungarian satellites (as had been foreseen by many) eagerly proclaim Andreas King, and write to urge his brother, King Louis, to speed a special embassy to Avignon for the purpose of inducing Clement to authorise his coronation. But Friar Robert is not destined to meet with success in this high endeavour. Clement sends Cardinal Aimeric de Chastellux to Naples, in order to crown Queen Joanna, to give her the Papal investiture, and to receive her homage; but he desires it to be clearly understood that though he may be considering the proposals of King Louis and the Queen-mother, he sees no reason at present to make any change in the testamentary commands of the late King.

Queen Joanna therefore receives the homage of Counts Ugo and Novello del Balzo (or de Baux),



representing the nobility of Provence, and that of the San-Severini and others, representing her Neapolitan subjects.<sup>1</sup> These things are doubtless as galling to Friar Robert and his compatriots as they are gratifying to the Princesses of Taranto and Durazzo, although the friar may still feel hopeful, with patience and cunning, of success in the end. The Papal guardianship, if a serious check to the friar's ambition, at the same time practically nullifies the authority of Joanna; and that is something not entirely unfavourable for him to work upon. Sooner or later, Andreas and his mother, Queen Elizabeth, will worry Clement into permitting his actual coronation.

Petrarch, visiting Naples in the autumn of this year as Apostolic Legate,<sup>2</sup> does not miscalculate the perils in store. He writes to his friend Salmone Barbato: 'I see two lambs in the midst of wolves—a monarchy without a monarch. God grant I be

<sup>1</sup> Aug. 31, 1344. On Sept. 5 we find this Ugo del Balzo at Avignon as the Queen's ambassador to the Pope.

<sup>2</sup> Oct. 1343. The purpose of Petrarch's mission was to reassert the authority of the Papacy as to its guardianship of the kingdom during the Minority. He was also authorised to procure the release of the Pepini, Counts of Minerbino, who, for a rebellion in the previous reign, were undergoing perpetual captivity in the Castle at Capua. With the spoils of their extensive demesnes the Catanian family had meanwhile waxed rich. Petrarch succeeded in this latter purpose; for though Friar Robert behaved with the utmost insolence to him, he was aiming at the destruction of the Catanian, Philippa, and her sons. Therefore he and Andreas espoused the cause of the Pepini, and when they were presently liberated, made familiar friends of them. As things proved, their liberation greatly accelerated the tragic crisis of affairs, and Petrarch was grieved afterwards at the part he had undertaken.

deceived in my ill auguries!' <sup>1</sup> Then, again, referring to Friar Robert, he described him as 'that monster, whom one cannot behold without detestation, oppresses the feeble, despises the great, treads justice under foot, and behaves most insolently to the two queens.' <sup>2</sup> The court and the city alike tremble before him. In all the social gatherings silence reigns, or at most there is whispering; every gesture is suspected; people scarcely dare to think! Joanna, on her part, told the poet, 'I am queen only in name; I have absolutely no power to benefit any one.' <sup>3</sup> And lastly, her own mother, Mary of Valois, before dying, <sup>4</sup> said to him, 'We must be patient. Who knows what time may bring forth?' Indeed, who knows?

It is not difficult to perceive that the entire group of the royal families of Naples, Taranto, and Durazzo have by this time experienced enough of the Hungarians to wish them anywhere beyond the blue skies of Apulia. Charles, Duke of Durazzo, his mother, Agnes, and his maternal uncle, Cardinal Talleyrand-Perigord, <sup>5</sup> all carry on energetic and

<sup>1</sup> See also Petrarch's letter to Cardinal Colonna, given in Angelo Costanzo, lib. vi. p. 154.

<sup>2</sup> Queen Sancha and Joanna.

<sup>3</sup> She, however, made the poet her honorary chaplain, as King Robert had done.

<sup>4</sup> 1344. The widowed Queen Sancha retired soon after King Robert's death to the monastery of Santa Croce, which he had built and endowed, and dying, left behind her a reputation of spotless sanctity.

<sup>5</sup> The mother of these two was the beautiful Brunisinda, daughter of the Count of Foix, famous as a mistress of Clement VI. See Giannone, lib. 23.

patriotic correspondence with the Pope, entreating him not to allow Naples to be degraded, as it threatens to become, into a mere Italian province of Hungary. This, at any rate, is far-seeing and statesman-like, and sounds the keynote of the political situation. The court of Hungary, however, headed by the Queen-mother—in direct challenge to the will of King Robert—demands of Clement VI. nothing less than the actual coronation of Andreas in right of the will of his grandfather, Charles Martel, which had been so unjustly overridden by Clement V. Friar Robert and Niccolo Ungaro write to young King Louis very tempting epistles, urging him not to delay further, but indeed to come down at once to Naples, and, as the representative of the entire House of Anjou, to snatch the kingdom from the hands of a mere feeble woman and a French Bishop.

But the men are by no means to have it all their own way. This Agnes of Perigord, Duchess of Durazzo, the mother of Duke Charles, has been deep in a little plot of her own. If it succeed, it will be fraught with remarkable consequences. Moreover, she has the advantage of being first in the field. She is at Naples, while King Louis and his mother are at Buda.

She had previously persuaded the Queen's sister Mary of the evils of any possible Hungarian alliance; had laid stress upon the miserable inequality of Joanna and Andreas, and the certain unpopularity

of any such match with the Neapolitans. Mary considered these things, but was unable to decide anything for herself.

The Duchess, however, has lost no time in making up her own mind, and will lose no time in carrying out her resolve. She especially loathes the Hungarian branch of the family; they are so rough, so pushing, such savages! Accordingly, her brother, the shrewd Cardinal, in obedience to her wishes, has privately procured her a dispensation from the Pope for her son's union with Princess Mary. The thing has been done so hastily, Clement surely must have been dreaming! But as yet, Mary herself knows nothing of all this, any more than she knows her own mind.

The Duchess, by and bye, comes to stay at the court, and, while there, with an air of innocence, invites the Princess to visit her at her country-place. Thither presently they set out. Duke Charles is, of course, there, expecting them, and, equally of course, loses little time in declaring his passion for his cousin. Cardinal Talleyrand-Perigord contrives likewise to be on the spot, and is prevailed upon without difficulty to unite them. They are wedded there and then.

1343.

This secret and summary proceeding greatly offended Queen Joanna, who, contrary to her own pleasure, but in accordance with the wishes of King Robert, had endeavoured to forward the possible match with her cousin King Louis. What will Louis do? What will he not do? Andreas is

churlish and sulky, says things he doesn't mean, in which, however, Joanna sees the mischievous promptings of Friar Robert and Queen Elizabeth. She can but inform the Pope and the Queen of Hungary that the marriage has been none of her contriving—nothing further, in fact, can she do ultimately but be reconciled with Mary, if not with Duke Charles himself.

Queen Elizabeth, on account of her anxiety with regard to her younger son's evidently perilous position, and to assure herself as to the actual situation of affairs, now pays a visit to Naples. But, beyond making personal acquaintance with certain of the royal dukes and their wives, she does not appear to have been able to bring about any change in the course of things. Her hope as to their improvement having been raised, she forthwith takes her departure for Buda.

The court of Hungary, meantime, being advised it will accomplish nothing in the matter of getting Andreas crowned without obtaining the direct personal favour of the Pope, conciliates the entire Conclave at Avignon with an agreeable present of a hundred thousand gold fiorini. For some reason or another, however, this does not forward matters as magically as has been expected. Knowing the intense irritation this disappointment will produce at Buda, messages counselling patience are sent thither by friends at Avignon. The Pope, they say, has grown astute now, and is not easy to deal with, but patience will certainly win him round. King Louis becomes almost

mad with rage, but knows not how to act ; rages against Joanna, to whom Friar Robert naturally attributes his discomfiture ; rages especially against Duke Charles of Durazzo, who, at least, has aimed a political blow at him, by marrying the lady whom King Robert had intended for himself, and who, moreover, is heiress-presumptive to the throne ; rages against the crafty Clement for his delay ; but above all he and his mother vow vengeance against Duchess Agnes and her brother, the wily Cardinal Talleyrand-Perigord, who have brought that marriage about. Fiery jungles of recrimination ensue—all thorns and flames !

But at last that golden elixir is working its way at Avignon—not quite, indeed, in the manner desired ; but at any rate favourably. Clement issues a Bull by which he actually consents to the coronation of Andreas, and the 20th of the following September is fixed for the grand ceremony. Guillaume Amici, Bishop of Chartres, is soon positively on his way from Avignon to perform it, and all the various Italian states become at once interested in the event, though few of them perhaps apprehend its full significance. The Hungarian and his policy, at this moment however, gives small concern to any Western states save Venice and Naples ; the other states, therefore, merely look on and watch the drama. The Neapolitans are utterly downcast ; but Friar Robert dances for joy. Surely enough his day of triumph has arrived.

Encircled thus, at the very commencement of her reign, by the active intrigues of the Hungarian branch of her family, and by the rival intrigues of that of Durazzo, while at every turn prevented in the practical exercise of sovereign authority by the ecclesiastical guardianship, there remained but one branch of the family to which Queen Joanna could turn for advice or sympathy, namely, that of Taranto, whose founder had bequeathed her his Principality.

His widow, Catherine, in right of her maternal descent, bore the title of Empress of Constantinople. She was a shrewd and energetic woman, absorbed in the education of her family and the improvement of her various estates. She had been a favourite at the Court of King Robert, and although on account of her three sons and her great wealth viewed with distrust by the Durazzo princes (until the dexterous marriage of Duke Charles with the Queen's sister), she was for that very reason now drawn closer to Queen Joanna. Added to this, her Chancellor, Niccolo Acciajuoli, was the representative at Naples of the Florentine Banking Company of that name, to whom not only many an Angevine Prince, but the throne of Naples itself, was indebted for loans. Her eldest son Robert had married Marie, daughter of the Duke de Bourbon, and was now Prince of the Morea; while her second son, Luigi, having greatly distinguished himself ere the close of the previous reign by the suppression of a revolt in Calabria, now held an important command in the Queen's army.

Between this young Prince and Queen Joanna had sprung up a sincere cousinly friendship, which was beneficial to both, and was greatly approved by his mother, the Empress, and his guardian, the astute Acciajuoli. Spied upon, however, as Joanna was, by the Hungarian officials of her husband, it was certain that any one, who enjoyed the very least intimacy with her, would be looked upon as a foe and treated with undisguised animosity. As by his designing capture of her sister, Charles of Durazzo had drawn upon him the enmity of Friar Robert, so now by his friendship with the Queen Luigi of Taranto transferred that enmity to himself. Desirous of losing no opportunity of perpetuating the ferment as to Neapolitan affairs at the Court of Hungary, Friar Robert carefully put the most odious and scandalous construction upon this friendship, in order to blast the character of the Queen while heightening his own reputation for sagacity. But presently, as he thought, the coronation of Andreas would take place, and then such things would lose their consequence.

Thus far it is clear there are two royal sisters, orphans; each of them married to a cousin; both, hitherto, without male issue; and the elder sister is wearing a much-coveted crown. There is also an extensive, but only so far as Italy is concerned, a compact, family-circle, consisting of the Houses of Naples, Taranto, and Durazzo. The Hungarian, or eldest, branch of the dynasty has already proved to



be a disastrous importation. Greed, and lust, and revenge are indeed smouldering, and threatening tragical results. The Bishop of Chartres has now reached Mola di Gaeta.

1345. Naples being well-nigh intolerable during the hot summer months, the Queen and Andreas are in *villeggiatura* at Aversa, not twenty kilometres away, and occupy apartments in the fortified Celestine convent of San Pietro a Majella. It is the 18th of September. On the morrow they are to return to the capital, preparatory to the wearisome ceremonies of the coronation. The evening music is over, the minstrels have gone, the court has retired. It is a still, fragrant, moonless night. Not a leaf is waving; the laden vines unbosom their happy secrets to the glittering constellations. The monks in the conventual portion of the building are themselves at last asleep. The Hungarian suite are in heavy, perhaps vinous, slumber,—even Niccolo Ungaro's prying eyes have suspected nothing. Friar Robert is absent at the capital.

One of the Queen's maids, Mabrice di Pace, quietly enters the royal bed-chamber, and arouses the Prince by telling him that a courier has brought pressing news from Friar Robert, and is waiting without to speak with him on a matter of gravest importance.

Suspecting nothing, he rises, leaves the chamber, and proceeds across the dormitory to a dressing-room. On quitting the Queen's room, the door is

suddenly fastened, so as to prevent his return, and in another moment he is in the clutches of his assassins. Useless now to cry for help, even if he can do so, or to gasp for dear wife or faithful chamberlain! Charles d'Artois, Count of St. Agata, and his son Bertrand, the Count of Stella and Raimondo Cabani, all sworn to murder, are swiftly dragging him along the passage. One has gagged him with a glove; another has slipped a strong cord round his neck. They force him, still struggling, over the stone balcony at the end of the passage, and forthwith he dangles quivering above the cool garden, until finding him die hard, some of the conspirators down there drag at his feet till the uncrowned Andreas is dead.

Sept. 18, 1345.

While this tragedy is enacting, a Hungarian waiting-woman either hearing or seeing what is afoot, begins to scream; whereupon the assassins scamper in all directions, leaving the corpse warm, upon the grass. That cry of murder from the terrified Hungarian waiting-maid in a short time rings far and wide through Europe, and becomes the battle-blast of an avenging and victorious king.

The young Queen, in a delicate condition of health, being six months with child, is at first paralysed with terror.<sup>1</sup> Her reason is in a hysterical mist, through which, however, gradually dawns the lurid significance of awful reality.

<sup>1</sup> 'The Queen was so terrified that she knew not what was fit to be done.'—*Giannone*.

Andreas and his hated following had proved a stumbling-block to the peace of the realm, and had been the constant butt for all her other royal relatives, some of whom, notably Charles, Duke of Durazzo, and his mother, are ambitious, and have not taken any pains to conceal their animosity. For days the shock is too great for her: she is still in the dark as to the actual contriver of the crime, though she can have no doubt as to his motive; moreover, she has no personal power to discover, far less to capture him. At first she feels as if she were drawn into some chaotic whirlpool; then reason beams through the chaos; and then womanly action succeeds womanly weakness. She returns to Naples 'with her murdered man,' calls a Council of her ministers; despatches special envoys to the Pope and to the King of Hungary;—to the latter of whom she writes, 'I have suffered such intense anguish by the murder of my beloved husband, that, stunned by grief, I well-nigh died of the same wounds.'

It is worth noting that Pope Clement, later on, grounds his conviction of her own entire innocence of her husband's death on the substantial expressions of intense horror made use of in her letters to him on the subject. If she displayed any want of personal alacrity at this crisis (as some of her enemies did not fail to declare), we, at any rate, know that she was in three months expecting to be delivered of her first child. The Pope, as guardian of the

kingdom, had deputed the Bishop of Cavaillon and Cardinal Aimeric to govern its affairs, and Queen Joanna, as a minor, was not permitted to interfere with their management even in the most ordinary affairs, let alone in such a matter as a state crime of the first magnitude. As she had told Petrarch, she was 'queen only in name.'

The body of the murdered prince is solemnly borne to the shrine of San Gennaro, and there, in the presence of a vast multitude, is deposited in the left transept—as it happens, close to the tomb of that arrogant Sinibald, Innocent IV., who, but a century before, had offered this same coveted crown of Naples to Henry III. of England.

The utmost consternation reigns in the palace at Avignon, and indeed at many another court, on receipt of the tragic news. Niccolo Ungaro, too, the late king's governor, is speeding, hard as horse can carry him, toward his native land, in order to give rousing details of the crime to King Louis. As he passes through Florence, he relates the circumstances, according to his Hungarian view, to the Villani family, whose records, and some fortunately (in Neapolitan affairs) more reliable ones, we follow. Him they briefly describe as 'a man trustworthy, and having authority.'<sup>1</sup>

In Naples, people are attributing the crime to three different parties in the state. Some say that

<sup>1</sup> It is obvious from this fact that the Villani thus heard the most prejudiced account possible for them to hear.

Philippa, the Catanian, her grand-daughter Sancha,<sup>1</sup> and her son Count Eboli, who have grown wealthy with the forfeited property of the now-liberated Pepini, Counts of Minerbino, and who are, of course, peculiarly antagonistic to Friar Robert, have been the chief contrivers of it. Some envious ones even attribute it to faithful and financial Niccolo Acciajuoli, conjointly with his patroness, Catherine, Princess of Taranto.<sup>2</sup> Suspicion especially clung to her, later on, because it was rumoured that she had given shelter on her Morean estates<sup>3</sup> to Charles d'Artois, the grand chamberlain, and Bertrand his son, who were credited with being chief among the assassins.<sup>4</sup>

The more far-seeing quietly rivet their eyes upon Charles, Duke of Durazzo, whose forced marriage with the Queen's sister, while shewing his known hatred of the Hungarians, had proclaimed his design on the crown. Moreover, we know that it was he, through his uncle, Cardinal Talleyrand-Perigord, who had caused the Pope to delay the coronation of Andreas, which above all things had irritated the Court of Buda.

This man, if not directly guilty of the murder,

<sup>1</sup> Evidently named after Queen Sancha of Aragon, second wife of King Robert. She married the Count of Marzano.

<sup>2</sup> The titular Empress of Constantinople. She died in October of the year 1346. See chapter on Niccolo Acciajuoli.

<sup>3</sup> See chapter on Niccolo Acciajuoli.

<sup>4</sup> These two, in spite of the rumour, are believed to have been executed in the prison of Benevento. In 1382 we find King Charles III. giving their estates to Bartolommeo Tomacelli. Catherine may, however, have had other reasons for being kind to them in their distress.

nevertheless, proves himself to be a consummate villain, and now occurs his opportunity for shewing it. Taking advantage of the crisis, in order to get her deposed in his own favour, he declares Joanna to have been authoress of the murder. The Queen is helpless, and is shortly expecting to be confined. Knowing the enmity that subsists between her and the Duke, neither her ministers nor her people take further notice of his accusation, and we hear no more of it. But what the shrewd Ugo and Bertrando del Balzo, now Clement's deputed Commissioners, who presently arrive on the scene armed with judicial powers, think of him, we know not. There are other eyes far away in Hungary, at any rate, which, however confused in their general views of things Neapolitan, do not altogether misjudge him, are perhaps but too-clearly informed as regards him,—not able, indeed, to be blinded by any mask whatsoever which he may be pleased to assume.

The Papal Commissioners, assisted by the Council and by the Bishop of Cavaillon, are determined to discover the actual culprits and mete out retribution. Clement by a special Bull has already deprived of spiritual benefit, all who have taken any part in the crime; but this is a vague measure, without practical edge, inasmuch as it has not yet been ascertained precisely who have taken part in it.<sup>1</sup> Inquiry in such a case must be both difficult and delicate, but it is not about to be delicately performed.

<sup>1</sup> Tutini de M. Giustiz, fol. 62. V. Baluzius, *loc. cit.*

Raimondo Cabani, of the Catanian family, and one of the Queen's captains, is presently seized, tortured, and forced to confess whatever is desired of him. In consequence of this, Raimondo is taken, half-flayed—that is, his back is flayed—is drawn on a truck to the place of execution, and there hanged. Philippa herself, her grand-daughter Sancha, and her son Robert, Count Eboli, and her sons-in-law, despite Joanna's personal affection for them and her fervent belief in their innocence, are all arrested; dragged roughly from the Castello dell'Ovo, from her very presence, to the seashore, and there, in sight of an enormous throng of people, are put to tortures too terrific and atrocious for detail. Philippa, in fact, dies on her way to final execution; after which her head is fixed over one of the city gates. Sancha, although enceinte, is racked and torn, and later on burned alive. Counts Eboli, Terlizzi, and several others of the family are similarly treated a few days later, being also stoned by the crowd, and finally burned at the stake.

Aug. 7, 1346.

Charles of Durazzo, trying to keep a cool face to the somewhat fierce light, has contrived to have the inquiry held at his own palace in Naples; and it is quickly rumoured that certain of the prisoners have had their tongues removed by his orders before their examination. Joanna, intolerably horrified at all these proceedings, has sent entreating her cousin Luigi of Taranto to bring the troops of which he has command into Naples, to overawe the terrible

and pitiless Ugo del Balzo. She herself remains in the Castello; doing, however, her best to save her unfortunate friends beyond, though none the less anxious herself to discover the real criminals.<sup>1</sup> Naples is in a state of siege, if not of actual civil war. When Luigi of Taranto approaches with his troops, wily Charles of Durazzo makes himself master of the city-gates to prevent his cousin's entrance, and so deftly advertises to the observant Commissioners his own seeming desire for justice and his freedom from a guilty conscience. Justice (alas! the horrors perpetrated in those times in her name!) has been partly done. But despite all the tortures and executions, not one tittle of evidence against the Queen has been brought to light. Charles of Durazzo, who covets her crown, is the sole person who has dared actually to accuse her, and the people of Naples, though credulous, somehow do not set much value on his words, nor, apparently, do the Papal Commissioners. Still, being impudent enough to suppose himself above common suspicion, having an influential cardinal at his back, and Del Balzo being a Provençal noble, the Angevine Duke goes free.

The author of a very incomplete, though painstaking, 'Life of Queen Joanna'<sup>2</sup> says: 'It appears to have been a sudden outburst of desperate

<sup>1</sup> She caused bills of proclamation to be affixed to the walls of the castles and churches at Naples.

<sup>2</sup> Two vols., 1824. London.



ferocity in a set of miscreants who feared the loss of their fortunes and lives under the sway of the implacable and unprincipled Friar Robert. The time and manner of the death of Andreas strongly confirms this supposition. It took place within twenty-four hours of his intended coronation, without any precaution whatever for its concealment! We confess, however, that our own humble researches tend strongly to inculcate the Duke of Durazzo; and we venture to consider that this other suggested motive was merely plastic to the Duke's own purpose. From first to last his behaviour is that of a craftsman and the tool of craftsmen animated by unscrupulous greed; 'full of treasons, stratagems, and spoils.' Cruel, cunning, and covetous, he is the most dangerous of the Queen's enemies. But retribution awaits him in a way he and his advisers little dream of.

When the tragical news of his brother's murder reaches King Louis in Buda, many affairs occupy his thoughts. Zara, on the Dalmatian coast, has revolted from the Venetians in favour of his rule, and consequently the Republic is besieging it both by sea and land. In spite of this pressing affair, he determines upon personal vengeance.

The magisterial judgments and their resulting executions are nothing to him; he will avenge his brother's murder with his own sword. Now indeed has arrived a fitting opportunity for defying Papal injustice and seizing upon the crown which had

been wrongfully bestowed upon the younger branch of his family,—and shall he let it pass? While he is considering means whereby to compass his resolve, he writes to many of his royal allies and kinsmen, asking their sympathy and assistance in this just, if vindictive, enterprise.

In these letters he makes no mention of a suspicion as to Queen Joanna having had a share in the crime. As has been pointed out by the writer above quoted: 'It is not until after he becomes convinced of the practicability of seizing the kingdom of Naples that he inculpates her.' However, he feels it best not to begin by openly defying the Pope, so he sends a special envoy to Avignon entreating Clement to make him, as head of the House of Anjou, king of Naples and Sicily. But Clement, over and above other obvious considerations, has already learned of his having secured the friendship of Louis King of Bavaria, who is under his express interdict, and by no manner of means will he entertain the proposal. This reply much disconcerts Louis and the Queen-mother.

The siege of Zara meanwhile proceeds, and to its aid he goes at the head of a large army, much embarrassed, however, by the difficulty of victualling it. Presently he detaches one wing of it, under the command of his natural brother, the Bishop of Fünfkirchen, and orders him to descend with all speed upon Naples, so as to commence war without delay. By and bye he will himself follow and

Sept. 1347.

take over the command ; also, that his soldiers with him shall not forget his ulterior design, he causes a black banner to be painted, grimly portraying his brother's assassination ; and this ugly banner is borne by men habited as mourners all the way to Zara, and later on right down through Italy.

But we have felt obliged to digress and forestall a little, and will now turn back to note other results immediately following upon the murder of Andreas.

Dec. 24, 1345. Queen Joanna, despite this tearful event, has now become a mother. The winter of her discontent has brought her a son, whom, after her Hungarian great-uncle,<sup>1</sup> she names Carlo Martello. The people aver that the boy greatly resembles his unfortunate father. He lives,<sup>2</sup> is lawful heir to her crown, and Charles, Duke of Durazzo, at last, is apparently checkmated. But, like all sharp puppets, he is very sly and slippery, this Charles, and the final move in his plot to seize the crown has yet to be played. The widowed Queen meanwhile has found a sympathetic friend and sure champion in her other cousin, Luigi of Taranto, and love is perhaps beaming faintly through the dark clouds of her mourning—love that marriage did not previously bring to her. Never till now had she so much need of it. Pity she has had, but it is love that she wants. If Luigi will only keep the greedy Charles from her,—how grateful she will

<sup>1</sup> Charles Martel, King of Hungary, elder brother of King Robert, and grandfather of King Louis.

<sup>2</sup> He was baptized by the Bishop of Cavaillon.

be! But that man and his mother together surely constitute one of the two evil genii of Naples.<sup>1</sup>

It is the spring of 1346. Health and strength 1346. have returned to the far from happy Queen. Things have somewhat quieted down in Naples, though, if the curtain be lifted, it is seen that ominous little leagues and treaties are being negotiated and ratified in Italy northward, and all are in favour of the invader. Presently a courier arrives at Naples bearing a royal letter couched in terms as ungracious as they are undeserved, positively boiling over with calumny, and with most cruel as most false accusations.<sup>2</sup> Joanna is dazed. Louis of Hungary stands out to her in a new light. She can understand the wrath, the grief, and the desire for vengeance on the part of himself and her mother-in-law, Queen Elizabeth. But the King,<sup>3</sup> without one tittle of evidence in his favour, now brutally abuses her, and openly, but ignorantly, charges her with ill-faith, and with the murder of her husband, finally announcing his determination of descending with a Hungarian army to seize her forfeited kingdom. What shall she do? To reply to such a letter is beneath her dignity both as a woman and as a queen. She has but one resource. She convenes

<sup>1</sup> We may clearly point out the two groups which represent the chief enemies of Queen Joanna thus:—King Louis, and his mother Queen Elizabeth; Charles, Duke of Durazzo, and his mother Agnes.

<sup>2</sup> See 'Introduction.'

<sup>3</sup> Possibly in consequence of letters from Charles of Durazzo and Friar Robert.

her ministers together with the guardian Bishop of Cavaillon,<sup>1</sup> and lays the strange laconic document before them.

It is then read aloud. There is no mistaking its threatening nature or its inspiring motive—ambition. One and all advise immediate preparations for defence, and promptly undertake necessary measures. Over and above these precautions, they are of a mind that, for the better security of the kingdom in this perilous crisis, and it being nearly two years since the death of Andreas, she should lose no time in allying herself by marriage to some prince of the blood.<sup>2</sup>

Pope Clement, meanwhile, is himself experiencing a period of unusual anxiety. Owing to the increasing influence of the Court of Hungary in the east of Europe, he wishes to act very cautiously in dealing with it in its present excited state; and again, owing to the fact that Avignon, of which the Papacy has long desired absolute possession, belongs to Queen Joanna, of whose innocence he has been convinced by his prelates and advisers at Naples, he wishes to be careful of acting unamiably or with injustice toward her.

Nevertheless, he is pestered for a whole year with indignant letters from Queen Elizabeth, insisting that the infant Carlo Martello shall be given up to her own keeping; demanding the speedy punish-

<sup>1</sup> Philippe de Cabassoles.

<sup>2</sup> Costanzo, lib. 6; Giannone, lib. 23.

ment of her regicide daughter-in-law, and declaring, moreover, that it is a terrible scandal that Joanna should still be styled Queen. King Louis follows suit by entreating Clement to refuse the dispensation for the marriage of Queen Joanna with the Prince of Taranto. Letters also arrive from his Legate in Hungary advising Clement of the evident determination of that Government to take judgment into its own hands and invade the kingdom of Naples.

In vain the Pope replies appeasingly to the Queen-mother telling her that the affair belongs to the Holy Church, and that it is one full of the gravest difficulties and necessitating the utmost delicacy. This, however, instead of soothing her and inspiring confidence, only inflames her and King Louis the more violently, both as against Clement himself and against Queen Joanna. The provoking delays in the coronation of Andreas, and the still more provoking dispensation granted by Clement to Cardinal Tallyrand-Perigord for the marriage of the Duchess Mary with Charles of Durazzo, have long rankled in her mind. She is now exasperated. She knows her power and influence, and resolves on taking independent action.

At this juncture Clement turns for counsel to King Philip of France, who forthwith points out to him the absolute necessity of marrying the widowed and defenceless Joanna to some prince of the blood. This satisfies the Pope's mind, and thereupon he

grants the desired dispensation for Joanna's marriage with Luigi of Taranto.

No difficulty stands in their way. The people of Naples are delighted at the prospect of their beautiful queen at last giving her hand to a native prince, who, besides, has himself done sufficient to deserve their personal respect and admiration. Furthermore, will he not keep that perfidious Duke Charles at a distance, and stand an additional protection to the interests of the infant heir to the throne?

Amid great demonstrations of public joy, and, owing to political urgency, without waiting for the dispensation which is on its way from Avignon, the Queen and Luigi of Taranto are married.<sup>1</sup> The sunshine and the marriage-bells fill all Naples with music and glory, although thunder is assuredly threatening from the north. The sun blazes upon the bay; the strange column of smoke stretches far out from the cone of old Vesuvius. Capri, with her majestic cliffs, stands up from the waves like an empress in a dream. The misty Abruzzi still wear thin mantles of snow. The long silver lines of the opposite cliff-land coast, from kingly Monte d'Oro above Castellamare, to Vico and Sorrento, never looked more enchanting, more magnificent, than to-day. Roses are blooming all around the Queen, and yet, alas, they cannot but be full of tears!

<sup>1</sup> August 20, 1347. Summonte and others are in error in making this marriage take place in 1346, in the month of horrors, and within a year of the death of Andreas: while, in this instance, Villani is right in giving it to August 1347.

But what has become of Charles of Durazzo, that ambitious rebel,—he who has so ruthlessly slandered his sovereign? He has been somewhat startled by learning that King Louis of Hungary in his letters to Naples regards him in equal abhorrence and enmity with the Queen herself; and this constitutes matter for serious pause and suspense. He is visibly alarmed. What had he best do? His mother, the Cardinal, and possibly his wife Mary, are consulted; but above all, we may be sure, is consulted his sense of self-preservation. He has now no other friends than these. The result is that he smoothly endeavours to re-establish relations with the Queen. While, however, he is vainly making overtures to this end, the unwelcome news reaches him that he is placed still further from the throne. Queen Joanna has married his cousin, Luigi of Taranto. Charles thereupon retires, disgusted and defeated, but pondering, to his own estates.

Meantime, emissaries of the Hungarian king have appeared in important feudal corners of the kingdom, bidding for assistance in his approaching invasion; and before the King's episcopal brother has reached the confines, a certain turbulent Count of Fondi, head of the Cajetani family, has headed an active rebellion against his Queen, and lays siege to Castello d'Itri, a bloody conflict with the local peasantry ensuing. All the country about Terracina is up in arms, and the former protégés of Friar Robert and Andreas are doing their utmost to deserve honours



from their king, against what time he shall personally appear upon the scene.

Exactly three months before the Queen's marriage with Luigi of Taranto, an event happened in Rome which for some time to come was destined to give a new complexion to the affairs of Central Italy. During the absence of the governor, Stefano Colonna, Cola di Rienzi having skilfully prepared the citizens for a political change, and having gained the countenance of the Church to his plan, struck so effective a blow at the tyranny of the factious aristocracy, that the people unanimously conferred upon him the title of Tribune, together with the attendant attributes of sovereign power.

No sooner was this astounding event noised abroad and confirmed, than all the three parties most interested in the prospective struggle for the crown of Naples addressed themselves to him. Louis of Hungary despatched two special ambassadors to win his support to the Hungarian scheme of vengeance. Charles of Durazzo, on his part, also sent envoys in order to influence him against the invader; while Queen Joanna sent him a sumptuous deputation, including an archbishop and some eminent lawyers, so as to ingratiate him on her behalf.

Rienzi received them in turn with much pomp and stage-ceremony, listened very graciously to each, but dexterously temporised with all. It was at this period that Petrarch evinced such enthusiastic

interest in the man who talked of restoring to Rome her ancient dignity; but it was likewise at this period Pope Clement was infuriated at that man's presumption. For although Rienzi humiliated the tyrannical Colonna and Orsini, he dismissed the Papal Legate, and calling himself Augustus, autocratically cited the rival Emperors Louis of Bavaria and Charles of Moravia to appear before him to justify their respective pretensions.

The Bishop of Fünfkirchen with his army of Magyars now reaches the theatre of the pending struggle, and finds himself in a rich and lovely land of dreamy hills and happy vallies. The castle of Sermoneta loyally defies him, and is promptly besieged. The garrison, vainly hoping succour from Naples, is massacred a man, and the Hungarian sword has drawn the first blood. This sanguinary prelude to the King's invasion is repeated further south; the terror of the mixed Hungarian and German horde paralysing the poor little Apulian towns, while the Neapolitan troops, though not entirely inactive, feel themselves unable to offer any effectual resistance. Presently the invaders are led across that stormy pass of Cinque-mila, so fatal two centuries later to the army of a Prince of Orange. Thence they descend upon Sangro with its noble castle, upon ancient Venafro, Teano, and so upon San Germano, at the foot of sublime Monte Casino, everything giving way before them. King Louis, it is evident, will have no difficult task before him. Word

is therefore sent to him to hasten ; the kingdom of Naples will certainly be his if he comes soon.

<sup>1347.</sup> This message reaches him conveniently. The siege of Zara has wearied both him and the Venetians. But the latter have learned of his designs on Naples. Now, therefore, is the moment for a dexterous compromise. If he will abandon Zara, the Republic will afford him the use of its fleet in transporting his men to Italy,—an offer far too tempting for him to resist. It will enable his wild rout of Hungarians to descend upon the Adriatic coast, and be rejoined by him, when he himself has made a sort of diplomatic progress through the states of Northern and Central Italy. Truce is signed, and the King forthwith departs to Udine.

Louis then visits Padua the learned, and is feasted there by the Carrara ;—Verona, where Mastino della Scala welcomes him very graciously,—and Mantua, where the Gonzagi do him much honour. Modena and Bologna are likewise visited ; then Forli and Rimini ; and by this circuitous zigzag he reaches flattering Florence, where nothing is left unturned by Tuscan wealth and genius to furnish him with becoming entertainment. All this time he is receiving homage of various renegade Apulian counts and barons, who, whatever other reasons may actuate them, deem it prudent to be friends as soon as possible with the furious avenger of murder. Have not his skirmishers, with the rebel Count of Fondi and the Bishop at their head, gone before him, loudly

advertising that his approach is a thundering reality, and that Charles of Durazzo, Luigi of Taranto, and the Queen herself may well tremble?

Glad enough is old Villani to detail all that the City of Flowers did for the wrathful, resolute king during his visit. Florence, doubtless, felt in her element. What an occasion for picturesque rejoicings;—for brocades, and banquets and fulsome orations! But Louis knew that good as all such things were, none were so good to him as his craving to revenge his brother's taking-off and the prospect of seizing a kingdom to which he had well-founded claims. In fact, grief over and done with, the motive is almost a godsend to his ambition; so he travels triumphantly down through Italy, softly making friends and receiving hospitality, though all the time his sword is hissing in the scabbard.

On the 27th of December he enters Foligno<sup>1</sup> with his combined German and Hungarian troops, and is there joined by many scions of local families; there also he receives ambassadors sent by the commune of neighbouring Perugia.<sup>2</sup> 1347.

A Papal Legate at last stands forth, and, in the name of the Holy Church, formally forbids Louis to enter a kingdom of which the Pope declares

<sup>1</sup> 'Stette in Foligno la persona sua doi notte e uno di, et partiess in Sabato a matina.'—*Chron. del Graziani*, in *Archivio Storico Italiano*, 1st Series.

<sup>2</sup> In reward for their goodwill we find King Louis writing to the Perugians on February 18, 1348, warning them to be on their guard, as Duke Werner with his army of adventurers has quitted the kingdom of Naples. The letter is read 'nel Pergola del Palazzo del Podestà.'

himself to be sole guardian ; moreover, the Legate assures him that there are but two persons living<sup>1</sup> who were implicated in the murder of Andreas. A smile crosses the young King's face,—a smile of contempt and defiance. Little regard will he pay to anything that would now hinder his career. Is he not head of the House of Anjou ? Has he not an overwhelming excuse for his invasion ? Ostensibly, yes—unsatisfied vengeance ; and less ostensibly, the recovery of rightful dominion. At any rate, it is too late for Papal opposition. The Pope, were he in Rome, with an army to back his demand, might reasonably expect some moderate show of obedience ; but since he is at Avignon (has, besides, pocketed a hundred thousand gold florins), Louis feels himself safe in refusing to quail before a pompous Papal envoy and a bit of parchment. Furthermore, as for there being but two persons implicated in his brother's murder, the King says he well knows there are at least two hundred. The army is ordered to advance.

From Foligno forthwith Louis marches swiftlier to Aquila and the Lake of Celano, and encountering but a trifling resistance, then occupies Sarno. Luigi of Taranto, meanwhile, has retired with his forces upon Capua, so as to check him in crossing the Volturno toward Naples. Queen Joanna, however, becomes exceedingly alarmed, and apparently ignorant that they have but lately heaped exceptional honours on her antagonist, vainly entreats assistance

<sup>1</sup> Meaning probably Charles d'Artois and his son, who had escaped.

from her allies, the Florentines. Moreover, many of Luigi's adherents, learning how felicitously the Hungarian king advances, and how rapidly his forces increase, quietly make off, night by night, leaving their unfortunate commander to consider what best may be done. The Queen, for fear of treachery, now shuts herself up in the Castello dell' Ovo ; but soon hearing of the King's further decisive doings and of Luigi's serious difficulties, she does not trust to its stout walls, but, by the united advices of her council, of her husband, and especially of Niccolo Acciajuoli, projects a flight to her Provençal dominions.

Naples trembles, and the Queen is in tears, knowing that, though her better-informed subjects have never doubted her innocence, the mass of them are credulous, easily alarmed, and revel in a sensation ; and are not King Louis and Queen Elizabeth reviling her before God to the whole world as the one responsible head and front of offending ? She fears, moreover, that Louis, in his blind hatred toward herself, may mercilessly sacrifice her people. This determines her to do what she can to save them. Another National Council is convened, and in an eloquent speech, which leaves no heart untouched, the Queen commands her nobles to offer no resistance whatever to the King of Hungary, but when he comes, to deliver to him the keys of the city and its castles. His might is doubtless overwhelming, though right he has none. They will thus, at least, save their wives, their children, and their homes ;

otherwise, there will be massacre. Meanwhile, she will betake herself to Avignon, to the Vicar of Christ, and lose no time in personally convincing him of her innocence, and will cause him to proclaim it to entire Christendom. She cannot promise, alas, when she will return; indeed, it may be some day, but also it may be never. Naples is paralysed. Though it loves her, feels for her, it is too feeble to help her. God willing, she will help it.

On the 16th of January 1348, the fifth anniversary of King Robert's death,<sup>1</sup> she weeps over her infant boy (whom the Papal guardian cannot permit her to take away), as it proves to be, for the last time; feels his arms clinging round her neck, and finally is led away sobbing by her ladies, to enter her state-galley. She cannot bid actual *addio* to her husband, for he is acting on the defensive at Capua, or rather is trying with his old friend Acciajuoli to form an efficient army wherewith to make a supreme effort. Furthermore he has sent the King a personal challenge to mortal combat.

All Naples is down there by the blue waters, weeping over the lovely and unfortunate Queen, pressing to kiss her hands, invoking all the saints, especially San Gennaro, to protect and speed her, and to bring her safely back again. Presently all is ready, a favouring winter breeze fills the white sails, and three galleys glide out upon the crisp azure. They

<sup>1</sup> The day also upon which Louis of Hungary reached Aversa. See Graziani, *Chron. Perug.*

soon pass Pozzuoli, diminishing away toward Ischia, and the Queen sighs farewell to her beautiful Naples, to the splendid home of her fathers and of her ill-fated child. Petrarch's prophetic words have been fully realised—the wolves are upon her.

At Capua, indeed, Luigi of Taranto finds himself in great distress. The terror of the Hungarians has caused his levies to dwindle till his chance in an open battle has become hopeless. King Louis, strange to say, has dexterously avoided meeting him,<sup>1</sup> and passing rivers and mountains, seizing Maddaloni and Alife by the way, has occupied Benevento. The craven air is everywhere laden with homage to the invader. At last, by advice of Acciajuoli, Luigi resolves to follow the Queen, and personally convince the Holy Father of the deplorable state of their affairs and of the proven motive that actuates the Hungarian king.

These two, therefore, themselves embark at Naples; but, after severe exposure, land at Porto Ercole on the Maremman shore; thence, by Siena, where Niccolo has powerful friends in the Tolomei family, they pass on to Florence, where Angelo<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This did more credit to the shrewdness than to the valour of King Louis, for Luigi had sent him a formal challenge to a duel of swords, offering by the laws of chivalry four or five convenient places. Raimondo del Balzo was to have been Luigi's second. Replying to this excellent offer, King Louis demurred by naming other places farther removed, and suggested that it should take place in the presence either of the Emperor of Germany, the King of England (Edward III.), or the Patriarch of Aquileja.

<sup>2</sup> This is that Angelo Acciajuoli who headed the party which overthrew the tyranny of Walter de Brienne, Duke of Athens. He began



Acciajuoli, a kinsman of Niccolò, is bishop, who will by and bye be of service in their cause at Avignon. The Florentines, however, not wishing to offend their late guest, the warlike Louis, naturally fear to receive Luigi ; so he is obliged to lodge at a villa belonging to the Acciajuoli family at Montegufoni, in the Val di Pesa, a few miles off. However, Niccolò and his brother are able to rely on several financial personages who willingly afford them assistance and an escort for their further journey by Genoa to Avignon.

It is not a little surprising to find many of the chroniclers of these incidents treating Niccolò Acciajuoli as if he were but a sort of faithful and respectable valet, who arranges the journies and keeps the weekly accounts,—being evidently unaware of his importance to the world both within and beyond the walls of Castello dell' Ovo.

The truth is that the personal interests of the Queen and Acciajuoli were absolutely welded together. Work upon the rising Certosa in Val d'Emo, which he was now building, had to be suspended. The business-security of the Acciajuoli at Florence, already severely crippled by the heavy borrowings of King Edward III., was further jeopardised so long as the Pope failed to use energetic measures to restrain Louis and his marauders:

his career as a Dominican at Sta. Maria Novella, and his portrait can still be seen there in the Spanish Chapel. He is not the Angiolo Acciajuoli, Bishop of Florence, whose exquisite effigies are seen at the Certosa, and who died at Pisa in 1407.

Hence Niccolo, by devising the escape of his royal master and the Queen to Provence, felt sure of winning Clement over to exert himself in favour of the general cause,—the cause of public business, including the interests of the landowners, the interests of justice and security, and, not leastly, the general mercantile interests, which must suffer calamitously as long as the voracious eagle of Hungary overshadowed them with his victorious wings. .

Learning of the sackings and slaughters at various places in Apulia,<sup>1</sup> consternation now seizes the royal families of Durazzo and Taranto. If Cardinal Talleyrand-Perigord and Duchess Agnes have counted favourably upon the result of the Papal command with King Louis, they quickly realise their error. The King with his grim banner is at Benevento with a force of six thousand men, and means business. The best thing for this bevy of princes, after all, will be to ask their warlike cousin for a safe-conduct, offer him homage and try to come to a friendly understanding. Some of them are of this opinion; but not so resolve the wily Cardinal and his sister. Nevertheless Duke Charles, her eldest son, being, as we have seen, shrewd and far-seeing (at least in his own eyes), has thought of this some weeks back. Furthermore, he has dreamed that he may yet appease King Louis by betraying

<sup>1</sup> We use the term Apulia, which originally was applied to but one province, as synonymous with the kingdom of Naples, upon the authority of the old writers. The titles of the several provinces and their limits may be found in any 'Thorough' guide-book.

Joanna, who has failed to respond to his overtures ; so he has been keeping up an animated correspondence with some of the King's generals—in reality has been walking along the edge of a ghastly precipice. In his mind's eye he still sees his wife Mary seated on the throne of Naples, and himself king-consort.

In consequence of these counsels, Robert,<sup>1</sup> now reigning Prince of Taranto and Achaia, and Philip, his youngest brother, with their cousins Luigi and Robert of Durazzo (the last of whom met his fate eight years later at Poitiers), make for Benevento to greet their cousin of Hungary, and are joined there, after some hesitation, by Charles of Durazzo himself. The King receives them effusively, even kissing them. They are delighted and surprised. We may be sure, however, appreciate his amiability as they may, that they are anxious to know what the King's next move is likely to be, and especially so is the Duke of Durazzo. The affectionate greeting over, the King reflects, and takes careful observation of his relatives. Wishing now to realise for himself the locality and details of the murder of Andreas, Louis decides to move on to Aversa ; which accordingly he does, taking his timid kinsmen, like a batch of satellites, along with him. The poor folk in little Aversa, hearing of his intended coming, are naturally terror-stricken lest, in his wrath, he may destroy them and their town ; and even if he does not, there is

<sup>1</sup> Luigi's elder brother. See chapter on N. Acciajuoli.

his foreign army with its hangers-on, about whose doings the wildest rumours are current ; so forthwith they dig holes under garden and hearth, and bury their valuables. Louis, however, to his credit, is aware of the robbers and rascals who buzz, like mosquitoes, about his army, and consequently he orders his Vicar-general to punish all instances of unauthorised pillage.

After dinner one day, clad in full armour (his suite also, by his orders, being armed) the King addresses Duke Charles: 'Take me to the spot where Andreas met his death.' The Duke pales a little, returning an evasive answer. Louis, however, persists in his desire of being conducted thither, even if the sight should prove (as the Duke has suggested) distressful to him. On arriving at the monastery, he dismounts, and is shown up to the chamber formerly occupied by the ill-fated prince and his queen. He then demands which was the balcony whence Andreas was hanged. When it is pointed out to him, he turns furiously upon the Duke, 'You also, villain, had a hand in the cruel death of your liege, our brother; you and your mother worked in concert against him together with your uncle Cardinal Talleyrand; and, for your own treacherous designs, you occasioned the delay in his coronation, which delay was the cause of his death. Yes, you basely devised by his death to bring about your own succession to his throne. You leagued yourself with that traitor Luigi of

Taranto against ourself; and he, your equal in fraud and deceit, has since married that abominable woman, the betrayer of her lord and husband. Therefore you shall die here where he was made to die!' The Duke, sickening, passionately entreats for mercy, declaring himself to be innocent. The King replies, 'In the face of this letter, how can you plead that?'—thereupon producing a letter purporting to have been written by the Duke to Charles d'Artois, the Grand Chamberlain, compassing the death of Andreas. This so settles matters, that a Hungarian soldier there and then strikes down the Duke with his sword, and the body is forthwith hurled over the balcony into the garden,—the King commanding it shall not be buried without his permission.

Even so perished plotting ambitious Charles Duke of Durazzo. When news of his fate reached Queen Joanna, far away in Provence, she was both shocked and terrified, but probably not grieved. She may well have wondered, however, what would become of her wretched sister, his widow. And what did become of her?

Villani says: 'That night the Duke's wife, scarcely dressed, fled with her two<sup>1</sup> little girls in her arms to

<sup>1</sup> She became the mother of a son, Louis, who died in 1344, and four daughters: Joanna, Agnes, Clementia, and Margherita. Of these, Joanna afterwards married Robert, Count of Artois; Agnes married Can Signorio della Scala of Verona; Margherita, adopted by Queen Joanna, married Charles II. of Durazzo, 1369, and finally became Queen of Naples. Clementia, named in honour of the Pope (?), died unmarried. The Duchess herself died on the 20th May 1366.

the convent of Santa Croce, whence, disguised as a friar, she passed on up to Montefiascone, near Viterbó, where the Papal Legate received her, and whence, later, he speeded her to France.<sup>1</sup>

Meantime, the Queen in her galley, under the command of Maruccio Caraccioli, has made Nice. Certain barons of Provence, however, already suborned by emissaries of Louis, who had informed them that Queen Joanna intends to alienate Provence, have interpreted this unexpected arrival of their sovereign in a way little dreamed of by her, and have made her their prisoner, allowing no one speech of her unless present themselves. (A curious instance is this, though by no means unparalleled, of a queen being captive to her own vassals.) While thus detained, the barons Isnard de Pontevès, Reynaud de Vintimille, and Raymond d'Agoult, Count of Soult, together with the Syndic of Aix, compel her to swear before God that she will not part with Provence.

Meantime, learning of her captivity, Clement causes the Queen to be released from her three weeks' durance at Castello Arnaldo and sent to Aix,<sup>2</sup> and thence, with fitting escort, to be brought to Avignon.

King Louis, in her absence, continues reforming, *i.e.*, ravaging, Apulia, and doing further justice, or injustice, on all those whom he can connect in any

<sup>1</sup> To make matters worse for her, she expected the arrival of another child, afterwards Margherita, Queen of Naples.

<sup>2</sup> In Provence.

way with the murder. It is certain that he has considerably avenged his brother, though it is equally certain that he has not yet obtained the crown for which his mother and his ambition bids him strive. But an unforeseen and redoubtable antagonist has appeared in the field, before whom his soldiers at once begin to dwindle, as by magic,—one indeed who bears a banner still more terrible than his own. It is the Black Death. Suddenly decamping, therefore, he carries the captive princes of Taranto and Durazzo, together with the unfortunate little Carlo Martello (whom he has forcibly taken from the Bishop), back to Hungary with him; feeling thus that to some extent, if not to the full, he has prosperously achieved his mission. If he has not captured the Queen herself, he has kidnapped her son and heir. If he has not won the crown, he has, in any case, broken up the kingdom.

There are not wanting plenty of people, however, who (even in those not particularly delicate days) consider that he has behaved in a savage unscrupulous manner in so smoothly entertaining his guilty and not-guilty relatives before he punished them; but the multitude, being profoundly superstitious, merely believes that he represents the judgment of Heaven upon those who so cruelly took away the life of a young and innocent prince.

A few months later the same people as honestly aver that the plague is God's especial interference on behalf of their innocent and persecuted Queen.

## QUEEN JOANNA AT AVIGNON (1348).



LOUIS of Hungary has terribly revenged himself upon the man who had married his once-intended wife, the Duchess Mary, and also upon the Duchess herself; although it is perhaps difficult to determine whether his own and his mother's personal hatred toward Agnes and Cardinal Talleyrand, or his positive conviction as to the Duke's guilt in the matter of the murder, most impelled him. Justice was but vaguely stratified in those days. It seems clear to us that in taking the Duke's life he was assured of his guilt, and knew very well that he was striking a vindictive and terrifying blow all round; yet again, we cannot but note that by so removing the Duke, he unintentionally removed a difficulty from the path of Queen Joanna. In his blind wrath he would not, or could not, perceive that if Charles of Durazzo was guilty, it was almost certain that Queen Joanna was innocent.

Provence is the one destination for those who are unable to flee before Louis and his destructive Magyars. It is now evident he is warring upon the entire dynasty. Mary, like Queen Joanna herself,

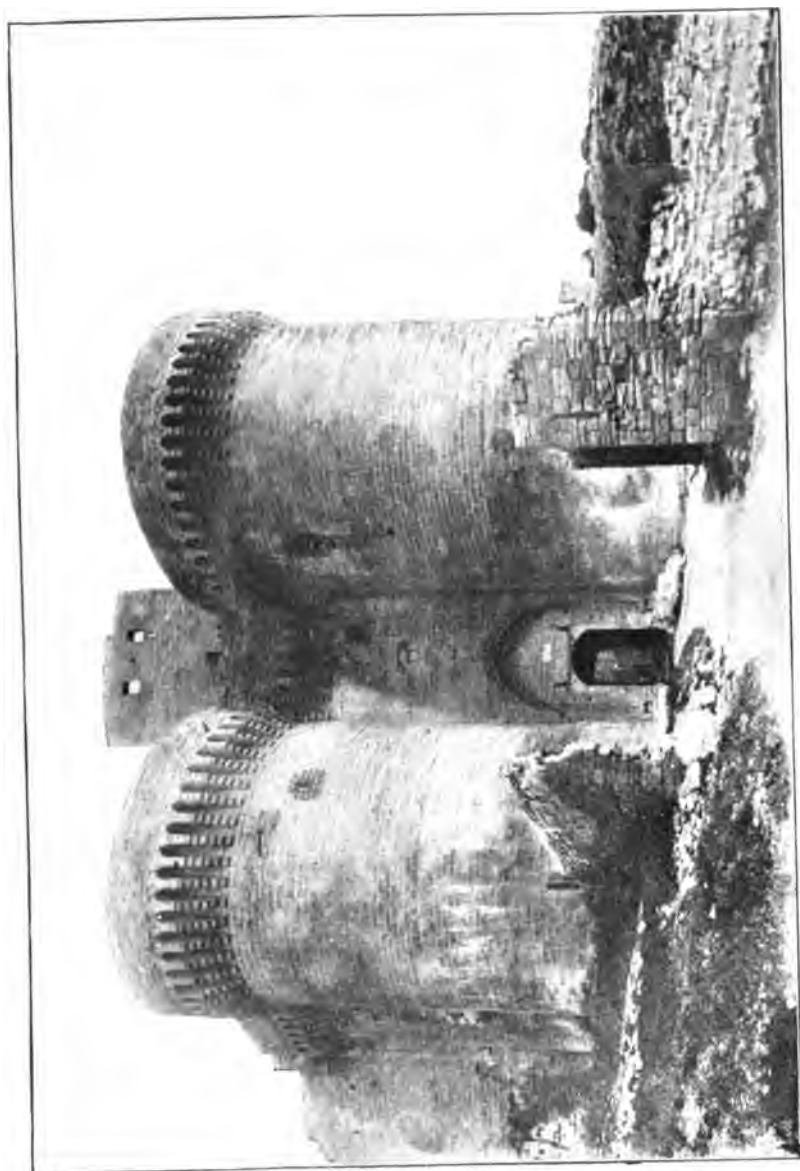


has been tragically widowed at Aversa, and likewise flees for her life thither. Fortunately for her, no Papal guardian sees fit to prevent her children leaving Naples; but she has had an anxious and exciting escape, greatly aggravated by her physical condition. She has been helped on her weary way to Aix, where, to her amazement, she finds Queen Joanna a captive in her own territory. Picture the meeting of these two hapless sisters,—the one, homeless, fugitive, and sick; the other, cruelly driven from her child, her throne, and from Italy.

Meanwhile, Luigi of Taranto, and his friends, Niccolo and Angelo Acciajuoli, have taken ship at Genoa, and, after another stormy voyage, have landed at Aigues-Morte; leaving which place, they travel northward without delay, the Acciajuoli going to Avignon, in order to obtain audience of Clement, and Luigi going to lodge with Cardinal Orsini at Villeneuve, on the other side of the Rhone. The Bishop and Niccolo, of course, are not alone in powerfully exerting themselves on the Queen's behalf. The Duke de Berri, her kinsman, and many Provençal nobles (more loyal than the Count of Soult, who had detained her), have been steadily canvassing in her favour, and their efforts have resulted in a Papal command for her release.

Forthwith gallant knights, beautiful ladies, and singing troubadours start up as by magic, forming a brilliant court around their liberated Queen, and convey her in triumph to the capital, which she





FORT ST. ANDRÉ - VILLENEUVE-LES-AVIGNON.





presently enters, amid the joyous acclamations of its inhabitants.

March 15, 1348.

It is soon arranged that her desire to be heard in defence of her character shall be gratified. Benignant, chivalrous, and luxurious Clement announces that the Queen will attend his solemn court in the grand hall of the consistory, and plead her own cause in the presence of the cardinals, peers of France, ambassadors of various countries, and, above all, in the presence of the learned Hungarian advocates sent by King Louis. What a gorgeous assemblage for that Gothic portal to draw in! The city is almost hysterical with excitement, although that terrible plague so long dreaded has most assuredly arrived, and is beginning to strike down victims right and left,—neither Papal prayers, learned physicians, nor kindly nursing friars seeming to have any power in staying it.

Fires are kept blazing in the streets to keep off the destroyer: while the humane, if worldly, Pope, at his own expense, promises spiritual rewards to those willing to attend the sick. But, despite every effort to check it, the death-rate increases alarmingly. In one convent sixty friars are lying dead in their cells; and the only fortunate folk are the sensible Israelites, who eat clean food and avoid drinking the water from the wells.<sup>1</sup>

One chronicler states that the doctors examined

<sup>1</sup> In consequence of their merited immunity these prudent and observant people were accused of having poisoned the wells.

some of the bodies of those who had died of it, 'and close to the heart found a little bladder filled with poison, which was the cause of death.' They advise a treatment of purging, good food, and good wine, together with the fumes of burning cypress-logs; and especially, say they, one ought to carry some sweet-smelling herbs to sniff continually.

Within a few weeks of the Queen's entry into Avignon died of it the lady immortalised by Petrarch, and was buried in the Church of St. Clair;<sup>1</sup> the poet himself at the time was either at Verona<sup>2</sup> or Parma, or on his way from one to the other. For the most part, however, the well-to-do escaped.

Do we not know how soon ships were to convey this same Black Death to England, where in two years it nearly decimated the population?<sup>3</sup>

Queen Joanna, likely enough, entertained but little personal fear of it. Superstitious as she may have been, she was also devout. Consciousness of innocence, her previous misfortunes, and her ardent desire for exoneration, had armed her with serene fortitude. To quietly triumph before the world in

<sup>1</sup> Now destroyed.

<sup>2</sup> He was at Verona during the great earthquake of the 25th of January. 'I was in my library, and felt the ground shaking under my feet, accompanied by an extraordinary noise. My books were thrown about. I rushed out of my room, seized with fear, and found my servants and the entire populace of Verona in a state of the utmost consternation.'

<sup>3</sup> Until it reached Scotland and flourished there, the Scotch believed the plague to be a scourge especially devised by the Almighty for the annoyance of their southern foes, and called it the 'English pestilence.' See *Chronicon Angliae*, and the Chronicle of Geoffrey le Baker.

acknowledged and proclaimed innocence would outweigh with her the risk of a hundred pestilences. Had she not of late been made only too familiar with misery and terror? Had she not been driven from her child, from her throne, and from her people, by that worse Hungarian plague? She had in truth undergone one of those vital experiences of adversity which have the power, especially over intelligent natures, of depreciating every subsequent pleasure, and, perhaps, of discounting every subsequent pain.

Indeed, it is not going beyond actual truth to point out that this same raging pestilence proves to her rather a friend than an enemy. It helps her in every way. It has already driven Louis of Hungary from her realm, and with him her factious kinsmen, and thus has provided time for a complete and favourable change in the temper of her capricious subjects. Lastly, not leastly, it kindly spares herself, her husband, and Pope Clement.

But amidst this grief and gloom, we must not lose sight of the contrast offered to it by the brilliance of contemporary armour and attire. It is a period of remarkable interest in the history of costume. What do people look like? All knightly and ecclesiastical magnificence is certainly there, gathered around the Pontiff and the Sovereign herself. In the main streets there is positively no rest for the eye, so various are the shifting combinations of colour, so startling and bizarre the designs. There are to be



seen stuffs varying in tone from the humblest Watchet blue and Lincoln green to the crimson velvet and orange silk of Cadiz. The whole world seems to have been put under contribution for the service of apparel. The looms of Cyprus and Gaza, the bazaars of Tunis and Seville, have yielded their treasures,—as well as those of Arras, Flanders, and Wiltshire ; but the result is assuredly not so much one of real beauty as of bewildering excess.

At this moment the fashions of Spain prevailed, and these were very distinctive. Men's hair was worn close-cropped, while the mustachios were worn long, like their snouted shoes. The hoods and caps on their heads were patterned and jewelled. For the rest, the taste of the period favoured tight-fitting garments. The coat-hardie, chequered or mottled, with various device and adornment, met the parti-coloured hose at the girdle or belt, which was usually of precious metal richly-enamelled. Apparel had never been so splendid, so various, but, at the same time, so fantastic. The long-rising influence of heraldry had reached meridian glory. The bright charges and quarterings of the baronial or knightly shield had invaded and enlivened ordinary attire. No elaboration of stripes, bars, or lozenges was at this period too curious, or too extravagant for individual taste. The vanity of each one's fancy could be gratified ; for no one needed to dress like his neighbour. The poetry, and, in fact, the pantomime, of tailoring was thus

developed, and displayed to perfection. As there might be almost unlimited variety in coat-armour, so might there be in costume, both in colour and design. Satin, sarcenet, and 'sendal fine' were in great demand. Goldsmiths, silk-mercers, and furriers, made fortunes. Picture the embroidered canopies, the silken housings, the gorgeous caparisons;—the cloth of gold, the fur-lined mantles, and emblazoned surcoats! Clement, who loved display and women, was in his glory.

One serious critic of those days took the fashions to task for positive indecency, and says, forcibly enough, that 'what with full sleeves and tippetts, surcoats and hoods, over-large and over-long, all so nagged and knit on every side, and all so shattered and so buttoned . . . I with truth shall say they seem more like tormentors or devils than they seem to be like men.' Only a few years later than the particular moment we are considering, the author of 'The Great Chronicle of St. Denis' even attributes the disaster lately befallen his countrymen at Crecy to their having adopted such indelicate attire. 'Their clothes were, likewise, so tight, that they needed help to dress and undress themselves, and when pulling them off, it seemed like skinning them.'

The surcoat of the royal family of Naples, as belonging to the Angevine dynasty, was of azure, and, like the mantle, sewn with golden fleurs-de-lys. We may therefore picture for ourselves the hand-

some figure of Luigi of Taranto on this occasion as, mounted on a gallant charger, wearing his princely coronet and golden spurs, he crossed the Durance and the Rhone from Villeneuve by the splendid double bridge of S. Benézét, and thereafter conducted his Queen to the magnificent Hall of the Consistory.

There, visible to all, on a dais of two steps, seated in his state chair of gold and crimson, attired in dazzling white robes, and wearing the triple tiara, sat Clement VI.; and on lower seats, in a semi-circle divided by him, were ranged the Cardinals. 'From the upper end of the spacious hall to the entrance appeared prelates, princes, nobles, and the ambassadors of every European power.'

As for the Queen herself, she came pale and slowly, in her beauty, the open crown of Naples set softly upon her bright wavy hair. Her long, fur-fringed azure mantle, likewise strown with fleur-de-lys, was upheld by motley-attired pages; and thus, between two reverend cardinals, she advanced through a glittering avenue of her nobles and kneeled on a crimson cushion at the feet of Clement to kiss the little gold cross embroidered upon his shoe. Clement then raised her and kissed her on the mouth, afterwards placing her on a throne at his right hand.

The historian Maimbourg thus describes her:—  
'Her figure was tall and nobly formed, her air composed and majestic, and her carriage altogether

royal. Her features were of an exquisite beauty, and combined a certain natural earnestness with their grandeur, which softened their expression, and won the love as the respect of all who saw her.'

The court being duly arranged, and the privileged audience hushed, the Pope offered a prayer. Probably the instructions given to his advocates by King Louis of Hungary accusing the Queen of participation in the death of Andreas were now read over in Latin, and listened to in profound silence. Is it not notorious, said they, that the course of things did not run smooth between the Queen and Andreas? Did not her nobles and officials take especial pains to thwart his advisers, and to render Naples unpleasant for all those who loved and served him? Did not the princes of her family show him emphatic disfavour in every way, public and private; and by their jealous intrigues did they not designedly procure the long delay in his coronation? Above all, was not she herself on the very spot and within actual hearing when her husband was being cruelly murdered? and will any one say that she moved a finger to help him? Further, when he was dead, did she not betray unmistakeable inaction with regard to discovering and bringing to justice his assassins?

This tedious business over, without having exhibited proof of any kind, but merely vague and refutable conclusions, the Pontiff in a gentle voice

calls upon the Queen to defend herself as she has elected to do: whereupon, electrifying all by her beauty and grace of demeanour, she arises, and at once pleads in the same Latin tongue, of which she is by education a past-mistress.

Every whisper is again hushed, every pulse throbs with suppressed excitement. It is a woman, a mother, and a queen, three-voiced in one, uttering her heart and soul; not confused, not indignant, not hysterical, but gazing unblinded on her own truth, her guiltless conscience, and her love; and therefore, as from a central and imperial sun, pouring forth streams of natural eloquence. Every eye is beaming upon her; as much captive to the clear, but poignant, music of her voice as to her suffering loveliness.

Hark how tenderly, how tristfully, she refers to the terrible death of her cousin,—the husband of her girlhood; to the joy with which she and Andreas had looked forward to the coronation as likely to put an end to all their difficulties; to the profound anguish which the catastrophe had wrung from her,—little of love's intensest sympathy as there might have been between them; to her physically delicate state of health at the time; to her little boy, born soon after, who had been retained in the Bishop's guardianship for state-expedience, and who since then has been cruelly snatched away to Hungary by the invader of her realm,—by him who has not only declared himself

unsatisfied with the fearful retribution already meted out by the Papal Commissioners at Naples, but has savagely taken the life of their mutual cousin, the Duke of Durazzo, without even the semblance of a trial, and who now is apparently desirous of destroying all the younger branches of the House of Anjou ! She appeals to Man, to King Robert's glorious memory, to her own beloved people, and to Heaven, with a fervency so natural, so irresistible, that the entire court is visibly moved, and the grim advocates of the Hungarian cause, themselves overcome, cannot utter a word.

An absolute acquittal is the happy and immediate result, the cardinals declaring the Queen's conduct throughout to have been above suspicion, and Clement himself presently proclaiming her to be his blameless, beloved daughter.

The Holy Church itself now becomes the champion of her innocence. Her kingdom shall be restored to her, and meantime Luigi, her husband, is created Count of Provence, Clement also conferring upon him the coveted order of the 'Golden Rose.' Even the ravages of the plague are unable to stay the general joy of the city. The bells of all the churches are rung, and the tongues of the nearly effete troubadours are unloosed to attune the popular theme. Presently, James, King of Majorca,<sup>1</sup> the Duke de Berri, and the assembled barons, form a splendid

<sup>1</sup> This is James II. of Majorca, Lord of Montpellier and Count of Roussillon, who fell fighting at Lluch-Major in the following year, 1349.

procession which conducts Queen Joanna and Luigi in triumph round the city,<sup>1</sup> and then slowly back across the bridge of the shining rivers to the Orsini palace at Villeneuve.

June 9, 1348. We will now record the sale of Avignon, which took place a little later. There can be no sort of doubt that, in the distressful position of Queen Joanna, it did not require much pressure on the part of Clement to cause her to surrender her rights over the town and suburbs of Avignon, of which he had long been covetous. Rumours of the likelihood of her alienating Provence itself, a gross exaggeration, had, as we have seen, been circulated for his own purposes by Louis of Hungary, and had resulted in the temporary imprisonment of Queen Joanna by certain of her well-meaning, but suspicious, vassals.

Having created Luigi of Taranto Count of Provence, having ratified his marriage with the Queen, and having cleared the Queen's reputation from all taint of calumny, Clement, who had promised the plague-stricken people of Avignon that he would make their city a second Rome, found no difficulty in accomplishing his cherished design. In the following June he procured their joint signatures to a deed by which, for the sum of eighty thousand florins of gold, Avignon and the Comtât Vénaisin were to become Papal property; Niccolo Acciajuoli,

<sup>1</sup> The walls of Avignon were not commenced until Clement was dead. They were built by Innocent VI. and Urban V., not for display, but as a protection against the free companies.

the ennobled Florentine banker (now Grand Senechal of the kingdom of Naples), attesting it. 'Vendimus, cedimus, concedimus ad perpetuum.'

There is likewise no reason to doubt that the money was paid faithfully, though there long has been manifested a flippant satisfaction on the part of such writers as are able to derive impish or rancorous pleasure from unnecessarily blackening the Papacy, in handing on the statements of the inventive and inaccurate Collenucio,—who, we believe, was the first to state that the money was not paid, and whose statement there is the best of reasons for discrediting. That this sum, large as it was, proved inadequate to cover the enormous deficits due to the calamitous Hungarian invasion, was but natural; and probably nobody but Collenucio ever supposed that it was likely to prove more than a considerable contribution toward the restoration of the throne. But that because the Queen, while in Provence, found it necessary to follow up the sale of Avignon by borrowing large sums from her rich vassals of Provence, and parting with her costliest jewels,—was that, we ask, a fair or substantial premise upon which to argue and conclude that Clement, subtle as he was, and then rolling in wealth, openly and wilfully perjured himself, not only to a clever, brave, and sorrow-stricken lady, to whose house he and his predecessors had constantly been indebted,—but to the friendly and universally esteemed representative of a great



banking-house in Florence, with whom it was manifestly his interest to be honourable in his dealings?<sup>1</sup>

In November following, the Emperor Charles IV. confirmed the sale, and conceded the suzerainty of Avignon to the Pope,—the Dean of Cologne attesting; and thus passed beautiful Avenio Ventosa from the Counts of Provence to the patrimony of St. Peter.

<sup>1</sup> In the deed of sale will be found these words on the part of the Queen, which show how the 80,000 florins was to be made use of: "*Cujusmodi pecuniam nos dicta Regina recognoscimus in evidentem utilitatem nostram ac pro necessariis et utilibus negotiis fuisse conversam.*" It will be noticed by the reader, perhaps, that great as was this sum, it falls short of the bribe given to the cardinals by Louis of Hungary by 20,000 florins.

## JOANNA AND LUIGI OF TARANTO.



WE have seen King Louis of Hungary pursuing his victorious way round almost every corner of the kingdom of Naples. One or two strongholds, however, were loyally held for Luigi and Joanna; notably among these, Amalfi, where Lorenzo, eldest son of Niccolo Acciajuoli, by his father's orders, had fortified himself in the family castle. In Otranto, and in one or two Calabrian towns, they had plenty of adherents, who sustained their interests as best they might. But Louis, with the aid of his viceroys, Conrad Lupo,<sup>1</sup> and Fra Moriale,<sup>2</sup> had captured all the most important castles; especially they had garrisoned St. Elmo, Castello dell'Ovo, and Castello Nuovo at Naples itself, together with the commanding inland fortress of Capua. And thus having, with no little pains, set Apulian affairs on a Hungarian footing, the King, as we have shown, suddenly took boat at Barletta,—now beggarly Barletta on the sandy Adriatic,—and with his train of captive kinsmen, including the infant Carlo Martello, fled to Dalmatia, and thence rode home through the mountains to Buda.

<sup>1</sup> Conrad and Guilford Wolff: Italianised Lupo.

<sup>2</sup> See chapter so titled.

Unnecessarily various opinions were expressed as to his motive in making so abrupt a departure. Most said very rightly that the plague had driven him away; though others averred that a certain fierce adventurer, Duke Werner,<sup>1</sup> commanding a free company which was pillaging certain parts of the kingdom, had expressed himself as longing to make King Louis his prisoner. These fancied foolishly that Louis had fled to escape him. Others, still, thought that the wily Republic of Venice had been creating fresh difficulties for him. But this was the most improbable of all solutions; for the Venetians had purposely aided him in expending his energies beyond their dominions, and had doubtless made certain that, in spite of his ambition, he would never succeed in ruling two kingdoms so differing from each other, and so far apart as Hungary and Naples. Anyhow, some of the disaffected lamented his going; for, said they, had he not shown great forbearance with the peasants in protecting them from his soldiers? Had he not rendered many of the highways secure by breaking up or absorbing the brigand-bands? and had he not restored certain important fortresses which had become dilapidated?

In general, he was severely condemned for his summary and treacherous execution of Duke Charles of Durazzo,<sup>2</sup> and for kidnapping his too-trustful

<sup>1</sup> Of Urslingen.

<sup>2</sup> This deed somewhat recalls the butcherly doings of his great-great-grandfather, Charles of Anjou.

kinsmen, more especially the helpless little Carlo Martello, whom his mother had been obliged to leave in the guardianship of the Bishop.

Taking counsel together with some students of the university and sundry gentlemen of Capua, those who held this view resolved to send a deputation to Avignon to inform Queen Joanna of their unshaken loyalty and their earnest desire for her return. They added that the German and Hungarian garrisons left by King Louis in the various fortresses were grumbling for want of wages, and furthermore, that Duke Werner,<sup>1</sup> with his freelances, had offered to assist in mending the shattered kingdom.

Meanwhile, in Provence, Joanna is signing her letters as usual under title of Queen of Naples, Jerusalem, and Sicily—grand, vague, and shadowy, and perhaps not a little ridiculous under the painful circumstances. Indeed, she and Luigi find themselves in sore straits for lack of money, and are forced to borrow right and left from various wealthy barons of Provence, especially from the allied ambitious house of Del Balzo,<sup>2</sup> afterwards

<sup>1</sup> Villani tells us that this Duke Werner bore on his surcoat the following legend: "I am Duke Werner, Chief of the Grand Company, the enemy of God, of pity, and of mercy."

It is manifest the name Guarnerius, as used by the famous family of Cremonese violin-makers, betrays their Germanic origin; a fact, we believe, which has been overlooked by the chief authorities on the history of the violin.

<sup>2</sup> De Baux, of whom we have already heard, and members of which family we shall again frequently meet with in this narrative.

Dukes of Andria and Counts of Avellino. The Queen also parts with her personal treasures. It is manifest the eighty thousand florins of gold, for which the Pope has bought Avignon, are quite insufficient to cover the vast expenditure to be incurred in winning back the kingdom. Luigi, however, speeds his trusty and provident preceptor, Acciajuoli, thither, in order to feel the pulse of affairs, and then to send advice which shall decide for the Queen and himself their course of action. He is also charged to make sure of Duke Werner's intentions, as the character of that commander is said to be slippery. Lastly, if Niccolo is satisfied as to the situation, he is enjoined to commission galleys, so as to provide for the Queen's return.

Acciajuoli soon giving a satisfactory account of the feeling in Naples, Luigi and the Queen assemble their suite and many loyal friends; and having acquired from Genoa the necessary vessels, they embark at Marseilles, and with favouring breezes arrive at the capital early in August.

The three city castles garrisoned by the enemy, prevent their landing save at the Ponte Guicciardina, near Sta. Maria dell' Carmine. This church they presently enter, in order to await there the promised attendance of the nobles and gentry. The non-resistance of the Hungarians on this occasion is accounted for by the fact that Duke Werner and his bandits were in Naples in strong force. To the Neapolitans this naturally seemed an

auspicious moment for triumph over the hated aliens up there in St. Elmo, and there below it in King Robert's sea-girt castle. Certain it is that nobles, merchants, and small gentry of all kinds made a festival of the Queen's return, displayed without stint their silks, velvets, and smiles, and gave free vent to hysterical acclamations. With a superstitious and hot-blooded people the Papal verdict of Not-guilty had worked magic.

Luigi, nevertheless, had plenty of hard work before him, though it was rendered somewhat easier by reason of the general loathing of the foreign yoke. He wisely made much of Duke Werner, and, with his aid, promptly set about winning over the discontented garrisons of the three castles. St. Elmo yielded first—to financial persuasion. The *Castello dell' Ovo*,<sup>1</sup> as might be guessed, made some resistance, and refused to be wooed save from the water; but this also was won with moderate pressure. All these things formed daily entertainment for the noble and beggarly populace. The *Castello Nuovo*, however, being not only well provisioned, but having for its commander Guilford Lupo, held out more stubbornly. Tired of fruitless efforts to subdue it, Luigi went for some inland fortresses that were held for the enemy by certain alienated barons. One held by Count Apici surrendered, and the Count had to pay a heavy fine for his rebellion. Thence Luigi turned off to Nocera, that lies in the green valley between

<sup>1</sup> The bridge from the shore to it did not yet exist.

Castellamare and La Cava, and took possession of the town, though the castle proved unassailable.

Once more things become dramatic and serious. Conrad Lupo one night slips down over the Abruzzi in order to relieve Nocera, and with sunrise appears in front of it; doing this in spite of the bands previously sent out by Luigi to hold the said passes against him. After a day's rest and reconnaissance, Conrad gives his glove to a trumpeter to take as a challenge to Luigi; and Luigi, believing that Counts Minerbino and Asperch are hastening to his assistance, rashly accepts the challenge. No evil will come of this, nevertheless, because Duke Werner prevails upon Luigi not to fulfil his acceptance of battle. When the awkward truth dawns on Conrad, he keeps trumpeting all day, and his men in various soldierly ways make lively derision of Luigi. Soon weary of this kind of warfare, Conrad shifts camp, and marches upon Foggia, which town, being loyal to Queen Joanna, but unaware of his coming, and besides being full of provisions (like-wise of married women and unmarried), he occupies without opposition. There, of course, follows—everything save massacre. Says Matteo Villani, 'The soldiers once tasting, were gluttonous, being like birds of prey.'

By some means, not difficult to divine, Luigi is by and bye made aware that his ally, the wily Werner, is no longer acting in good faith; in fact, is actually receiving overtures from Conrad. Luigi's

style of campaign and tardy payments probably do not suit the plundering Teuton. However, Luigi remains securely at Nocera, while Conrad careers about the Campagna. Now the latter is at Ascoli, where Pyrrhus fought the Romans, B.C. 269; now he is at Troia, where Innocent fought Manfred but a hundred years before, and got so badly beaten for his trouble. Thence, once more, as becomes the Viceroy of King Louis, he turns toward Naples.

Luigi, still at Nocera, in nowise embettered condition, and sadly wanting supplies, at last persuades Duke Werner to go afield into the interior. Werner, not enriching himself as he had formerly hoped, does so, and contrives one night to sleep his forces in the small town of Castro Corneto, carefully leaving open all the gates. Conrad, as evidently preconcerted, marches into it unresisted, nominally makes the Duke and his men prisoners, then once more, to the delight of his army, returns to Foggia.<sup>1</sup> Luigi now receives a pitiful message from Werner to the effect that Conrad has succeeded in capturing him, and demands thirty thousand gold florins for his ransom, which he expects Luigi to pay. Luigi, glad to be rid of the traitor, makes no response to the message, but goes to Naples, in order to assemble a council of the clergy and nobles, before which he describes the situation. In consequence, a well-equipped

<sup>1</sup> The Condottiere seem frequently to have arranged their games of war between them, just as are said to do some of our foremost billiard-players. Witness the extraordinary behaviour of Carmagnola after the capture of Sforza, Piccinino, and others, at the battle of Macalo.



army, to the number of three thousand, is raised. Meanwhile the enemy approaches from the north and halts before fateful little Aversa,—as we have seen, but a few hours' walk from the capital. Here the hostile army behaves so as thoroughly to exasperate Naples; robbing the peasants, burning their farms, and ruining the adjacent lands; but Luigi feels that he is not yet a match for it, and wisely, though reluctantly, restrains his new-levied forces.

June 1349.

The foe, emboldened, though not quite daring to attempt the capital itself, now advances four kilometres to Melito (not Garibaldi's Melito), spreading reports that the Germans and Hungarians are at loggerheads in the camp. This is too much for the young bloods in Naples, who, openly disregarding Luigi, choose Roberto Sanseverini and Raimondo del Balzo as their leaders, and forthwith go out to offer battle at Secondigliano, on the highroad to Capua.

Battle, however, it scarcely proved to be. Conrad was prepared for them: feigned a retreat; and then ensnared them like a flight of birds, taking with but little bloodshed twenty-five barons and marching them off to Aversa, well pleased with the success of his stratagem. On paying heavy indemnity, Naples may have them all back; he does not want them. Naples ultimately does ransom them, and Conrad pays his men arrears of service.

At last, Clement and his cardinals, elated with

having acquired Avignon, somewhat tardily affect to be outraged by all this rapine and ransoming, sieging and sacking. Consequently Cardinal Annibale Cicciano is sent down to Naples in order to see that the Holy Church does not suffer by it. He finds Luigi in a very hopeless way, and the country everywhere ruining by reason of those wild Huns and Germans. With the aid of Acciajuoli he patches up a truce between Conrad and Luigi, persuading the former to be content with his immense spoils, and to leave the various fortresses, excepting Capua, in the hands of the Church.

The Hungarians and Tedeschi now kindly return the married and unmarried women to their affectionate husbands and lovers, and departing, forthwith scatter themselves among other Italian states, some joining this Condottiero, some another, many perhaps making their way home to Hungary.

Poor Cardinal! Having done his duty, His Reverence himself journies to the turbulent Eternal City, where he has been commanded by Clement to inaugurate the jubilee of 1350. It is recorded by old writers that more than a million pilgrims went thither on this occasion, in order to take advantage of the plenary indulgence offered by the Pope. The period of sojourn was fixed at fifteen days; but wishing, it is said, to do a little business on his own account, the Cardinal aroused the mortal, because financial, enmity of the Roman lodging-house keepers by considerably shortening that term. One afternoon,

as he passed along the Via Spirito Santo, an arrow lodged in his hat. After this incident he was unable to go outside his palace without a guard. By and bye, however, arrived an order from Clement, commanding him to proceed to Hungary to divert King Louis from his intention of returning to Naples. The Cardinal set out, but had only reached San Giorgio in the Campagna, when he was taken suspiciously ill and died.<sup>1</sup> His body, stripped of all valuables and roughly embalmed, was brought back to Rome on a mule by peasants, and was buried in St. Peter's without honour or ceremony.

King Louis at Buda, learning of the discomfiture of the Neapolitan forces at Melito, and being sorely entreated by his captains in Apulia to return to them, now does so by way of Dalmatia ; and, accompanied by a fresh horde of Hungarians eager for Italian spoil, he lands safely near Trani. Trani holds out against him under the Count of Minerbino ; but it soon yields, and Minerbino on his knees craves the King's pardon. Louis, being well advised, grants it. He now determines on a general visitation of the desolated kingdom, and crosses the mountains to Salerno, whose timid citizens naturally open her gates, and do him slavish honours. Thence, wisely avoiding Amalfi and young Lorenzo Acciajuoli, he proceeds to La Cava and Nocera, which likewise surrender. But when he again passes round Naples to Aversa, he finds that little town not only freshly

<sup>1</sup> Some say of a repast of milk and cucumbers.

fortified, but, strange to say, defiant. This astonishes and annoys him, and he at once lays siege to it; but every kind of attack is repulsed by its gallant defender, Giacomo Pignatelli, and the King's ten thousand find themselves unable to take it. His ten thousand, however, are large eaters, and provisions soon grow scarce. If Louis but possessed a fleet, he might cut off the daily supplies of Naples itself. The peasants, too, are secretly growing proud of Aversa and its gallant garrison; and what is more, they smuggle food into it. A final assault must be given. The King will storm it in person. He advances, and blood is soon drawn; but, for once, some of it is the King's own, and a cry arises, 'The King is wounded!' The assailants withdraw, and the King's hurt is presently stanchd, though with much difficulty, for an arrow has pierced his foot.

The Queen now commissions Rinaldo del Balzo, Count of Avellino, as admiral of the realm, to obtain ten ships of war from Provence for her protection in the Bay. Genoa and Marseilles are neither of them far from his Provençal territories, and he promptly fulfils what is required of him. But he, too, like all his eagle-hearted family, is ambitious and rapacious, and at once perceives a fitting opportunity for personal aggrandizement. Weighing in his mind the difficulties which beset the realm, and the altogether doubtful prospect of the Queen's ultimate triumph, he is tempted to turn traitor. He therefore opens negotiations with King Louis of

Hungary, actually offering to capture for him Queen Joanna and Luigi, and demanding as the price thereof nothing but the King's permission for his son Robert to marry the widowed Duchess Mary of Durazzo, whom, we remember, Louis himself should have married, had King Robert's matrimonial design been carried out. Louis, much desiring for himself the gallies built for Joanna, does not show himself unfavourable to the idea, yet, being touched perhaps in his family pride, does not deign to give a satisfactory reply. The Count therefore takes the sea as a pirate, sails with his sons for Naples, and hovers about the Bay, compelling every vessel going in or coming out to pay him blackmail. Luigi and Joanna, soon made aware of the cruel treachery, are filled with alarm, almost with despair.

After a three months' siege, the King, by making believe that he will remain a fixture in the country, finally causes Aversa to surrender. His army, however, has become reduced to so miserable a condition, that he gladly listens to a proposal for a year's truce. He has, moreover, pressing need now to return to his northern subjects. So once again, by means of Acciajuoli and Clement's Legate, the whole quarrel is patched up, on condition that the original question of the guilt or innocence of Joanna shall be entirely reconsidered in a Papal and Tribunal commission, not at Avignon, but at Rome.

Are we in error? or is it another curious mistake that has been handed down by writers, stating, as

they do, that the case was now referred to Rienzi as Tribune? Rienzi during this period of his career was first a fugitive at Prague, and then a captive at Avignon. His overthrow by the Colonna assisted by the Pepini had placed Giovanni Cerroni in his place as Tribune for twenty months, and after Cerroni's resignation the chiefs of the Colonna and Orsini held sway again.

Louis agrees, nevertheless, to abide by the decision to be arrived at; at the same time stipulating that even if the verdict prove to be in favour of Joanna, Luigi of Taranto shall not bear the kingly title, and that should Joanna die, the crown of Naples shall devolve upon himself, in preference to her sister, Mary of Durazzo.

In conceding, not these stipulations, but that a fresh commission shall sit in judgment upon the murder of Andreas, Clement is well advised. Such a concession tends greatly to soothe and flatter both King Louis and the Roman Tribune, while at the same time Clement is fully aware that the result of it will strengthen both Queen Joanna and respect for the Church in Italy. Louis then for the second time leaves Conrad Lupo and Fra Moriale as his viceroys in Apulia, and sets out for Rome, in order to pay a passing jubilee-pilgrimage to St. Peter's. Meanwhile, Joanna and Luigi retire to Gaeta, being recommended, on many accounts,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Notably by reason of its greater proximity to Rome, Florence, and Provence.

to make it the temporary centre of their government.

Nov. 1350.

The Count of Avellino, who has played so treacherous and provoking a game at Naples, still hovers with his gallies about the beautiful bay, keeping food at famine prices, and becoming more and more elated with the success of his design. Mary, the widowed and desired Duchess, is now lodging in the *Castello dell' Ovo*, and is unaware of the Count's raptorial intentions with regard to herself. Some authorities, apparently with little ground, have questioned her ignorance. It is not at all improbable, however, that she may have thought to propitiate him, and by so doing ameliorate the deplorable condition of Naples. In any case, the Count makes graceful overtures to her, and finally proposes to visit her. In good faith she opens the castle-gates to him; whereupon he arrives with an armed suite, coolly placing guards at the various doors as he enters. When at last he is shown into the presence of the royal lady, he bluntly declares his resolution of making her his son Robert's wife.<sup>1</sup> Having her completely in his power, he conveys the Duchess, her servants, and furniture to his gallies waiting below, and hoisting sail, he makes for his castle in Provence.

News of this violent and audacious capture of her sister soon reached Joanna and Luigi at Gaeta, and

<sup>1</sup> Some further aver that, encountering firm opposition from her, he brutally compelled a forced matrimony on the spot.

greatly exasperated them. They little guessed, however, what strange things fate held in store for the abducted Duchess and her captor. For it so happened, whether winds were contrary, or pillageable vessels were shy, or from having too many persons on board, the Count's gallies quickly ran short of provisions, and had to call at Gaeta in order to lay in more.

Arriving there, the crews of eight of the gallies go ashore, while the remaining two, having on board the Duchess, the Count himself, and his two sons, lie all day out in the offing awaiting their return.

Luigi, having word of this, acts decisively. Without difficulty he causes the captains of the crews to wait upon him—perhaps affects he will entertain them—but suddenly he puts around them a strong guard, possibly threatens them with death if they do not cause the Count to come ashore. Some of them now put off in a boat to induce the Count to land. The Count excuses himself on account of an attack of gout. Luigi rages for a moment, and mistakes disappointment for defeat; but presently arming himself, and taking some of his men with him, he rows out to personally interview his foe. They soon come up with the galley and board it. Luigi, burning for revenge, confronts the Count upon his own deck, brands him with his 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils,' and, above all, with the gross insult done to the blood-royal. Then, in his storming,



before the Count is able even to be heard, Luigi strikes him dead with a stroke of his sword, and leaves him weltering in the galley. Thereupon he takes the wretched Duchess and the two sons of the dead Count ashore, where the latter are promptly locked in prison.

A curious and interesting incident, illustrative of the manners and customs of chivalry, occurred at this time. It is related that to a festival held while the Queen resided at Gaeta came a certain Galeazzo Gonzaga of Mantua, a renowned cavalier. Having enjoyed the honour of dancing with the Queen, he presently knelt before her and said, 'Since your Majesty has shown me so much kindness, I will go through the world until I have overcome in battle two knights, whom I swear I will present to you in recompense for the great favour you have done me.' The said Galeazzo then travelled to England, and thence to Burgundy, where he was fortunate enough to subdue two knights in a single tourney, who, by the laws of chivalry, becoming his property, enabled him to fulfil his promise. The Queen later on received the said knights with much honour, gracefully loaded them with gifts, and finally sent them back, safe and free, to their own country.

The court sitting in Rome, after a year of tribunal arguments and wranglings, made known its verdict, and the Supreme Pontiff was now asked once more to deliver his judgment. This therefore he did,

as previously, in favour of the Queen, completely absolving her, as previously Petrarch and Baldus had done, of any responsibility for, or participation in, the crime, and therefore consenting without more ado to her desired coronation with Luigi. On their part, however, it was stipulated that they should pay 300,000 florins of gold to Louis of Hungary for his 'indemnification ;' while Louis, on his part, was to surrender all cities and castles in the keeping of his captains, Conrad Lupo and Fra Moriale, and was to release the royal prisoners at Visegrad.<sup>1</sup> This, rather tardily, he did in September following. The delay was doubtless due to his fury and that of his mother at Cardinal Talleyrand-Perigord having appeared on the Roman commission, and to the fact that Queen Joanna resolutely refused to acknowledge any right on his side to stipulate as to the future of her crown, and insisted on adhering rigidly to the conditions laid down in the will of King Robert. The Pope supported her in this contention, and Louis learning of fresh complications at home, finally acceded to a compact by which he renounced once and for all his claims to the kingdom of Naples.

This was very joyful New Year's tidings for Luigi, especially as it reached him at a moment when he was once more seriously involved in the toils of petty and irritating warfare with the free-

<sup>1</sup> It is recorded that Louis had the good taste to decline the money, on the ground that his motive was not political, but personal.

booting German levies. It seemed at length to open up for him a triumphant future.

Thus then began the year of peace, 1351, and on the day of Pentecost<sup>1</sup> was celebrated in Naples, with every civic and ecclesiastical pomp, the double coronation of Joanna and Luigi. After solemn mass, they received in state the homage and goodwill of their jubilant subjects. An hour later the King, wearing his crown, robed in all the glory of an Angevine monarch, and mounted on a charger, made his progress through the gaily decorated streets of the city, his jewelled bridle being held by two of the great nobles. Only one inauspicious incident interfered with the complete success of the ceremonies;—in the eyes of Southern folk, however, one not lightly to be overlooked. When the King approached the Porta Petrucci, some ladies at the windows above him showered down their roses and other sweet-smelling flowers of the early Neapolitan summer. This loyally-intended demonstration was not quite understood by the noble animal which bore the King. It began to rear and kick, and those who held the bridle had great difficulty in controlling it. Presently the bridle gave way, and Luigi, finding his steed terrified and unmanageable, deftly leapt from the saddle. But in so doing the crown fell from his head to the ground, and broke in three pieces. He gracefully picked them

<sup>1</sup> This feast-day seems to have been that most favoured by the family of Anjou.

up, remounted his now pacified steed, and continued on his way, greeted with even heartier plaudits.<sup>1</sup>

All, nevertheless, was not to end joyfully, and it is recorded that when the King and Queen returned home to the Castello after this brilliant but arduous day, they found the household in tears. Their little daughter Francesca had just died.

Born 1348

Mary, Duchess of Durazzo,<sup>2</sup> as has been shown, was unwillingly made a wife. Her so-called husband, Roberto del Balzo, was rigidly kept in prison, and against him she nursed a natural revenge. Whether Queen Joanna acted the part of persuading her to make the best of a cruel situation, we are not told, but she must have deeply sympathised with her sister. The Duchess, however, acted on her own account in that which follows.

On a certain day the King and Queen went out with much company for a picnic. The Duchess took advantage of the long-desired occasion to go with four armed servants to the prison where the Count lay. There, presently confronting him, she passionately recounted the cowardly insult to which his father and himself had subjected her, and thereupon caused her servants to set upon and slay him. Having done this, they hurled his mangled body from an embrasure to the sea-shore.

<sup>1</sup> We must not forget to mention that Niccolo Acciajuoli, who had done more than any one to bring about this happy event for the King and Queen, was further rewarded and ennobled by them, as also was his son, the valiant Lorenzo.

<sup>2</sup> Now again heiress to the crown.

Dec. 6, 1352.

Not many months after the coronation, Clement VI. died, and his remains were borne to their sumptuous resting-place at La Chaise Dieu in Auvergne, 'by five cardinals, one his brother, three his nephews, and one his kinsman.'

In him, whatsoever there was meriting the severe satire of Petrarch as unbecoming the position he occupied as Vicar of Christ—his gay and gorgeous court, his pronounced love of women, his flagrant sale of benefices, &c.—it would seem that the Queen and King of Naples lost an amiable, if half-hearted and somewhat self-seeking ally.

But what are we to say with regard to Clement's extraordinary inaction in reference to the deadlock in the affairs of the Neapolitan kingdom? Can we excuse or condone it? Are we merely to consider it as the result of ignorance or of indolence, or must we seek a deeper explanation, and, not mincing words, stigmatise it as cruelly insincere? We fear that it bears this last interpretation best.

The evidence brought forward shows that from the first he considered the young Queen to be innocent. He knew her character, her education, and her very exceptional circumstances. His own representatives at her court had kept him actively informed of the state of affairs at Naples, and of its perilous duality. He had been on excellent terms with her grandfather and predecessor, King Robert, and was more than familiar with the testamentary designs of that monarch. He was conscious of his

own complete hold, as guardian, over both parties in the state, as well as over the ambition of the Hungarian branch of the house. Had he acted honestly and energetically, he could have prevented King Louis invading the kingdom in either of two ways. He might have resolutely convinced him that, as responsible guardian, he would undertake the entire sifting of the tragedy, and mete out condign punishment to the guilty; or else, though reluctantly, he might have had recourse to a special interdict, and effectually forbidden the King to interfere.

He actually did neither. He tardily authorised a Provençal noble to hold a judicial inquiry and to punish the suspected; but when he learned that Louis, affecting to be unsatisfied with these proceedings, desired to take active advantage of a traditional discontent and harry the kingdom, he did nothing practically to prevent his doing so. How are we to translate this in any other way than to make manifest that, anxious of acquiring Avignon at the lowest figure, Clement himself felt it necessary to disadvantage Queen Joanna by allowing King Louis to distress her and her realm as much as possible? Having in view ends both personal and political, he determined to gain them at the cruel expense of those against whom not only he had no cause of offence, but to whom he desired to be under an obligation.

This is a severe charge to bring against him, but

we cannot shrink from making it; and if, as we most conscientiously believe, it be no less than the positive truth, it convicts Clement VI., under the mask of a paternal and pompous friendliness, of heartless selfishness and hypocrisy, and shows that his kiss in the Consistory was not the kiss of Christ, but of Judas.<sup>1</sup>

## II.

In the early years of King Luigi's reign, signs of disruption darkened the very fair but never tranquil kingdom of Sicily, then actually held for little Frederick III. of Aragon by a Spanish regent. Oppressed by an iron-handed government and by fears of a famine, a large portion of the population rebelled, and having done so, easily furnished themselves with a leader in the person of Simone, Count of Chiaramonte, whose forebears had already possessed themselves of so large a portion of the island as to be considered almost in the light of its kings.

The title to the kingdom of Sicily, borne by the King and Queen of Naples, had become purely nominal, except with regard to Malta and the Lipari Islands, though it was now destined to acquire

<sup>1</sup> On October 23, 1347, when it is far too late to be of any use, we find him writing to the Commune at Perugia, stating vaguely that the Queen of Naples, a feudatory of the Church, is molested by enemies in many parts of Italy, and exhorting them to let none of these pass through their territory.

reality, and to originate the curious denomination of 'The Two Sicilies.'

The Count of Chiaramonte presently made political overtures to Luigi and Joanna, asking them to assist him with men and provisions; and in consequence of his representations, Niccolo Acciajuoli and Raimondo del Balzo were despatched to his aid with five hundred soldiers. Later on, however, the King himself followed with more troops, and, with characteristic energy, laid siege to Palermo, and then to more stubborn Catania.

By the truce which was ultimately brought about, a fresh coronation of Luigi and Joanna as king and queen of Sicily solemnly took place at Messina in December 1356. There they made the acquaintance of the captured Aragonese princesses Bianca and Violante, the former of whom Chiaramonte now demanded in marriage for himself. This Spanish alliance (she being, in case of Frederick's decease, his heiress) was considered too perilous for their interests by Luigi and Joanna, who consequently proposed quite another alliance to the Count, namely, one with Mary, Duchess of Durazzo. The Count is said to have been deeply disappointed at the proposal, and as he died a short time afterwards, it is probable that his death removed a serious obstacle to their peaceful possession of Sicily. The Duchess of Durazzo now married her cousin, Philip of Taranto, the King's younger brother, and gave up her daughter, Margaret, to the amiable solicitations



of the childless Queen, the death of whose own little daughter of the same age had so over-shadowed the remembrance of her coronation-day. At last, therefore, we see the two grand-daughters of King Robert wedded to their two cousins of Taranto.

Later on, a treaty was made between Frederick and Queen Joanna, by which, yielding the older title of Sicily to the House of Naples, he bound himself to use the title of king of Trinacria. 'But neither he nor his successors in the island,' says Hallam, <sup>Now called island</sup> 'ever complied with this condition, or entitled themselves otherwise than kings of Sicily, Ultra Pharum, in contradistinction to the other kingdom, which they denominated Citra Pharum. Alfonso of Aragon, when he united both these, was the first who took the title of King of the Two Sicilies.'<sup>1</sup>

The chief task, however, which demanded the royal efforts during the first years of the joint reign of Luigi and Joanna, was to restore organisation throughout the much demoralised kingdom of Naples. The Hungarian and other armed adventurers, like a veritable social earthquake, had entirely dislocated property. Many of the native barons who had profited by the invasion elected to remain in a state of rebellion. Louis of Durazzo, the younger brother of the dead Charles, was now reigning prince of that House; while Robert, Prince of Achaia, King Luigi's elder brother, still represented that of Taranto; and, as before the Hungarian

<sup>1</sup> Middle Ages, vol. i. p. 492, note.

conflict, the stars of these family constellations fought against one another in their courses, so that some said, not without truth, that the unkindest act of King Louis had not so much consisted in his having kidnapped the Angevine princes, but in his having opened the gates of their captivity. With tact or force the turbulent nobles of the kingdom could either be conquered or diplomatised. They did not fraternise with the Hungarians; they had no claims to the crown; few of them entertained personal enmity to the wearers of it; but the princes of the two younger branches of the House and their wives suffered from chronic and malignant jealousies of one another, and an equally chronic covetousness toward the crown.

It is evident, nevertheless, that what with the ruinous burden of long warfare, the terrible ravages inflicted by the plague, and national sympathy with the restored sovereign, the people must have desired peace at any price. Light, at last, had beamed through the chaos; and though some of the rival princes, with the remnants of former mercenary bands, did their best to re-inthronise Anarchy, the energetic measures of King Luigi, acting in concert with this general desire for tranquillity, finally triumphed. His brother Robert, Prince of Achaia, perhaps owing to Niccolo Acciajuoli's financial hold upon him, gave way to the mingled firmness and kindness of Luigi's demands, and came to Naples. Louis and Robert of Durazzo, on the other hand, openly

declared themselves rebels, forswore allegiance, and formed a design for seizing the capital. Disappointed in this, they sailed to Provence, leagued themselves with ambitious scions of the Houses of Adhemar and Del Balzo (de Baux), and secretly drew upon the assistance of their uncle, the wily Cardinal Talleyrand-Perigord. Provoked by their outrages, Fouquet d'Agoult, Grand Seneschal of Provence, with other loyal nobles, raised an army in the Queen's name, and forthwith besieged them in Les Baux.

About this time appeared in the Rhone-countries an adventurer of the name of Arnaud de Serrole, nicknamed the Archpriest. He was a native of Perigord, had served in the army of France against the English, had been wounded and made prisoner at Poitiers. Now, taking advantage of his release and the cessation of hostilities, he organised a large band of mercenaries, and being soon joined by Amiel del Balzo and Louis of Durazzo, he marched upon Avignon itself. Innocent and the citizens, in great terror, contrived to buy him off with a substantial bribe. In consequence of this, suspecting Cardinal Talleyrand of acting in collusion with the enemy, the people, but for the adroit intervention of the Pope himself, would have sacrificed him and certain nephews of the late Pontiff to their rage.

Innocent VI., who had succeeded Clement, exhorted Luigi and Joanna to have that patience of

which he now felt himself in such need. The King and his more and more powerful right-hand, Acciajuoli, after repeated encounters with the Italian allies of these rebels, especially with the Pepini, Counts of Minerbino, ultimately overthrew them, and the chief of that house being captured, he was ignominiously hanged as a traitor. Thereupon the Duke of Durazzo lost no further time in coming to terms. He expressed himself repentant, surrendered at Naples, and was consigned to durance in the Castello dell' Ovo, where falling ill, he died in 1362, leaving an only son, Charles,<sup>1</sup> to inherit his ducal honours.

### III.

Besides her active share in all these cares and crosses of state, the Queen, with her innate as well as cultivated interest in literature and art, had much to attract and occupy her. Some years previously she had resolved, if she should live, to piously commemorate her union and coronation with Luigi. To this end she caused the ground upon which stood the old courts of justice to be cleared and publicly consecrated for the building of a Gothic church, to be named Sta. Maria dell' Incoronata.

Under the eyes and hands (probably) of the pupils of Masuccio II., grew the beautiful edifice, nave and aisles, transept and tower, a work to be

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards King Charles III.

perfect and glorious in the eyes of all men. Softly, therefore, arose the silvery walls in the blue air, amid the motley throngs of chattering city-folk ; and many a strange, many an ominous sight must they have witnessed ere they were finally completed. Summer and winter over and over again recorded their straight and splendid progress from the solid foundations, bright, goodly, and durable, rich with sculpture without, to be made warm and radiant with frescoes within ; and the people of Naples knew that the heart of their beloved Queen was living, as it were, in this house of God, and that this was to be the imperishable child of her affections.

Upon the spandrels of the groined vault, she ultimately caused her painters to illustrate for her, with all possible beauty of design and colour, the seven Sacraments of the Church. The various subjects depicted were treated according to the corresponding events and experiences of her own life ; and, in spite of the whips and scorns of time, these frescoes can still be studied in their original positions. 'Baptism' is represented by the Bishop of Cavaillon holding the infant Carlo Martello over the font of an octagonal baptistery ; while 'Holy Orders' are typified by the consecration of the Queen's great-uncle, St. Louis of Toulouse, by Boniface VIII. The design of 'Holy Communion' displays a group headed by the Queen herself, who is receiving the Sacrament from the Bishop. 'Confirma-







QUEEN JOANNA RECEIVING THE HOST.









CONFIRMATION OF THE CHILDREN OF QUEEN JOANNA.

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One cannot help being struck by the  
glad it is seen that their constant action  
the Queen and her people. It was a  
race of religion, not of sympathy.  
non. A King, provided that he was not a  
tendency, was more of a ruler than a  
ground of interest with a large number of his  
subjects. Military pursuits, however, may have  
peaked to all. It required no moral or emotional  
effort on his part to win some degree of popularity.  
For a Queen, however, it was another matter. The  
days of enivale did not facilitate things.  
Surrounded by ambitious courtiers, finding a



tion' is described by the performance of that rite upon the children to whom the Queen had given birth; while 'Confession' reveals the Queen in the act of confessing to the priest. Some penitents being scourged by a friar are seen in the background. 'Matrimony,' the most interesting, but most damaged, of the series, is rendered by the wedding of the Queen with Luigi of Taranto. The latter is shown in profile, bearded, crowned with leaves, and placing the ring on her finger, while brilliant groups of attendant knights and ladies stand by. Unfortunately, the entire upper portion of the Queen's figure has been obliterated. The last of the series illustrates 'Extreme Unction,' as administered to King Luigi, which, consequently, must have been added after 1362, in which year he died.

One cannot help being struck by the immense gulf it is manifest there must have been between the Queen and her people. It was not a gap of race, of religion, or of sympathy, but of education. A king, provided that he showed any martial tendency, was sure of a common and personal ground of interest with even the meanest of his subjects. Military pursuits, like military music, appealed to all. It required no mental or emotional effort on his part to win some degree of popularity. For a Queen, however, it was another matter. The days of chivalry did not facilitate things for her. Surrounded by ambitious courtiers, fawning ecclesi-

astics, and foreign ambassadors, and narrowly scrutinised by all, nothing but unflinching tact, firmness of character, or personal devotion could cause her full worth and individuality to be felt by the masses of her ignorant or credulous subjects. Queen Joanna had been reared like a costly flower in the learned and semi-tropical atmosphere of her grandfather's court; brought up to be familiar with the most shining talents of those shining times, and to absorb the light and warmth of Provençal and Latin literature. Indeed, to know Latin as a mother-tongue was indispensable in the polite world of those days. It was the one means of attaining every social and political advantage. It was more valuable even than a good acquaintance with French is in our own day. Added to this, the reviving spirit of scholarship and poetry was spreading its golden wings and carrying ideal or heroic influences over Italy and France. Consequently in both countries the grand-daughter of Robert the Wise was looked upon as a central luminary. Petrarch and Boccaccio and Strada acknowledge her rare learning and quickness, while Angelo of Perugia declares that she is 'the supreme lamp of Italy.' Certainly to have won these compliments was significant, endorsed later as they were by such men as Urban V. and Baldus. But in all this luminosity of acquirement, this intellectual radiation, the Queen seems never to have mistaken the values of the head for those of the heart.

She understood that the same sunbeam afforded light and warmth, but she felt that warmth was the more essential to life.

Aware, therefore, of the wide interval separating her from her subjects in the one direction, she tried to draw them all the closer to her in the other. Once assured of peace, and of the security afforded by having a martial husband and able ministers, she quietly and steadily devoted herself to ameliorating the condition of her people ; fostering and extending all the good works which had been begun for their welfare by her predecessor, while initiating others, according to her discernment of their need.

It was to this task, as we have seen, that she now applied herself, and her own inspirations displayed even purer tones and tints than those used by the scholars of Giotto and Memmi. Her heart throbbed with a more spiritual fervour than heretofore ; for pity, hope, and love overflowed it. The destroying angel had but too violently troubled the waters of her own life. Her little ones, one after another, had all died ; her realm literally had been torn in pieces ; for years her character and good fame had been most cruelly traduced, though they had also been nobly avenged ; but Christ and her warm-hearted people were living realities, and many hurts besides her own might be healed.

The corner of Naples most endeared to her, therefore, was no longer the renowned Castello dell' Ovo,



ashore near the mouth of the Tiber, and became a total wreck. The folk on that coast viewed her as their natural prey, and soon emptied her of a valuable cargo. They do not seem to have displayed any superstitious enmity toward the unfortunate crew or passengers aboard her, as coast-folk so often have done, both in Mediterranean and other seas. At any rate, among those who thus unexpectedly landed in Roman territory was a young Narbonese knight (Knight of the Golden Spur) hight Montreal, afterwards Italianised Monreale, and later abbreviated Moriale.

Having lost everything in the wreck, Moriale makes his way as best he can to Naples, where he has friends, and where, moreover, things are not going at all smoothly between the Angevine princes and the Hungarian party, as represented by their cousin Andreas and his adviser, Friar Robert;—in fact, are bubbling over with almost volcanic heat, and causing the direst apprehensions as to the immediate future.

Things soon come to a tragic crisis, and Andreas is strangled. Meanwhile, Moriale fares well. He has met some old Provençal acquaintances, and through them has obtained introduction to one of the royal quarrellers. It is to Charles, Duke of Durazzo, who looks upon his noble figure, marks his intelligent decided manner, with uncommon favour. Shortly, therefore, we find him created commander-in-chief of the Duke's forces,

and Prior Elect of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem : hence Fra Moriale !

No long time afterward, King Louis of Hungary swoops down like an avenging eagle upon Apulia, demanding blood for blood ; and Moriale's royal master himself in a terribly sudden manner pays with life both for his ambition and for his treachery toward the Queen and the slain Andreas. After this event, the Duke's men-at-arms, many of them foreigners or knights-errant, scatter in various directions. Some flee to Naples ; others join the free company of that meteoric adventurer, Duke Werner<sup>1</sup> of Urslingen ; but by far the most part enter that mixed army of Hungarians and Germans in the pay of King Louis.

Chief among these latter is Moriale, who is at once accorded the distinction to which his personal courage and talent for command assuredly entitle him. In most of the important episodes of the long campaign that follows he takes a prominent part, more and more gaining the confidence of the young King ; so much so, that when Louis departs for Buda for the first time, he appoints Moriale and Conrad Lupo joint military viceroys during his temporary absence,—Conrad being Governor of the Abruzzi, and Moriale, Governor of Aversa.

From Ricotti<sup>2</sup> we learn that these Hungarians introduced fresh elements into the Italian warfare

<sup>1</sup> Guarnieri.

<sup>2</sup> *Storia delle Compagnie di Ventura*. Ercole Ricotti, vol. ii. p. 76.

of those days. Their soldiers had two chargers apiece, small of limb and very nimble; and at night they slept between them. The saddle did duty for a pillow. They were armed with long bows and large swords, which they used very dexterously. Some of them wore helmets, and their chests were protected by courses of leather, so sewn and dressed as to form a compact cuirass. Their helmets had neither crest, neck-piece, nor other elaboration; and altogether for those times their armour was light and practical. 'So hardy were these Huns, that they seemed capable of enduring almost incredible privations. For provisions they were contented with a little dried meat soaked in water. In all things they recalled the manners of their early namesakes.'

When a final truce is proclaimed, and the Pope takes the ultimate decision of the matters at issue between Louis and Joanna upon himself, Conrad Lupo, finding his occupation gone, departs for Germany. Fra Moriale, however, for reasons of his own, notably desire of power and increase of wealth, perhaps also contempt for the Neapolitan levies, remains in Apulia, gathers under his command an armed company of mixed nationalities, and with it worries the environs of the capital, always using Aversa as his arsenal or treasure-house. Luigi and Joanna complain bitterly to the Cardinals of this open violation of the Roman agreement. Whereupon Fra Moriale is cited to appear before them and explain himself; but treating the citation with contempt, he is pre-

sently condemned for contumacy and declared an outlaw. Moreover, Galeotto Malatesta of Rimini, a commander in the Papal pay, is sent down, and soon after besieges him in Aversa. Things become serious for him. At last, scarcity of provision compels him to treat with the foe, and he contrives to make terms, by which he and five hundred of his men, with but a thousand florins of gold, leave the town, vowing revenge against Malatesta, Naples, and everything Italian.

We follow him, marching northward to Rome, resolved on some vague retaliation. At this time the Pope has sent doughty Cardinal Egidio Albornoz to the Eternal City, for the purpose of quelling the sanguinary factions of the Colonna and Orsini; but before that astute statesman reaches Rome, he has discovered that De Vico, the prefect of Viterbo, has violently assumed the dictatorship over that city and six others in the patrimony of St. Peter. Hearing of Fra Moriale's coming, the Cardinal demands his assistance, and that captain accepting his terms, enters his employ. Soon, however, finding the arrangement unprofitable, or the issue of it too doubtful, he quits the Cardinal's service, and of course enters that of De Vico. But this likewise proving unremunerative, he once more determines to go his own way, taking the opportunity, nevertheless, of sending letters broadcast through Tuscany, the Marches, and Lombardy, offering good wages and rewards to any who will join him and his

Free-company; which company, consequently, in a short time swells to at least three thousand horse and foot. He now feels himself in a position not only to obliterate the reverse inflicted upon him by Malatesta, but to professionally revenge himself for the hard terms exacted by that brother-in-arms.

Toward this event, also, incentive of another kind is not wanting. Moriale discovers that a certain Gentile da Mogliano, tyrant of Fermo, bears an especial grudge against Malatesta, for having likewise besieged and pressed him very close. Consequently he and Moriale shake hands, and presently going forth, they sack and dismantle several small towns belonging to the mutual foe.

The rumour of Moriale's fresh successes against Feltrano, La Fratta, and Mondolfo, naturally attracts adventurers and vagabonds from all the four winds, eager to divide the spoils and to win more. His ranks are quadrupled. There are also among them an immense number of women, who find employment in cooking, milling, mending, &c. One can imagine the quarrels and crimes inevitable to such a bi-sexual horde; yet Moriale, as becomes a general, is above all things a lover of order and discipline. He appoints magistrates for the administration of justice, stewards to superintend the canteen, and treasurers to distribute the spoils; so that his army does not long remain a mere gluttonous and disorderly rout, holding together, like hounds, solely while in

presence of prey, but it becomes more and more a well-organised human machine.

But Fra Moriale is a religious dignitary as well as a military commander, and he has other ends in view than a life of continual soldiering. He yet hopes to fulfil the obligations due to his Order. We have seen that he has had many successes, but, like the generality of successful men, he has not escaped making enemies; and Cardinal Alborno, Malatesta, and Luigi of Taranto (now crowned King of Naples), are among them.

The endeavours of the Cardinal, and his doughty nephews, Gomez and Garcia, to reconcile the irreconcilables, meet with but little success. The clannish families of Rome congenitally detest one another, and a mediator, even a Cardinal, is in perilous case. Alborno is shrewd, however, and seeing no direct way out of his difficulties, sincerely advises His Holiness<sup>1</sup> at Avignon to give that scape-grace dreamer, Cola Rienzi, a pardon, and let him return to the Eternal City. His durance, by starving down his infatuations, may have taught him wisdom. At any rate, he is the only man living who has ever bound over the Colonna and Orsini to keep the peace. Let him do it again if he can!

Forthwith Rienzi is released, is given a fresh chance, and returns toward the scene of his former triumphs. His ambition, now stimulated by drink, revives; his dreams, as before, pour a thousand vain-

<sup>1</sup> Innocent VI., 1354.

glorious thoughts through his brain; but his deep defects of character keep surging up in him even more fiercely and forcibly than his windy dreams. Yes, the scars have widened with the growth of the tree and still further disfigure it. They positively gape, and every one who passes cannot but see and remark them. Petrarch knows, and deplures; has lamented his disappointed hopes of a really great man in that Cola. But how dexterous is the Papacy! Sometimes it resembles Nature herself, in that everything is found handy and subservient to its purpose. Now, therefore, it does not hesitate to make flattering use of an impudent malefactor, whom it had notoriously condemned as an usurper of its own authority—of a mischievous critic who had unsparingly denounced the vices of the clergy and the abandonment of the Eternal City,—and lastly, of a mortal who, with blasphemous effrontery, had announced himself as nothing less than the harbinger of the Holy Ghost. To this tawdry and titanic charlatan, this lettered villain, then, are given powers of life and death; and it is expected of him, in return for his release, that he will reunite warring factions and dispel anarchy.

Such indeed were the extraordinary, but not unparalleled, vicissitudes in the life of Rienzi. Accordingly, then, Rienzi journeyed until he arrived in the Cardinal's camp. There, among other people, he made the acquaintance of Arrimbaldo and Brettone, brothers of Fra Moriale, the one a lawyer and the

other a soldier, who, through the success of their famous elder brother, had become wealthy. Upon these impressionable youths Rienzi exerted all his old wizardry. His easy command of affected and exaggerated language, whereby he expressed equally extravagant ideas, attracted and fascinated them, especially the lawyer, who, strange to say, was the less cautious of the two. His professions of a keen desire for justice, for order, and general security, seemed in their eyes to promise a glorious new era for Rome through the regeneration of Italian society. In our days one might just as sensibly expect London to be rendered virtuous, society to be made intellectual, or art to be raised from its commercial instincts, by the author of 'Lady Windermere's Fan.' Besides, Arrimbaldo naturally foresaw that if Rienzi should once more succeed to power, a career would open up for himself.

The brothers, therefore, contributed liberal supplies of money in order to forward the interests of their new friend. As far as Arrimbaldo was concerned, the friendship deepened daily, and soon he and Rienzi even boarded together for a space; but Brettone, either more wary or less infatuated than his brother, took care to avoid all such inordinate intimacy; moreover, he kept Moriale himself acquainted with these things. Consequently we find the latter writing to Arrimbaldo: 'It seems to me that the plans of Rienzi are utterly impracticable. Jest is one thing; earnest is another. Be careful



how you embark in a doubtful vessel. Above all, do not you sacrifice Brettone's friendship for a mere trifle !'

Strong, far-seeing man ! Yet with how little penetrative skill does he sound the worthless breathing of this Cola Rienzi, this gross scagliola Jupiter, upon whose paradoxical desires and affected tailorings his brothers, in their folly, have already lavished so much. Unfortunately for Moriale, Rienzi learns of the honest and reasonable advice he has given to his brothers, and, to his vain and now morbidly impressionable nature (for he has become a habitual drunkard), this appears as a gross offence, little short of an insult, which he hopes signally to avenge hereafter.

Milman, quoting from Muratori, says : ' Formerly he was sober, temperate, abstemious ; he had now become an inordinate drunkard. It was a terrible thing to be forced to see him. They said that in person he was, of old, quite meagre ; he had become enormously fat. . . . He had a belly like a tun ; he was jovial as an abbot. He was full of shining flesh (carbuncles ?) like a peacock ; red, and with a long beard.'

- This, too, is how Rienzi is described as coming to Cardinal Alborno :<sup>1</sup> ' He appeared accompanied by these youths (Arrimbaldo and Brettone), and in a gorgeous dress, before the Legate, and demanded to be invested with the dignity of a Senator of Rome.

<sup>1</sup> Milman, *Latin Christianity*, vol. viii, p. 10.

The Papal authority was yet acknowledged in Rome by her factious nobles. It seemed a favourable opportunity, and worth the hazard. In the name of the Church, Albornoz appointed Rienzi Senator of Rome.'

By this time Arrimbaldo has procured a body-guard and an imposing military following, and with them Rienzi enters the capital, and soon is enabled, for the second time, to make himself master there. Moriale, meanwhile, reaches Perugia, in company of three hundred gentlemen-at-arms, is met at one of the gates, and thence escorted into the piazza by a picturesque throng of the citizens. Says Graziani,<sup>1</sup> 'Our commune received him very graciously, and made him sup with them, and after that they presented him with a supply of wax and confetti, and twenty-five sacks of barley.' Further he tells us that Moriale lodged at the Albergo dalle Chiave, the Commune paying all his expenses; and that on the 24th of August he departed for Rome, *via* Orvieto, where the legate (Albornoz) was staying, with whom he desired to confer. This conference ended, he makes for the Eternal City; being persuaded to go there both by his brothers, and by the Cardinal's report that Rienzi's genius really seems to be evolving practical results from his extravagant and ridiculous dreams.

A rumour is now maliciously set abroad that Fra Moriale intends to unite with the Colonna

<sup>1</sup> Archivio Storico Italiano, 1st Series, vol. xvi.

in order to upset the Tribunal authority. In due course, however, the great Captain innocently enters Rome, and forthwith is invited to a private audience by Rienzi. See how nobly, how unsuspectingly, he treads the stairs of the Capitol, and receives the interested attentions of the military guard! His spare, supple figure, his serious honest face with its dark beard, vanishes behind the huge metal doors, and he finds himself in the presence of an odious bibulous creature, whose vices are oozing through his rubicund flesh, but whose repulsive figure is tricked out in exquisitely embroidered robes of state. Can this be the man upon whose magnificent promises a distracted but hopeful world had allowed itself such latitudes of enthusiasm? Can this coarse ugly flesh-bottle be anything but a clownish parody of manhood? And can that low-bred throat and mouth ever have been destined for the utterance of anything but the stercorous jests of his mother's wash-house?

There follows a startling explosion of words, perchance shot through here and there with sparks of the old flashy eloquence, but mainly manifesting the choking fumes of wrath frenzied with drink; the inflamed beast-eyes flashing out of it all, conscious of triumph and treachery. Moriale is rich, is Captain of the Grand Company, is a chivalrous gentleman, a brave soldier, and, above all, has refused to invest his hard-won resources in the black-guard egotism of an insufferable sot. He is guilty

of having recommended his own brothers to be circumspect. He has purposely limited their supplies of cash: has put doubts into their minds. Besides all these things, he is the leader of an army of adventure. He has, in this capacity, sacked the cities of Malatesta; has exacted tributes; has deserted the Papal forces; in fine, he is a traitor and a rebel. For all this, for all these things, he shall die! This supreme æsthetico-political satyr, blaspheming the name of truth, beauty, and justice, says he shall die!

The satellites obey their besotted master, and Fra Moriale is straightway led forth to prison, where he is loaded with a chain. Wonders will never cease! In the dark prison, sobbing aloud, he finds foolish Arrimbaldo and half-foolish Brettone. A miserable night is spent together by them; but whether through reaction from excitement or from physical fatigue, only one of the three sleeps, and that one is the brave Moriale himself.

At break of day, it being early in August, some gallows-birds rudely awaken him, and drag him to the room of torture, with all its grim furniture made ready to draw 'false confessions from his piteous pangs.' He roundly abuses them for treating a gentleman and a soldier in this manner, and tells them firmly, decisively, that he has nothing further to confess to living creature than that it is true he has sacked and dismantled cities with his army, and that, with like temptation, he would do the

same again. He is then taken back, untortured, to his brothers, and a spiritual confessor is sent to him. Being himself, as we know, the Prior of the knightliest of Orders, he receives consolation from the affectionate ministry and companionship of this religious brother. He endeavours to alleviate the agony of his betrayed relatives with gentle words; but knowing that he himself is to die, he advises them to be-weep him no longer, but show the world they can be as valiant as himself. 'I am a man. As a man I have had my faults, as a man I have been betrayed, and as a man I will die! God have mercy on me! At least I shall enjoy the satisfaction of being martyred in a place where the holy apostles Peter and Paul suffered.'

On the 29th of August 1354, on bare knees, he hears mass. His hands are tied in front of him, a crucifix being stuck between them. He is habited as the Prior of his Order, having over his shoulders a garment of brown velvet stitched with gold, and upon his head a dark hood bordered with a golden fringe. Beside him walk three friars. He pauses for a moment before an image of the Madonna, and reverently bends the knee. An enormous and anxious throng surrounds the place of death, waiting, astonished, to see the man executed who, but a few days previously, was as powerful as any prince and one of the most renowned captains of his age.

The tyrant's sentence is read aloud to the whispering people, and then, amid deadening silence, the

victim addresses them, concluding by saying he is 'proud to die where the blessed saints themselves suffered martyrdom. But woe to the wretch who has betrayed me! I die unjustly.' He then kisses the crucifix held up to him by one of the friars, forgives the executioner, removes his hood, feels the edge of the axe, kneels down, and at one blow his head has fallen. Says an eye-witness: 'There remained on the block a few hairs of the beard, and around the neck what was like a stripe of red silk.' The Minor Friars took his remains to the Church of Aracœli, and there gave them humble burial.

Could Rienzi, in his blurred, mental vision, have seen it, the atmosphere of that day flamed with stormy blood-red cirri; and could he have felt it under the gross animal heat in him, there was a '*suffoco*' as of the desert wind. The people were revolted, and this deed proved the immediate prelude to his own downfall.

Within six weeks broke out a popular insurrection which blazed angrily through the streets, shouting, 'Death to the Tribune, to that traitor Rienzi!' Rienzi confidingly appeared at a window of his palace, and responded 'Viva il Popolo Romano,' waving a flag; but the people returned the artful compliment with a shower of stones. He then felt it necessary to take means of escape, and for once dressed himself appropriately—as a buffoon. But death was in the wind, and fate was sealed against him. Do we not know from many sources

the veritable realities ; how, despite his silly disguise, he was recognised, dragged into the street, cuffed, and kicked, and killed ; how they cut off his hands and mutilated his corpse ; how the well-pleased Colonna had a special gallows set up by his palace, and caused the carcase of the murderer of Fra Moriale and poor old Pandolfo Pandolfucci to be dangled therefrom ? Has it not been described over and over again by novelists, dramatists, and historians ?

## NICCOLO ACCIAJUOLI,

GRAN SINISCALCO DE' REGNI DI CILICIA E DI GIERUSALEMME.

(1301-1366.)



IN the year 1160,<sup>1</sup> a blacksmith living at Brescia, and adhering to the Guelphic faction in that northern city, finding himself and his fortunes endangered by further residence there, owing to the invasion of Frederic Barbarossa, fled to Florence. Being a man of thrift and industry, he seems to have been able to set up his forge there under favourable auspices. No doubt his hailing from Brescia, famous in all times for the manufacture of arms, was a great recommendation, especially in those warring days; and it is not improbable that this hardy son of Vulcan soon made himself quite an important citizen of the Republic. At any rate, it stands recorded that he built in the Val di Pesa a tower called 'La Gugliardella,'<sup>2</sup> which signifies the

<sup>1</sup> Oderici, *Storia di Brescia*.

<sup>2</sup> Matteo Palmieri says 'Guigliaralle,' edit. 1588, p. 172. *La Vita di Niccola Acciajuoli*. In the Certosa of Val d'Emo hangs a small late sixteenth-century portrait of a sallow and characterless individual, bearing the inscription:—'Gugliarallo Acciajuoli venne a Firenze di Brescia l'anno MCIX.' Canvas, half-length, nearly profile; wearing red hood and cloak with black sleeves; right hand upholds a shield argent, displaying the Brescian lion rampant. This work may be



needle or obelisk. The building of towers was a sure mode of signifying one's importance in those days, as we know from San Gimignano, Corneto, and Viterbo. Moreover, before long, Acciajuoli took out a coat of arms, in which were displayed the Brescian lion and the implements of the trade from which his family took their name—Anglicè 'Steel.'<sup>1</sup>

In the earlier half of the thirteenth century, we gather that some of his descendants became sufficiently distinguished to be called upon to fulfil the positions of Florentine magistrates. Although, like other folk, they must have had their reverses, their fortunes steadily increased; and toward the close of it, the family had formed a banking company similar to that of the perhaps more celebrated Bardi and Peruzzi, which soon established for itself agencies in other large towns throughout Italy.

We now begin to see the rise of a financial aristocracy encroaching on the feudal, combinations of gold entering powerfully into politics. The old forge has become a counting-house, and the sword is trying to become a pen. The autocracy of the prince is about to be modified by the industry of the commons.

In September 1301<sup>2</sup> the subject of this chapter

looked upon as having originated in the pride of some well-meaning descendant, or else as an oil copy of a former portrait of some fourteenth-century member of the family.

<sup>1</sup> Acciajo, Steel :—*olo* has a diminutive effect.

<sup>2</sup> Some authorities say 1310.

first saw the light at Monte Gufoni, in the beautiful Val di Pesa;<sup>1</sup> and though destined himself to become the shining financier of the family, his youthful inclination and surroundings predisposed him to a career of arms. It was always possible in those days for an able-bodied man to make soldiering his secondary profession. As occasions for fighting were frequent, every one experienced more or less military training. His near kinsman, Angelo, entered the Church, and became not only Bishop of Florence, but the liberator of the Republic from the hateful tyranny of Walter de Brienne, Duke of Athens.

1343-

In his nineteenth year Niccolo fell in love, and married Margherita degli Spini, probably of the Pisan family of that name. All accounts of him agree as to his comeliness, and we need not suspect them of flattery. 'He was of middle height, broad-chested, well-knit, ruddy, large-eyed, and of kindly countenance; often smiling, in manner vivacious, and using his left hand quite as much as his right; always well-dressed, and on especial occasions appearing in silk and brocade,' after the manner of the well-to-do of those picturesque days. There is the outward, and somewhat of the inward, man Niccolo!

Three years later, an opportunity of seeing something of the world outside Florence was given him. He had become a father, and had not failed to

<sup>1</sup> His father was Acciajuolo Acciajuoli, and his mother Guglielmina dei Pazzi.

understand that his interests lay in the lines of the parental mercantile undertakings. Let us consider these for a moment, and see how significant they were.

To begin with, it is obvious that for a capable banker to have belonged to a party which acknowledged as its chiefs the King of Naples and the Pontiff at Avignon, and comprised the wealthy Signory of Florence (of which Republic likewise he was a citizen), augured well for extending business. It is also obvious that the one element of critical importance, the one real financial peril, was the power of the Emperor and his capacity for using it offensively. Fortunately the thunders of Clement V., together with the armies of Florence and Naples, seconded by courageous finance, proved more than sufficient to keep this peril in check. Niccolo's father, Acciajuolo Acciajuoli, had undertaken the work of organising the bank at Naples, while his uncle, Dardano, who had several times held the office of Prior of the Republic, was twice called upon to fulfil the important post of especial ambassador to the King.

At any rate, the banking operations prospered, and soon very influential members of the royal family, and many rich Apulian barons, became closely interested in the welfare of the firm. More than all, King Robert himself finally had reason to be grateful to its wise management; for he became acutely aware of the power of finance in determining the issues of his

military enterprises. So shrewdly financed, indeed, were certain of the King's expeditions, that the bold and diplomatic banker found himself not only greatly extending Florentine trade in general, while increasing the profits of the firm in particular, but found himself honoured with the titles of privy-councillor and chamberlain, the possessor of a wealthy barony, and ultimately appointed the King's Viceroy of Prato.

Niccolo and his young wife then had been sent to Naples under excellent auspices. His manners and good address quickly made him friends at the court; but more especially he found favour with the king's brother, Philip, Prince of Taranto, whose second wife, Catherine of Valois (through her mother, Catherine Courtenay),<sup>1</sup> claimed to be titular Empress of Constantinople. This Philip himself claimed to be Prince of Achaia, Despot of Epirus, and Lord of Corfu, in right of his first marriage with Ithamar Comnena, daughter of the Despot of Roumania. This extraordinary and somewhat confusing accumulation of titles was more nominal than real, though it can by no means be said of them that they were as mere iridescent bubbles in the Bay of

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the Emperor Baldwin, whose throne had been seized by Palæologus. On May 27, 1267, we find the wretched Emperor at Viterbo concluding, in the presence of Clement IV., a hard bargain with Charles of Anjou, by which, in return for aid in recovering his territories, he gives him in tributary vassalage the principalities of Achaia and Morea, together with the kingdom of Thessalonica. In addition, it is agreed that if the dynasty of Courtenay comes to an end, the throne of Constantinople shall pass to the Angevine ruler of Sicily.

Naples. It has seemed necessary, however, to mention them here for the reason that their practical substantiation was one of the chief successes of the later life and fortunes of Niccolo Acciajuoli.

The family of this Philip and Catherine of Taranto consisted of four children, Robert, Luigi, Philip, and Margaret, and they passed most of their time at Naples. King Robert, indeed, seems to have endeavoured to centre all the Italianated members of his family around him there, partly through his desire for political unity, and partly to offer them the manifold attractions of the most brilliant court of the period, of which, as its creator and ruler, he was not a little proud.

Besides Philip of Taranto, there lived a yet younger brother of the King, of whom we must here take note, namely, John, Count of Gravina. At the time when Niccolo Acciajuoli came to Naples, an ominous quarrel was at its zenith betwixt this John and Catherine of Taranto, his sister-in-law, as to his professed right over that Principality of Achaia, which he likewise claimed in virtue of a pretended marriage with the heiress of William and Isabel Villehardouin, Matilda of Hainault, Princess of the Morea. This quarrel, alas! involved a cruel tragedy to the lady in question, one of the darkest stains on the reign of King Robert.

The lady, that is, Matilda,<sup>1</sup> obstinately resisted the

<sup>1</sup> She was then a widow, having been married to Guido de la Roche, Duke of Athens.

advances of Count John, and deliberately took for husband a knight of her own choice, Sir Hugues de la Palisse. King Robert, however, favoured his brother's ignoble designs; and the Church, being under obligation to him, willingly lent its aid in achieving her capture. She was seized in her husband's absence, brought from Pisa to Naples, and there immured in the Castello dell' Ovo, where, three years later, she died of a broken heart.

1324.

Meantime, viewing this iniquitous adventure purely from a business point of view, the Acciajuoli had lent the Count monies for the military expedition by which he intended to establish himself in the desired Morean possessions. In January 1324, therefore, he set sail from Brindisi with twenty-five armed gallies. Arriving at Cephalonia, he learned that the ruling Count had been killed in a rebellion lately raised by his brother; whereupon he landed his forces, discomfited the rebels, declared himself Lord of Cephalonia and Zante, and presently sailed to Clarenza, where, doubtless owing to his powerful escort, he was received with much honour. He was unable, however, to enthrone himself satisfactorily as Prince of Achaia, and finally returned to Naples, where the captive Matilda having died, he at once married that Agnes of Talleyrand-Perigord, who has figured rather darkly in our previous narrative.

Catherine of Taranto, his sister-in-law, on the other hand, claimed for her son Robert this title of Prince of Achaia, in virtue of her husband's first

wife, Ithamar, who had left him no children to inherit it; and for many a long year this contested claim remained unsettled. Her husband, however, dying in 1332, and Niccolo Acciajuoli being left trustee for her and her affairs, the somewhat spectral claims of Count John were overcome by means of financial negotiations, and he contented himself with the proffered title of Duke of Durazzo.

This was the first great service rendered by Niccolo to the House of Taranto. It did not pass unrewarded. In return for it, Catherine granted him and his family several valuable fiefs in her various Greek and Tarantine properties. In fact, Niccolo had indemnified John, Duke of Durazzo, and had made good the family claims of Catherine; consequently, in 1334, he was able to convey to his firm the titular deeds of the principality ceded to him by the former. Upon this practical foundation arose thirty years later the ducal sovereignty of the Acciajuoli over Corinth, Thebes, and Athens.

Catherine now sent Bertrand del Balzo, Lord of Courtedon, to the Morea, as her Viceroy-elect and Chancellor of the Principalities of Achaia and Cephalonia. The prudent counsels of Niccolo were beginning to bear distinctly forcible results. In fact, he had become a financial agent and middleman on a large scale, and so beheld his field of operations daily extending. Moreover, by the death of certain petty feudal lords, he had become personally possessed of other goodly fiefs. From Diego dei Tolomei

of Siena, also, he had purchased feudal tenures near the small town of Manduria, by Taranto; and thus he was by way of being an Apulian landlord himself. Catherine honoured him more and more in all things, even to the verge of scandal; though for this we confess to finding no real justification. Her three sons were certainly under his directing guardianship and tutelage, and the excellent tutelage was destined to be productive of very definite utility. We can well understand, however, the venomous resources of Neapolitan and family envy; and to this account alone let us debit the insinuation.

The year 1335 was signalised by a notable revolt in Calabria, for the suppression of which the King selected an especial corps of five hundred men, to be under the honorary command of Prince Luigi of Taranto, then but fifteen years of age. Wishing now to pay a great compliment both to Niccolo and his family, he appointed him actual chief of the expedition. The King's choice was justified by the complete success of the undertaking, and Niccolo returned to receive further honours.

In 1336 the Princess of Taranto writes to Bertrand del Balzo, authorising him to put Messer Niccolo in possession of further fiefs at Lise du Quartier and at Clarenza, which she has sold to him. This further aggrandisement enables Niccolo, being withal a religious man, to turn some of his wealth in the direction of the Church, of which his kinsman



Angelo<sup>1</sup> is now a rising light, and consequently he causes to be laid the foundations of that famous Certosa in the Val d'Emo, near Florence.

Thus, at thirty-five years of age he is at once the wealthiest and most prosperous man in Southern Italy, and the loans of his family to the various members of the House of Anjou are bringing in considerable interest. One by one he steadily substantiates their more atmospheric titles and claims, and so converts a mere luminous nebulosity, as it were, into a cluster of real stars.

## II.

Niccolo's experience of fifteen years at the court of Naples has made him aware both of his talents and his defects; and above all things, it has given emphatic definition to his aims. The knowledge that he has started on the right track makes a strong man doubly powerful; he is backed by respect for his former self as well as by satisfaction in his present state; he has made compound interest, as it were, on his own career, and he goes onward with absolute confidence in the chosen path. He is a lion in his own eyes, and it is his own fault if he is not a lion in the eyes of others. It is true none the less that he sometimes remains only the king of beasts, instead of the king of men.

<sup>1</sup> Angelo di Monte di Mannino Acciajuoli, Bishop of Aquila, 1338.

Fortunately, we are unable to apply this reflection to Niccolo; for, despite Boccaccio's inflated denunciation of him at a later date, he remained a king of men till the last. 1361-62.

The great novelist had evidently made the mistake of overstaying his welcome. Blinded, perhaps, by the glow of a convivial and enthusiastic exchange of sympathies, he had paid a six months' instead of a six weeks' visit to a country residence of one who combined in himself, though in very different degrees, the peculiar qualities of a reflective lover of literature and the arts, with those of a shrewd and vigorous politician. Acciajuoli, we may be sure, had seldom the leisure, even if he had the will, to sustain academic speculations. It is true he was rich, he loved Art, he respected learned men, and admired the beauties of Amalfi; but had he not made business his career, it is certain that neither art nor literature would have formed its substitute. His career would have been a military one. Niccolo did not deceive himself, as so many talented men have done, by falsely estimating his tastes or tendencies. His choice of a career and reckoning of his own capabilities had been justified from the first by brilliant successes, and it is probable he judged quite as correctly of the extent and limit of his literary sympathies and appreciations.

Boccaccio, on the other hand, blinded, or rather blindfolded, by his enthusiasm for his prosperous friend and genial fellow-Florentine, blundered slowly

and petulantly, not into the intellectual arms of Niccolo, but into the vague knowledge of friend Niccolo's limitations; and then, instead of being annoyed with himself, he vented his spleen and sarcasm upon the man whose warm temporary welcome he had almost converted into a chronic visitation.

It may also have been that the wealthy merchant<sup>1</sup> and his somewhat patronising manner pricked the vanity of one of that sensitive tribe known for all time as the *genus irritabile vatum*. Anyhow, we sincerely sympathise with Boccaccio, but we as sincerely forgive Niccolo. Seldom can the vague and fitful discords of that curious compendium of human contrasts, the poetic nature, be made to resolve harmoniously on the common chords of life as they are struck by the blurring fingers of the Commercial Spirit. There seems ever to be needed some rare intermediary device, some especial toleration, some preparatory forbearance, in order to make any such resolution durable or satisfactory. Nevertheless, with this one peculiar exception, Niccolo seems to have succeeded admirably in his relations with the many illustrious men of letters who adorned the court of his adoptive sovereign. We find Petrarch, after long years of acquaintance, addressing him in no mistakeable terms of appreciation; he felicitates him on the honourable success of his preceptorship to the young King, Luigi;

<sup>1</sup> See, however, Tanfani, chap. x.

openly acknowledges that it is he who has made Luigi king of Naples; that he, Niccolo, is the glory and delight of his country; and, later still, his deepest sympathies are poured out to him and to their mutual friend Strada<sup>1</sup> on the occasion of the death of his eldest son, the valiant and distinguished Lorenzo of Amalfi.

One is not a little reminded by this incident of similar vexations experienced by Dante during his famous sojourn at the court of Can Grande; and in certain details the two cases bear sufficient resemblance to suggest a conscious imitation of the greater poet's social martyrdom on the part of his lesser devotee. Does not Poggio in his 'Facetiæ' relate how certain of the Veronese courtiers one day placed before the bard a dish of dry bones, and his rebuke to them,—together with other insolences, which Dante found just 'tolerable and not to be borne'? But there, surely enough, the resemblance ends. The positions of the two sufferers entirely differed. Boccaccio by birth was not a noble, but a peasant: he was not a proud religious statesman, but a brilliant Bohemian: finally, he was not a deserving and proscribed exile, but a free and somewhat spoiled student.

Over and above that which the contact with men of importance has taught him about himself, and which he keeps to himself, there is in Niccolo's

<sup>1</sup> Not Famiano Strada, the author of the original of our Crashaw's "Music's Duel."

possession an equally significant store of knowledge which the same contact has taught him about them, and of which he makes constant practical use. But wide, deep, and rich as is this store relating to business, politics, and religion, it contains perhaps no fact more momentous or more ominous than that the great patron of all these poets and artists, the former friend of Dante's Giotto, even his master, King Robert, is himself a veritable dreamer,—ay, and a scribbler of verses, too,—and therefore, that in his connection with the daily life of business, he must be most carefully observed.

1328. For his son and heir, Charles, Duke of Calabria, having died, the crown of Naples is now destined for the brows of little Joanna, the Duke's eldest daughter, and this eventuality in itself does not tend to fortify confidence in the stability of political affairs.

In those days, the advent of a female sovereign to a throne (far more than in our own) was enough to brighten the eyes of every unmarried or widowed prince in Europe. Offers of marriage literally poured in upon the fair lady and her guardians by means of special envoys; from every quarter came presents and compliments of a most flattering nature. Above all was sought the favouring good-will of the reigning Pontiff. At last some fortunate or unfortunate prince was accepted; the excitement was over, and the lottery declared to be closed.

But we are tempted to believe it was rarely a marriage took place under those circumstances without converting some of the rejected suitors into dangerous enemies. In the frescoes of so many of the old masters who have represented the marriage of St. Joseph and the Virgin, the unsuccessful suitors are shown breaking their wands over their knees in token of chagrin.<sup>1</sup> The royal but rejected suitors of mediæval queens seem to have gone further in their chagrin, and to have vowed revenge. Usually they had not long to await opportunities for gratifying it. A queen, if unmarried, whether she desired matrimony or not, was beleaguered with suitors; if married, her realm and person had to be protected from the attacks and intrigues of those who had failed to win her. It was the age of chivalry.

King Robert, after the first shock of intense grief and disappointment at the death of his only son, is not behind-hand in apprehending the probable dangers ahead, and sets himself to the delicate and difficult task of circumventing them. Unfortunately the result of his ponderings, calculations, and balancings to and fro, amounts to nothing more than a quixotic dream. But upon this flimsy foundation he determines to build.

A wild scheme has possessed the grandfatherly brain. He fondly believes he is going to salve the

<sup>1</sup> See Luini's exquisite frescoes at Saronno, and the Raphael in the Brera.

never-healing wounds of the elder branch of Anjou by planning a marriage betwixt this little bright-eyed girl and his Hungarian nephew's younger son, Andrew. 'O miserable, mad, mistaking eyes!' Niccolo, we may be sure, has looked askance at this very hazardous arrangement, but it is completed, and his advice has not been asked.

The royal bargain is carried through. The betrothal has been fulfilled, and the boy Andrew is now being brought up in the bosom of his future kingdom, among a foreign people, and amid a culture unknown in remote Hungary. Where shall we find 'the concord of this discord'? Alas, in tragedy, in death alone! Perhaps we may charitably apply to King Robert the well-known words of the ballad,—

'Alas, for the woful thing,  
That a poet true, and a friend of man,  
In desperate days of bale and ban,  
Should needs be born a king!'

### III.

Niccolo, at any rate, is absorbed in three things: he is actively increasing his fortune, he is enriching and extending the power of his family, and he is raising the sumptuous monumental Certosa in Val d'Emo, upon which perhaps the most gifted artist since Giotto's death is employed, namely, Andrea

Orcagna.<sup>1</sup> It is the year 1338. He is in full manhood, able in body as in mind, and commanding the most promising possible resources.

By an act dated July 15th of this year, he obtains a guarantee from his indebted mistress, Catherine, the Empress titular, that in case of his decease while undertaking a certain forthcoming travel and survey in the Morea, the revenues of his fiefs shall be rendered to his heirs, to be employed—how?—in the further perfecting of the beautiful Certosa he is constructing to the glory of God near Florence. Well done, Niccolo! Religion and art are evidently identified most happily in the mind of this business-man. Commerce has not been able to dull his natural sense of beauty, or, wonderful to relate, make him, like most of the art-patrons of the nineteenth century, confuse the value of Art and the value of money.

In the following November, Catherine, her three sons,—Robert, Luigi, and Philip,—together with Niccolo and a considerable armed escort, take ship at Brindisi, and depart on a three years' visit to the Morea. Arrived there, as evidently anticipated, somewhat rough times await them. Their mission is dedicated to nothing less than to possess and put in defensive condition their respective fiefs and

Nov. 15, 1338.

<sup>1</sup> "Whether Andrea Orcagna built the Certosa near Florence is uncertain, but the monuments of Niccolo Acciajuoli and his family which exist in its subterranean church belong to his time, and were perhaps executed by some of his scholars."—*Perkins*. Possibly the real master was not Andrea, but Leonardo, his elder brother.



domains, in the face of the unscrupulous rapacity of the Grand Company of Catalans and the murderous invasions of the Turks. We cannot but note, however, that the money and influence of the Acciajuoli, coupled with no insignificant company of trained soldiers, is a well-reckoned balance to the probable dangers.

Whatever happened in various small encounters, Niccolo invariably gained the day. Chiefly by means of indemnification, he seems to have worked political magic, or to have blown dust in the fierce eyes of the unlettered warriors opposed to him, so that their weapons became useless, though occasionally he had to resort to the more decisive aid of the sword. Besides, before setting out, had he not taken care to arm himself, through the combined influences of his Episcopal kinsman, Angelo, and the King of Naples, with powers from Avignon, so that, should he meet with unlawful opposition from Spanish or Frankish adventurers, he could menace them even with excommunication? Nothing, in fact, had been neglected by him that could ensure success; and success was his right reward. The sword of gold and steel overcame Greeks, Turks, and Catalans. Though formidable, quarrelsome, and predaceous, all of them,—they proved not impossible to deal with, provided that firmness, exactitude, and current gold were judiciously mingled in the negotiations. The territorial nebulae were surely, if slowly, resolving into actual stars!

The young princes of Taranto, instead of idling amid the crimes and clowneries of the court of Naples, and being flattered by sycophants, had now been made to share Niccolo's cares and anxieties; had not merely travelled, but had fought and thought. Of the three, Luigi, the second one, most attracted and fascinated him. To this lad Niccolo felt himself to have become something, as it were, between an uncle, a father, and an elder brother—or, in fact, an affectionate concentration of all these. His own sons during his absence were growing up under their mother's care in Italy, but these young princes were a present delight to him, a freshener to his own still youthful feelings, and formed for him a constantly interesting subject for speculation. To Luigi, we have said, he was especially drawn. Never would their mutual experiences in Greece and the Adriatic be forgotten. As travellers they had become friends; and we know that this best of all relationships in life is never to be dissolved by any but the 'sunderer of company,'—even Death; although far nearer ties are daily dissolved by the merest drops of youthful acidity or mature dudgeon.

The services of Niccolo were repaid with honours over and above further gifts of land. Freeholds, fiefs, and remainders were showered upon him. He found himself Baron of this, Count of that, and Lord of the other, in Greece, Italy, and Ionia, until his seignorial ownership became almost indefinite. But he took care to obtain from King Robert

substantial ratifications of all these gifts and grants.

Nothing can better illustrate the enviable position now occupied by him than the following passage of a letter from Boccaccio to him, dated 28th August 1341:<sup>1</sup>—“Niccola, se a'miseri alcuna fede si dee; io vi giuro per la dolente anima mia, che non altramente alla Cartaginese Didone la partita del Trojano Enea fu grave, che fosse a me la vostra; e non senza cagione, avvegnachè occulta vi fosse; nè similamente con tanto disidèro la ritornata d'Ulisse fu da Penelope aspettata, quanto la vostra da me. La quale nuovamente sentendo ora essere stata, non altramente nelle tenebre di miei affanni mi sono rallegtrato, che facessono nel limbo i santi padri, udita da San Giovanni la venuta da Cristo, per cui la lungamente aspettata salute in breve speravano senza fallo. Laonde io non credo prima vidervi, se dato non me, ch' io debbia tanto riverci ch' io vi vegga. . . . La Sanita del corpo, colla quale credo che quella della mente congiunta sia, ò con lieto animo intesa, e oltre a ciò la seconda fortuna alla vostra virtù debita m'è manifesta; la quale, se lo immaginare non m'inganna, piccioli segni d'amore ancora vi mostra, a rispetto che ella farà per innanzi. . . . O quanto m'è la vostra benavventura tornata cara! Signor, mio, colui ch' è d'ogni bene donatore, come l'anima vostra desidera, così vi governi!” He signs himself “Il vostro Giovanni di Boccaccio, da

<sup>1</sup> Many years before they fell out, as will be noted.

Certaldo, e inimico della fortuna, la debtor reverenza premessa, vi si raccomanda."

It is probable that the mercantile influence of the Acciajuoli, now rapidly extending in the Levant, was invoked, not unsuccessfully, by Boccaccio and many others, who at this time were intent on acquisition of early manuscripts. The eager young poet, as we know, had become a fanatic in this pursuit, and was a most scrupulous transcriber, while King Robert prided himself on being an enthusiastic collector. Have we not read the commendations lavished by both Petrarch and Boccaccio on Paul of Perugia, the keeper of the King's library? and did not a certain studious Calabrian, long a resident in Greece, by name Barlam, arrive in Naples as an envoy from the Emperor Cantacuzenus in 1342, while Petrarch himself happened to be a still more welcome and illustrious guest of the learned King? Indeed, was it not at this very period that the immortal author of the 'Decamerone,' then in his twenty-ninth year, reverently visited the so-called tomb of Virgil at Pozzuoli? and was it not this visit to the revered spot (upon which King Robert and Petrarch together had lately planted a laurel), that, as it were, confirmed him in an impassioned devotion to the Muses? Boccaccio did not become Petrarch's friend and familiar till eight years later, but he must have seen a great deal of his prosperous friend and fellow-Florentine, Messer Niccolo. What a number of schemes and subjects may they not have dis-

cussed over their Falernian! Above all, was not Maria, the natural daughter of King Robert, fated to become the poet's Fiametta?

Nevertheless, Niccolo, although he had visited the land of Homer and Plato, could not have sympathised very profoundly with an almost hysterical craze for a literature which he was unable to read. Boccaccio's genius was one thing, his own smattering of Romaic was something, but old Greek parchments constituted quite another. It had become the fashion to patronise men of learning, and to gush fervently over literature and the arts. Niccolo, however, could exhibit sincere sympathy, and, as far as Art was concerned, could offer critical encouragement. He was now able to indulge his own tastes as he desired; but finance and politics were the main subjects of his personal study, and we may depend upon it that he viewed most things from a simply practical standpoint, and probably found difficulty in ascending to giddier heights of literary enthusiasm.

In the course of the year 1342, having been created chamberlain to the King, he was destined to experience things which were to give him serious pause. If he could record further increase of fortune and honour, he could not but be conscious also of a provoking sense of humiliation. It happened that the Pisans picked a quarrel with the people of Lucca, and by so doing aroused the jealousy of the Florentines. The latter, finding themselves unable at the moment to send forces to the aid of

Lucca, which was besieged, naturally turned for the required aid to their old ally, King Robert, and entreated him not to permit so noble a city as Lucca to fall into the hands of the Pisans. In response to this request, the King sent a special embassy to Florence, consisting of the Bishop of Corfu, Niccolò Acciajuoli, and Giovanni Barrile, the learned, authorised to conclude a fresh treaty with the Republic and to receive in return a cession of her professed rights over Lucca.

This agreement having been proclaimed, the Bishop and Niccolò returned to Naples, while Barrile went forward to request the Pisans to raise the siege, and to take possession of Lucca in his king's name.

The Pisans, nevertheless, having been at great expense in the affair, finding themselves on the point of victory, and not seeing the force of arguments other than those of the sword, did not melt away, as had been expected, at the fervid eloquence of the learned lawyer. The Florentines, however, on their part, making perfectly sure that their colleague would fulfil his share of the pact, and send the royal army to the aid of Lucca, acted on the strength of their confidence. But, as events proved, they found themselves greatly deceived. Either owing to the fact that his only available forces were called away to the southern portions of his realm, or to his intense trouble at the premature death of his nephew Carobert, King of Hungary, which happened in Naples at this time, or perhaps,

to a sudden consciousness of his own waning energies, King Robert behaved far from honourably, and sent not a soldier. In fact, at a stroke, he made fools of Niccolo, of learned Barrile, and of the too-trustful Republic.

#### IV.

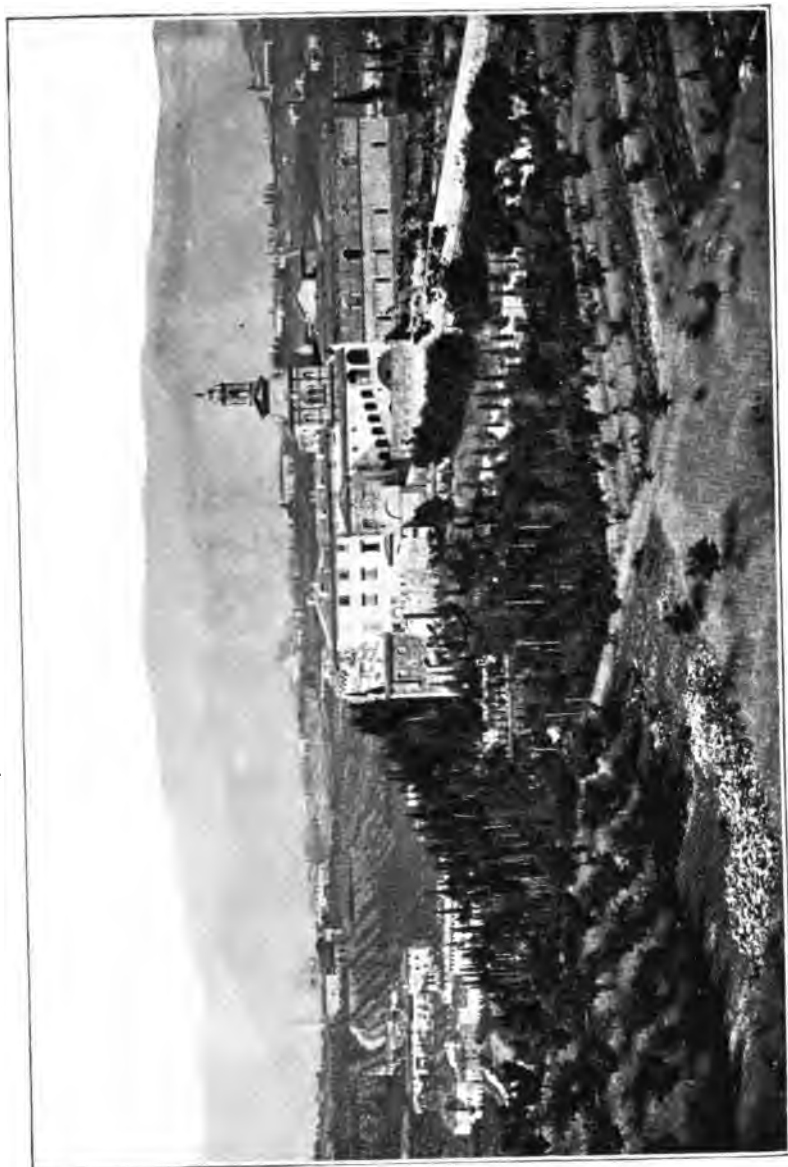
There were signs, nevertheless, that the famous reign of King Robert the Wise was drawing to a premature close, and the anticipated minority of a female sovereign seemed to offer an especially stormy outlook. Niccolo felt that a time of real trial was at hand, and he accordingly girded himself for the occasion. Within a few months of his nephew's demise the King died, and, as we have already shown, there followed rapidly those startling events which we may briefly recapitulate thus: The intrigues of Friar Robert, the preceptor of Andreas, acting for the Queen-mother Elizabeth, in order to get his pupil crowned King of Naples; the intrigues of the House of Durazzo to thwart that design and so bring itself nearer to the crown; and finally, the culminating murder of the unfortunate Andreas, and the subsequent invasion of the realm by his brother, Louis, King of Hungary.

Jan. 16, 1343.

We do not hear much of Niccolo in the incessant brawl of these tempestuous years, although we know that plenty of very responsible business, both private and public, must have continuously engaged him,







THE CERTOSA IN VAL D'EMO.

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over and above his personal interest in the Priory rising in distant Val d'Emo. It is probable that, having occupied the post of Chamberlain to Queen Joanna's grandfather, as being Chancellor to the titular Empress Catherine, and more especially as being financial representative of the Florentine Republic, he rarely missed the meetings of the Royal Council.

His Imperial mistress and himself did not escape the damning aspersions scattered so broadcast anent the murder of Andreas ; but then, scarcely any one in Italy connected ever so remotely with the royal family did escape ; and this perhaps is another proof of the deep and dexterous secrecy by which the plot of his assassination was obscured. The colour given to Niccolo's hinted participation in that crime can only have been due, on the part of ignorant or envious minds, to his familiar relations with the House of Taranto, and his financial intimacy with Queen Joanna and her husband.

After the delirium of the great upset has been calmed, and the knife and the stake have been satiated upon the supposed culprits, we find Niccolo urging Prince Luigi to lose no time in winning the hand of the threatened and helpless Queen.<sup>1</sup> This was an adroit stroke of policy in every way. Such a union would give the Queen an able protector, perhaps the most suitable of husbands ; while it

<sup>1</sup> Correspondence with the house at Florence must have been active at this time.

would fulfil the long-cherished ambition of the Empress Catherine and, above all, defeat the cunning of Charles of Durazzo, who, having hastily wedded Joanna's only sister, was himself keeping an eagle's eye on the family crown.

Verily, the steps of this throne were fiery, and may be said to have blistered the knees of all who did homage there. The air around it, too, seems to have been sultry with positively feline devotion. However, through all the wild dust and scorching wind that shook and shrivelled the kingdom, the smiling eyes of Niccolo contrived to see pretty clearly. By designing and completing this match between Luigi and the widowed young Queen, he fulfilled the last interests of his patroness, the titular Empress, who had died in the autumn of the  
1346. previous year, leaving her possessions to be divided between her sons and Niccolo himself.

Thenceforward Niccolo becomes the most intimate adviser of the ill-fated Queen. Whatever storms rage around her and Luigi, he at least is faithful, is reliable, and knows that he controls an invisible network of potent influences by which to prevent their destruction. As an important and representative banker and landowner, he has Florence and finance at his back; as a devout Churchman, as a personal friend of the Pope, as the familiar correspondent of Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Strada, he has both the Church and the Muses to forward his projects and to assist him through difficulties. . Where

their own royal hopes fail Joanna and Luigi, he thus constantly comes in with practical support. However much the outrageous doings of Louis of Hungary and his wild Magyars may upset and muddle their kingdom, he bids them not despair. Being warned, one can flee before positive savages, or one may contrive means by which to outdo them. Consequently, Niccolo designs the flight to Provence, and becomes (with his kinsman, the Bishop of Florence) the actual mediator between the Pope and the King of Hungary. Thus, in the violent tempest which gathers upon Naples, it is not the ornate and dialectical arguments of the lawyer, but the address of the tactful and decisive man of business, which throws oil upon the surging waters.<sup>1</sup>

## V.

In reviewing the drama in which those grave events were enacted, we inevitably come to the conclusion, then, that, as compared with Niccolo Acciajuoli, the Pope and the various monarchs, although they had more to say, were little better than puppets; and it is positively amusing to note that even the patriotic flatteries of the Villani,

<sup>1</sup> Have we not seen quite lately a similar instance of such adroit action in the threatening face of perhaps the most appalling financial disaster of our own time?

his fellow-townsmen, miss the mark as to his real importance, almost as much as do the casual chroniclings of Costanzo, and many other more laborious writers who have dealt with him.

In reward for his invaluable services in their cause at Avignon, Queen Joanna and Luigi, on their triumphant return to Naples, make over to Niccolo the lands of Gaston di Diniziaco, Count of Terlizzi, who had been executed along with his mother, Philippa Catanese, and several relatives. In truth, however, this ennoblement, and the fact of being created Grand Seneschal of the kingdom, can afford him but little inward or outward satisfaction when he considers that his pet pupil shall soon be made King of Naples, not indeed in the position of Andreas, hankering and intriguing for coronation, but actually crowned, and with no subordinating proviso of any kind attached to his marital position. Besides, observe, Luigi, who has followed his advice, is at least a free man; while his brother Robert, Prince of Achaia, and Philip, his younger brother, have been carried away, along with the infant Carlo Martello, to the castle of Visegrad, on the remote Danube, there to remain captive for two or three years!

1347. We will mention here that just before he was taken to Hungary, this Robert had married Marie de Bourbon, whom he left behind him in Italy in order that she might invoke the aid of the Pope and of her own influential parents, for his release.

In this also do we not see at work the practical hand of Niccolo? The House of Taranto could have no better guide to success or surer help in trouble than it could find in him. It took headstrong Louis of Hungary and Queen Elizabeth years to see that the main obstacle to his possessing the crown of Naples, toward which he had made such unopposed and promising advance, was not the Pope, nor the Apulian branches of his family, and certainly not the geographical distance between Italy and Sclavonia, but simply the grip of a golden sword wielded by the descendant of that blacksmith of Brescia.

While King Louis was ravaging the deserted realm, his forces inspired such terror that cities fell into his hands like corn to the sickle of the reaper. Not a castle but opened its gates, not a province but did him homage. There was, nevertheless, one beautiful little corner which heroically opposed his arms, and which was besieged arduously but without success for six months. This corner was Amalfi, overlooking the glorious Bay of Salerno; and the man who thus triumphantly held it was Lorenzo, eldest son of Niccolo Acciajuoli.<sup>1</sup>

By this time Pope Clement, realising that he had permitted Louis to go too far, became uneasy at the defiant freedom of that young monarch, and

<sup>1</sup> So much was this youth beloved by his parents, that when he died suddenly in the beginning of 1353, they named a younger son after him in order to continue his name.



kept up an active correspondence with his mother, who was at Buda, entreating her to persuade him to withdraw from Italy. But this lady, though deeply gratified by the reception of such confidence from the reigning Pontiff, and equally flattered by his recognition of her influence over her son, subordinated these pleasant feelings to the satisfaction felt in victorious vengeance by a jealous woman and an outraged mother-in-law. In her eyes, Queen Joanna—who to most others appeared to be young, beautiful, good, and talented, though exceedingly unfortunate,—was the incarnation of everything hideous, and deserved nothing short of death. At any rate, we may be certain that as a woman Queen Elizabeth used her position in this crisis after the usual manner of her sex, so as to appear either helpless or obedient to the Pope, while in reality she enjoyed the triumph of defying his counsels. In consequence, the treaty of peace between the belligerents was not concluded until April 1351, and even then Clement met with considerable difficulty in making Louis fulfil his pledge to release the royal captives at Visegrad.<sup>1</sup>

At this period, while attending King Luigi at Naples, Niccolo seems to have become the mark of the assassin. There is some obscurity as to the actual motive of the crime, but it is probable that envy or a supposed wrong prompted the deed. He

<sup>1</sup> The most important of them, little Carlo Martello, had died soon after reaching Hungary.

was stabbed in the stomach ; but, to the delight of his vast circle of friends and dependants, he recovered from the dangerous wound, and presently showed his generosity by procuring the pardon of the criminal.

We now find a transaction taking place which well illustrates the importance of the man in his dual capacity of diplomatist and financier. Strange as it may seem, the crown of Naples had acquired important rights over the township of Prato, at the very gates of Florence ; which rights had been ratified to King Robert, and handed down by him to his successor. Of these the Signiory of the Republic now greatly desired the retrocession. The reason for this desire was threefold. Owing to the constant presence at Prato of Neapolitan troops, frequent collisions with those of the capital gave rise to little unpleasantnesses ; secondly, it proved inconvenient to have a friend, however good and amiable, controlling one of the most important entrances to Florence ; and lastly, most pressing perhaps of all, there were in Prato rival families, the Guazzalotti and Rinaldeschi, whose feuds and intrigues with foreign powers and alien generals constituted a real political danger to the Republic.

The moment was wisely chosen, and the diplomatist not less so. The finances of the kingdom of Naples had reached their lowest. The Tribunal Court at Rome had adjudicated that a large indemnity should be paid to King Louis of Hungary

for his expenses—in fact, to get rid of him, and to console the yet unsatisfied vengeance of his mother,—and the Pope was pressing Luigi and Joanna to pay it off as soon as it could be raised. Niccolo came to Florence.

He successfully negotiated this cession of Prato, for which the Signiory agreed to pay seventeen thousand five hundred fiorini d'oro. In June 1351 the affair was concluded at Florence, and ratified by Tommaso Corsini, Donato Acciajuoli, and Giovanni Ricci. It was then solemnly proclaimed to the joyful citizens from the Palazzo Publico.

These fresh laurels won by Niccolo in the field of diplomacy were soon to be entwined with others won in the field of arms. Although Louis of Hungary had signed the treaty of peace, and had finally quitted the scene of his ambitious exploits, various adventurers formerly in his service, fretted by their forced inaction, organised bands out of the remnants of the mercenaries, and worried the environs of Naples. At the head of the most formidable of these bands was one Bertrand de la Motte; and against him Niccolo now went out with a force of four hundred picked men. The combat was short and decisive; the band was broken up, and Bertrand fled. Naples could at last breathe in peace, and the grave merchants of Florence could carry on their business in security.

And now took place with great splendour and civic rejoicing, the long-delayed coronation of Luigi

and Joanna as King and Queen of Naples ; an occasion in which Niccolo occupied a conspicuous position, and in which fresh honours were naturally accorded him. Among many others, the Poet of Vaucluse lavished praises, congratulating him on his triumph over extraordinary difficulties, and declaring that as he had formerly been the preceptor of the King, so now he is the true maker of the kingdom.

The accumulation of properties over which he possessed signorial rights forms a longer list than we have any care or cause to detail ; but we may mention that he was Lord of Corinth, Gozzo, Malta, Amalfi, Canosa, Lucera, and perpetual Grand Senechal of the kingdom, besides fulfilling the duties of consul and special ambassador to the Florentine Republic, and commander-in-chief of the royal armies.

This wonderful man, thus combining in himself all the best qualities of a first-rate statesman and a great general, in the other relations of life was not less remarkable. He was an affectionate husband, a kind brother, a loving father. Throughout his career he remained an ardent devotee of the Church and a liberal patron of Art. Since eulogies are showered upon able and highly-educated men for fulfilling great responsibilities in days when law and order are not only clearly defined, but are as strictly observed and sustained, what shall be said of a man who in a most violent, most corrupt period is found faithful to every trust, sincere and

energetic in every undertaking, respected by his enemies, and beloved by his friends; not selfish, not wasteful,—and therefore full of true generosity; quick of eye as daring of hand; the continual favourite of powerful monarchs; the patriotic son of a great republic; and finally, although a proven warrior, specially chosen to serve the Church as a peace-maker? Such a man in very deed was Niccolo Acciajuoli.

## VI.

The war which broke out in Sicily fully occupied him in 1354, and doubtless helped him to moderate his intense grief at the loss of his son, Lorenzo. In the previous year he had made up his mind, out of sheer misery over this event, to undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and, though with difficulty, had obtained the Queen's consent. Pope Innocent, however, having become aware of the value of Niccolo, showed himself strenuously opposed to the project, which was abandoned. He was soon able to announce, in spite of serious reverses, the success of his military undertaking in Sicily, and presently he had the consequent satisfaction of seeing Joanna and Luigi solemnly crowned King and Queen of Sicily at Messina.

At this time the Emperor Charles IV. with the Empress Anne<sup>1</sup> made a notable progress in Italy,

<sup>1</sup> Anna, Duchess of Schweidnitz, whom he had wooed in Hungary.



## APPENDIX.

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TOMB OF LORENZO ACCIAJUOLI IN THE CERTOSA.





and, on his way to Rome, visited many important towns. In the Church of S. Ambrogio at Milan, Roberto Visconti had already placed upon his brows the iron crown. He was now to receive at the hands of Cardinal Bertrandi his final coronation in the Eternal City. His coming, like that of the King of Hungary, put all the vassal-princes of Italy in a flutter; and of this effect the mean monarch took very mercenary advantage. He trafficked in promises as freely as the Popes had trafficked in indulgences. What better market could he have found than Italy, —Italy, where each state was eager to oppress its needy neighbour, and all were ready to cringe to a superior power?

The relations between the Emperor's father and King Robert of Naples had been anything but friendly: moreover, the Emperor and King Louis of Hungary were now at quarrel; consequently it was of importance for the King and Queen of Naples to lose no time in placing themselves on a satisfactory footing with him. Fresh anxieties had come upon them with the liberation of the captive Princes, whose natural factiousness proved to be intensified by their joyous sense of release. Those of Durazzo now traitorously induced one of the most redoubtable of the former captains of King Louis, the Count of Lando, to re-enter the kingdom and organise a free company; and their designs proved the more successful inasmuch as a Sicilian campaign had drawn Acciajuoli with the best troops away from

Naples. That campaign, however, having been brought to a conclusion, Luigi recalled Niccolo and sent him on a sumptuous embassy to the Emperor (whose vassal the Count was), whom he found at Siena.

The wisdom of this move soon confirmed itself. Niccolo's personal qualities, and his command of financial resources, so commended him to Charles, that he invited him to Pisa,<sup>1</sup> where, at his wish, on the steps of the Duomo, he crowned his friend, Strada, as poet-laureate. But the Emperor's appreciation of Niccolo did not end there. He declared him to be the wisest and most agreeable man he had met in Italy, and made him tempting offers to come and settle in Germany to assist him in his government. These offers were all courteously declined; and Niccolo having brought about the desired relations between his sovereign and the Emperor, and having obtained the Imperial order to the Count of Lando to quit the kingdom, went to Rome to attend the coronation in his capacity of ambassador from the Court of Naples.

April 1355.

This event over, he and King Luigi paid a memorable visit to Florence, whence they now expected military assistance in settling further troubles of the kingdom. We will not pass over the critical censure meted out to Niccolo by Matteo Villani on the occasion of this grandiose state-visit to his native town.

<sup>1</sup> See Chron. Pisa, Muratori.

In their respective chronicles, the Villani evidence a truly patriotic delight in the successes of their fellow-citizen, Messer Niccolo, and deal out their praises of him in no niggardly fashion. This makes it the more certain that their hearty appreciation of his honourable career did receive some singular shock from what they considered his egregious and effeminate behaviour while in their city. Never revealing any partiality toward King Luigi, Matteo promptly credits him with the folly of these ostentatious proceedings. Remember, it is Tuscan and republican eyes looking upon royal and Neapolitan display! From his description of the strange and brilliant costumes of barons, knights, and pages, their brocades and blazonries, precious stones and pearls, their banquets, processions, and dances, one would rather have imagined that the City of Flowers had been afforded gaieties both sympathetic and very much becoming to her. We are therefore tempted to wonder whether invitations for these entertainments found their way somewhat too freely and seductively to the ladies of the Villani family! Certain it is that studious Matteo and his friends found some distinct cause for social displeasure. He sets down severely that the bright fame of Niccolo had been blurred by his vanities, and that his soft and womanish luxuries recalled the detestable doings of Sardanapalus.

Although tact and experience should certainly have warned Niccolo against committing any serious

mistake, we may make allowance for the differences characterising the courtly and ceremonious gravity of Republican Florence as compared with the more sensuous and capricious flourish of the Court of Naples. Boccaccio took the hint, too, and did not forget to make capital of these extravagances when, later on, he wrote his epistle to Francesco Nelli, Prior of the SS. Apostoli, complaining of the neglect he had suffered at the country-house of his spoiled and puffed-up friend. He professed that his early and affectionate patron had evaporated in the feudal merchant, and certainly he left nothing undone that an eloquent pen can do to wound the vanity of a man who has some right to be not a little vain.

How few men leading prosperous careers can prevent themselves in some way exhibiting self-conscious pride! Yet Acciajuoli was not a frivolous man; furthermore, we know by his will that his silks, jewels, gold ornaments, vases, and books are to go, at his decease, not to people of fashion, to kinsmen, or to gay ladies, but to the Church. He does not seem, however, to have suffered by the censures of the Villani, or to have harboured any resentment toward them. His importance and his amiability knew no barriers, but continued constantly expanding and absorbing.

On 6th April 1355 we find him writing to Jacopo Donato Acciajuoli in reference to the Certosa buildings: "La Capella della mia sepoltura voglio che si continui, e simile che si divisi una habitatione

per me, siccome per altre lictere io t'o scripto, acciò che se iddio me permettere lo fine delli miei desiderii, siccome a falto li principii e li mezzi, io trovi alla esecutione ogni materia preparata."

And in the following year again: "Ne tu, Jacobo, pensate che, perche lo laboro riesca sumptuosa assai, a me sia meno grato: imperò che tutte altri sustantie che iddio me ave concesute rimanerano a li posterì, e non so a cui; solo lo dicto monisterio con tutti li suoi adornamenti sarà mio in ogni tempo, e fara più essere verzcanti e duraturo lo mio nome in costesta cittate. E, se l'anima è immortale, come dice Mons. lo Cancelliero, la mia anima di ciò sarà letificante, dovunque ordinato è che debia andare.

"Tutto il vostro intendimento sia a fortificare lo monasterio; e se le petre che abisognievanno cavare si cavassono in parte che ne riuscisse uno foxo davante lo muro, savia optima cosa. . . . Fate murare sforzatamente, e impromtate denari, imperò che tosto ve ne manderò dì di Quaresima."

Having become thus familiar with the charm of bricks and mortar, and moreover intimate with great architects, Niccolo now indulges himself by building a beautiful Gothic castle at Lettere, in the Val Gragnano, the remains of which have been noticed by many, now-a-days, while driving from Castellamare to La Cava. It commanded a far-off glimpse of the blue bay, and the cloud-shadows that empurple the flanks of Vesuvius.

He writes, therefore, in a happy frame of mind, to his Prior at the Certosa, and to Messer Niccolo Soderini: 'I have found close to Nocera a quiet, lovely spot in the midst of a forest of chestnut trees, where also is plenty of running water. It is the abode of health, and is well supplied with fruit-trees; and here, God willing, during the overpowering heat of summer, I intend to build my country-house. It was formerly sanctified by the presence of a monastery, but nobody hereabouts can recollect that period.

'At Naples the plague is rampant and the mortality frightful. May it be given to us to live and to die equally well! Pray for us!'

The year 1360 was destined to prove a very memorable one both to Italy, to the Church, and to Acciajuoli. War was raging 'twixt the Pope and the ambitious tyrant of Milan, and the main object of dispute was the sovereignty of the city of Bologna, then held for the Pope by Giovanni da Oleggio, supported by that astutest of martial ecclesiastics, Cardinal Albornoz, and his two nephews. It was a war of fury and defiance, full of the wildest freaks of treachery and revenge. The fiery interdicts of Innocent were answered by as fiery insults, followed by most exasperating reprisals. Able to defy the Pope, backed by strong forces, and allied by marriages to the most influential monarchs of Europe, Bernabo Visconti felt he had nothing to fear in a struggle, which in all probability would

extend his dominion, or at least increase the fear entertained of him by the other Italian tyrants.

At this crisis Cardinal Albornoz advised the Pope to have recourse to the one man living who might contrive a solution of the difficulties; and accordingly Innocent, learning that Acciajuoli was in Florence, promptly invited him to Avignon. On his arrival there, Niccolo was received with almost kingly honours, which culminated in the Pope conferring upon him the Golden Rose. Among other things, Innocent consulted him in reference to an expedition against the Turks, who had become exceedingly troublesome, and we know that Niccolo's manifold interest in the Levant must have rendered his judgment in the matter of grave importance.

But the main motive of his visit to Avignon, and the main result of it, was that he now became Papal envoy extraordinary to the tyrant of Milan, authorised to suspend the interdict and to treat of peace. Meanwhile, through his prudent counsels, Innocent concluded defensive treaties with the Emperor and with King Louis of Hungary.

Bernabo Visconti received Niccolo in a fashion very different from that in which he had received previous Papal envoys. In short, respectful words were exchanged, concessions were made on both sides, banquets were given, the interdict was removed, and a tolerable understanding for the future was arrived at.

While at Milan he paid a visit to his old ac-



quaintance Petrarch, who, in a letter to Zanobio Strada, thus describes him:—‘Your Mæcenas has come to treat with my Augustus, and has been twice to see me. Neither the number of his visits, the multitude of his affairs, nor the distance could prevent him. This great man came to my remote dwelling, and entered my little house as Pompey entered that of the philosopher Posidonius, the fasces downward, his head uncovered, and bowing with respect. What could an inhabitant of Parnassus further do were he to enter the temple of Apollo and the Muses? This generous deference touched me and certain others who followed him almost to tears. Such was the nobleness of his air, the softness of his manner, and the dignity of his expressions, preceded by a short spell of silence, that it was more effectual than words. We conversed upon all manner of subjects, and spoke especially about you. He looked at my books, stayed a long time, and went away reluctantly. He has so highly honoured my abode, that not only Romans and Florentines, but every lover of the sciences now pays homage to it. His presence, his noble face, has spread joy and peace in this regal city. He has fulfilled the favour he ever expressed for me, and his presence has increased rather than diminished the idea I had of him. How happy you must be to have such a friend! Addio! Remember me!’

A year or so later, the laurelled Strada, poet and apostolic secretary, fell victim to a fresh outbreak

of the plague, and Niccolo then writes of his dead friend: 'The world has lost a man who has not had his fellow for a thousand years. I except only Francesco Petrarca.'

Not long after this event, Niccolo offers the various offices held by Strada at the court of Naples to his friend the Prior of the SS. Apostoli, who consequently goes to pay him a visit, not at Lettere, but at his palace at Amalfi. Thence the Prior writes to Petrarch, entreating him, too, to come thither, and enjoy the superb hospitality of his Mæcenas. 'Do you desire solitude? Here are deserts that seem both by nature and art to have been designed for poets. Do you desire to relax the severe tension of study by the social delights of towns? Amalfi is on our right, and to our left lies Salerno. Do you love the sea? We are on its shores; near enough to throw in nets, and then count the fishes they enclose. I do not speak of the lovely gardens around, exceeding in beauty and trimness any others in Italy. In the middle of a delicious vale (Val Dragone) a stream pours its limpid waters murmuringly over bright pebbles. The glorious villas, scattered on all sides, seem to rise out of the very rocks, rather than to be merely the handiwork of man. The air is delicate, and the soil yields luscious fruits. Briefly, I tell you that here are combined all those things, both native and foreign, which can charm the senses.'

It was not, however, at this chateau that Boccaccio

Nov. 1361.

a little later endured the slights of which he so caustically complains in his letter to Nelli, but in the sumptuous palace of the Grand Seneschal, at Naples itself. Once more, while recurring to this subject, let us make allowance for the inflamed imagination of the hyper-sensitive poet! On the face of things it is really incredible that his old friend Niccolo, who lived in such style, and who was on intimate terms with Petrarch, Barrile, and Strada, having especially invited him, can knowingly have lodged him in a dark, meanly-furnished cabinet, and can have fed him at the table of his scullions and muleteers. Tanfani lays the blame of the quarrel upon Francesco Nelli, Niccolo's steward, and attributes it to Nelli's influence with his master, and his jealousy of Boccaccio. This seems not improbable. At any rate, let us suppose, at the worst, that they fell out over some argument, and that Niccolo would not give way, or that, instead of recovering his equanimity, the poet obstinately indulged a fanciful petulance? Have not similar things happened over and over again 'twixt other poets and their less imaginative but more practical friends? Giovanni, we doubt not, had his less pleasing side; for had not his personal friends and fellow-poets, all of them, occasional tiffs with him, not even excepting his beloved master, Petrarch?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Buchon, *Nouvelles Recherches*, 1843; and Tanfani, 'Niccolo Acciajuoli,' Firenze, 1863; also, *Letters of Boccaccio*, Firenze, 1827.

At any rate, the poet was tempted before long to return to Naples, where Queen Joanna herself fully compensated him for his supposed slights by completely spoiling him. The Queen 'wished to attach him to her service for life, and made him the most liberal offers.'

In May 1362 the 'separator of all friends' smote down Niccolo's life-long friend and royal master, King Luigi of Taranto, upon whose head Niccolo had himself placed the crown of Sicily. This must have been a great blow to him, and not only a great blow, but a severe trial; for at a juncture when his time was literally packed with other responsibilities, the whole burden of the government thus fell upon him and a certain Niccolo Alunno.

He himself survived this event barely three years. Matteo Palmieri, his very cursory biographer, has given currency to the story of the foretelling of his death by that royal and hysterical disturber of kingdoms, St. Bridget of Sweden,<sup>1</sup> who, at this period, was enjoying the hospitality of Niccolo's sister, Lapa Buondelmonte, at Naples. We have shown in another place how, in return for kindness in confirming her Order of nuns, she prophesied the death of Urban V. Her special talent seems to have lain in this uncomfortable direction.

As an agreeable surprise and attractive proof of

<sup>1</sup> Born 1303. Married Ulf Gudmarson at the age of fourteen. He died 1344, and in 1349 she first visited Rome, where she died in 1373. *Vide* Hammerich, 'Den Hellige Birgitta og Kirken i Norden,' 1863.

her prophetic and political gifts, this gloomy mother of eight one morning announced to her hostess that her beloved brother was destined to die very shortly. Lapa, infinitely distressed, at once went out to seek him, and found him in conference with Queen Joanna, apparently in perfect health. A few days later he sickened and died.<sup>1</sup>

Nov. 8, 1365.

The body of Niccolo was embalmed, and conveyed by his sons Angelo and Benedetto, with superb honours, to the Certosa at Florence—to the beautiful crypt whither his beloved Lorenzo, and his own father, had gone before him; which may be seen to this day by any visitor to the City of Flowers.

Thus passed away the sturdiest champion of the State. In the varying degrees of threatening gloom or ominous darkness which enveloped the throne of Naples during the first years of Queen Joanna's reign, it had always been the luminous figure of this one monumental man which stood out relieved in clear and pure lines. In presence of the hopeless misery of a weak and savagely-invaded people, in the desperate panic caused by the most terrible pestilence recorded in modern history, in the furious tempest of intestine warfare, we have watched the wisdom and right arm of this sane and splendid personage steering the noble ship of state, and

<sup>1</sup> Ubaldini vaguely states in one place that the Saint (as a *tour de force*) foretold his death many years beforehand. But both Ubaldini and Matteo Palmieri are frequently unreliable.

triumphantly bringing her into less perilous waters, and finally a fair haven.

Against such a man the elements themselves even seem to fight in vain, since they are obliged to contribute so very directly to his glory. It is as difficult to make him cease hoping as it is to make him begin to fear. Acciajuoli lived and ruled in the days of the Despots, but was never one of them. In the ferment of national corruption he remained pure, and kept true to himself and his sovereign. In constant peril of his life by wars, adventures, and treacheries, he either steadily refused to recognise the fact or ignored it. What monarch, indeed, before or since, has possessed such a jewel of a minister? What woman, so prompt and perfect a champion? What nation, so firm, so faithful a friend?

Yet do people—the annual thousands of people—who visit Florence now-a-days, give one single thought or remembrance to this great, because pure, son of hers? Even of those thousands who flock out in carriages and tramways to the Certosa which he caused to be built, and wherein he now lies grandly at rest, we venture to say few ever have even heard of him; yet they have all learned to recall with most undue rapture the memories of the prize-boars of that princely sty of Medici, whose odour of greed, blood, and lust still make those men sicken who can smile at the atrocities of Claudius or Caligula, and who to-morrow, perhaps, will forget the villanies of Carrier and Coup-tête.

But Time, who has wrought this wrong, can also right it, and the day will come when, in speaking of the noblest types of Italian character and genius, one of the first names that will spring, winged with its own light and sweet with its own sound, from the lips of the utterer, will be the name of Niccolo Acciajuoli.

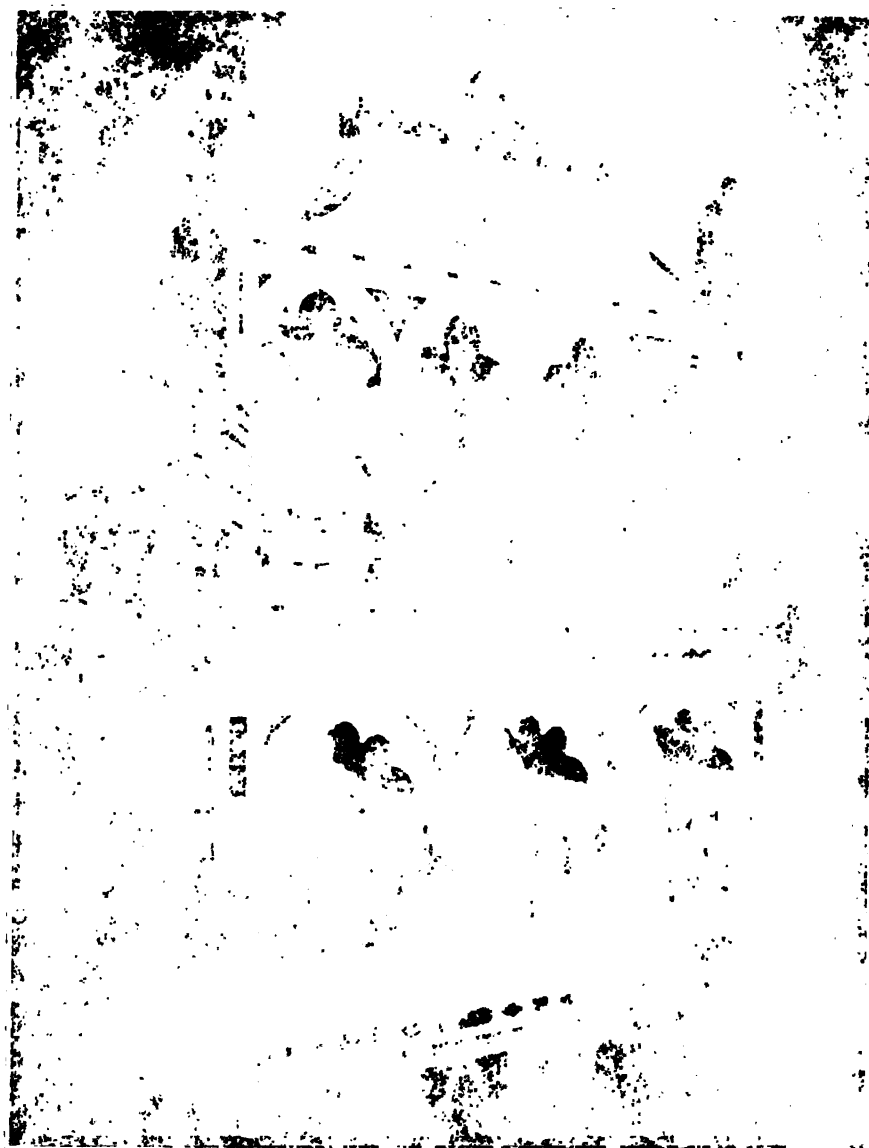
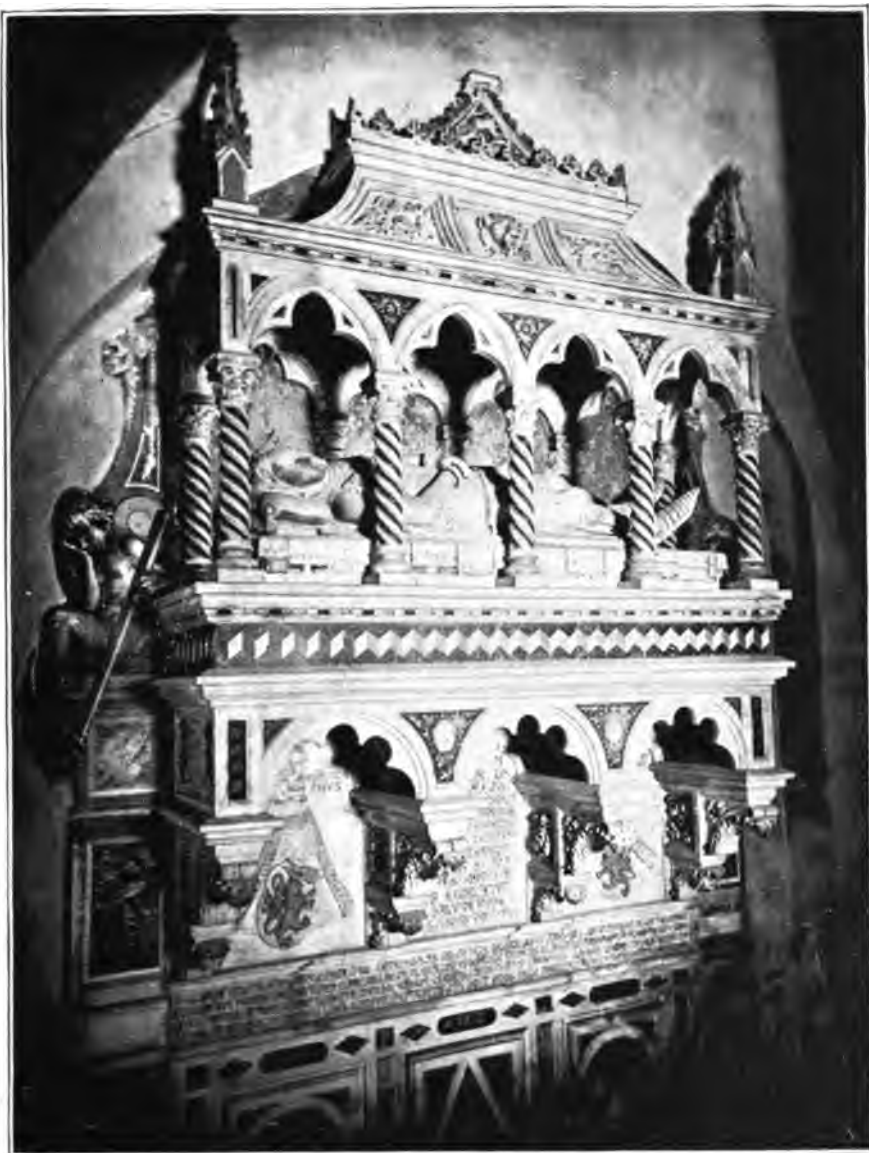


FIGURE 1. DEBRIS FIELD, 1000 YD. DIA.



out full.

is wrong, can also  
be right, in speaking of  
"ectel" and genius,  
"spring winged war"  
its own sound, &  
the name of Niccolò



TOMB OF NICCOLO ACCIAJUOLI IN THE CERTOSA.



## QUEEN JOANNA AND JAMES OF MAJORCA.

(1362-1375).

### I.



WE now approach another period of the life of the beautiful but ill-fated heiress to King Robert's dominions. We have seen the cruel wounds of her early married life healed by the love of a brave prince and the consoling friendship of two successive pontiffs. The balance of power has been held in the Queen's favour against very troublesome enemies. She has undergone never-to-be-forgotten sorrows. Tragedy has swept through her realm—ay, through the very doors and passages of her palaces—has clung even at her silken girdle; but she has survived, is now both wiser, nobler, and stronger, in the full bloom of beautiful womanhood. The years have rolled by like successive storms of thunder; but life has been made lovelier for the sweetness by them beaten out of it. None can be more conscious than herself of the use and influence of a good husband. His love, intelligence, and personal prowess have enabled her to support and endure the burthen of incessant trials.

Not least among the delights of life, especially in that battling period, were the gentle pursuits of Art and Literature. The world was credulous rather than religious. The desperate blackness of the age seems to have been, as it were, mated to its opposite, and to have begotten brilliant spiritual light. Blind shocks of sword and shield seem to have struck sparks of intellectual fire that illumined palpable darkness. The poets and painters appear almost to have spread mystical balms, half-pagan, half-christian, upon the wounds of the time. Under the stormy and blood-stained billows of political affairs lived a rapt calm, full of beautiful dreams of things, and here and there arose to the surface one who, syren-like, could sing of them with a perfect music that had the exquisite effect of supernatural charm ; something far more potent than those vague mysteries of Alchemy, or the doubtful wonders of Astrology. Such was the divine influence of Poesy—the quickening glory of that re-aspiring art.

There were plagues, earthquakes, continuous wars ; tortures, treacheries, and superstitions, darkening even that Southern sunshine as with doom. In fact, reading in the chronicles of those days, it becomes difficult to believe that the skies then were as blue as they are now, or to realise that the evening constellations were no less radiant than they are now-a-days. Nevertheless, it was through this state of strife and gloom that the genii of art and imagina-

tion breathed and brightened. Hand in hand went these lovely spirits of pleasure and pity, leaving frescoes, poems, and cathedrals to rise up wherever fell their tears of joy or sorrow. At first, men wondered and stared, and then passionately loved. For these influences were found to be not the enemies of religion, but the sincerest friends of Man; and thus Man once more began to apprehend their profound significance.

Inheriting, in a great degree, from her grandsire the worship of Justice and the Beautiful, the Queen of Naples over and above other monarchs was marked out for a career of love, wisdom, and peace; for clear natural actions and wise tranquil dominion. Instead, what do we see? What had fate in store for her? Alas! we find a proud, handsome, and courageous lady, from no fault of her own, exposed to constant and most bewildering perils; her crown coveted by treacherous kinsmen, her son and heir kidnapped and dying in captivity, and her realm continually worried by human wolves. Listening to Petrarch's eloquence, to Strada's poems, or to the musical literary pictures of Boccaccio, she is liable at any moment to be terrified with news that the hated Hungarian has landed with a fresh swarm of assassins and is sacking her cities; or that certain of her jealous relatives or rebellious barons have murdered a protégé, or have been tormenting some loyal or lovely corner of her realm into menial submission; or else that for dark purposes of their

own they have been blasting her good name with some forced story of unnatural crime.

As long as King Luigi was alive, however, she was not left alone. He and Acciajuoli, between them, knew not merely how to judge of these troubles, but how to deal with their contrivers. Birth and a wise training had made the King a master of Apulian and Angevine politics, and he had become a man reliable in word and deed, fully justifying the wisdom of her marital choice. But this husband, who had guided the Queen through fifteen years of difficulties, and had not scrupled to challenge her chief enemy, King Louis of Hungary, to a personal duel, was doomed to a comparatively early death. On Ascension Day, after a short pilgrimage to Salerno and Amalfi, King Luigi died of a fever in his forty-third year, and was buried beside his mother, Catherine, in the monastery church of Monte-Vergine, near Avellino.

May 26, 1362.

This event was, of course, felt to be a national sorrow as well as a political calamity. Even Innocent VI., who had been furious with the King for the excessive expenditure caused by his share in the troubles with Frederic III.<sup>1</sup> in Sicily, was grieved at his death, and held a solemn memorial service at Avignon. No want of sympathy, therefore, intensified the grief and loneliness of the Queen. On the contrary, her capricious subjects effusively showed themselves her friends, and broke

<sup>1</sup> See notes from the Chronicle of Zurita.

out with undissembled sorrow at her feet. With a more stable people such a demonstration at such a moment might have been valued above all calculation. It must have been an additional pain to her to have now to discount it.

Among those presently at her side, however, was one whose condolence must have proved especially sympathetic. This was the Abbot of St. Victor at Marseilles, who had been sent by Innocent to convey his religious consolations. He was, doubtless, told also to look about him while at Naples, and mark the management of affairs. If, however, he thought fit to advise or suggest anything, he evidently saw nothing to merit censure; for he was soon filled with but one desire, and that was to win the friendship of the noble lady with whom he now found himself in sacred and political contact.

That month of May, in which died King Luigi, proved to be a peculiarly fateful month to many important people. Within a short time the prudent Innocent himself was sumptuously interred at Ville-neuve. The Cardinals met to elect his successor, and the choice of the Conclave, after much bickering, fell unexpectedly upon the journeying Abbot of St. Victor, who, having fulfilled his mission to Naples, was on his way back to Avignon, *via* Florence. In the latter city he is reported to have stated to an inquirer that he should die a happy man if a Pope were elected who would restore the Holy See to Rome and quell the tyrants of



Romagna. In November he himself received the triple crown.

But if the widowed Queen was happy in the knowledge of having founded a valuable friendship with the successor of Innocent,—happy in the faithful and able services at home of her politic chancellor, Niccolo Acciajuoli,—in the consoling society of poets and painters,—in her charities, which were numerous and constant,—and lastly, not leastly, in the companionship of Margaret, her adopted niece, she was also not unaware that grave anxieties of the old vexatious kind hung threateningly in the air, already so darkened by the King's death.

Philip of Taranto, her brother-in-law, now the third husband of her sister the Duchess Mary, seems to have felt a strong twinge of the hereditary covetousness. Coming to Naples ostensibly to offer sympathetic assistance, he appears to have assumed an attitude of meddling co-operation. This, however, the Queen was prepared to repress. Acciajuoli and her council forcibly seconded her desire for personal independence, and the Prince ultimately retired very ill-pleased to his own territory. There, two years afterwards, his wife dying, it became absolutely necessary for the Queen to arrange for securing the succession.

With a view to this now all-important object, she had long wished to adopt little Charles, the son of the rebel Louis of Durazzo, and nephew of the Duke

whom the King of Hungary had so summarily slain at Aversa. His only other uncle, Robert, had fallen on the field of Poitiers six years previously; and his mother, Margaret of Corigliano,<sup>1</sup> had predeceased his father. The Queen was free to fulfil her wish; consequently a fresh interest came into her life, and to him she devoted every effort. Moreover, she designed to bring him up in the society of the cousin he was destined to marry, namely, the previously adopted Margaret. 1362.

Queen Joanna, however, was but thirty-six years of age, and still exceptionally attractive in person as in disposition. All Europe saw what a peculiarly difficult situation was hers, and with how much she had to contend; and amidst their own troubles other monarchs could not but become interested, one way or another, in the golden crown that circled the beautiful brows of Naples. Consequently, long before the period then allotted to widowhood had elapsed, important proposals of marriage began to arrive. Chief among these was one from John, King of France, then a captive at the Savoy, in London, not, of course, on his own account, but on behalf of his son Philip, Duke of Burgundy. The Duke, by his father's advice, therefore, went to Avignon to win over Urban V. to his cause. But Urban gently pointed out to him that Queen Joanna was many years his senior, and that even if he should prove acceptable to her, he would be un-

<sup>1</sup> Born a San Severini.

able to occupy any but a purely nominal position in her kingdom.

The reader will at this point, we trust, indulge us for an apparent digression, which it is necessary to make.

A branch of the house of Aragon had been invested with the kingdom of Majorca, which James (the Conqueror) had seized in 1239; and a younger brother (James) of Pedro III. of Aragon, had been allowed in consequence to take the title of King of Majorca, inheriting along with it the family titles of Count of Rousillon and Montpellier. The assumption of this kingly title, added to the other dignities, however, proved to be a source of continual complication with the parent throne of Aragon. James I. fell fighting in defence of his sovereignty in 1311. His grandson, James II.,<sup>1</sup> succeeded to his title, and lost his life in war with his brother-in-law and cousin, Pedro IV. of Aragon. 'It is said that he incurred the implacable hatred of Don Pedro in consequence of a Majorcan squire giving the horse of the "ceremonious" king a cut with his whip in a contemptuous manner as that monarch was making his public entry into Avignon.'<sup>2</sup> Have we not already seen that this James, King of Majorca, was present at the Papal tribunal at Avignon, when Clement VI. established the innocence of the Queen of Naples?

<sup>1</sup> See notes from Zurita.

<sup>2</sup> Finlay, *History of Greece*, vol. iv. p. 218, note.

In 1349 the war betwixt Aragon and Majorca culminated in a desperate battle at Lluch-Major, in which the King of Majorca, being felled from his horse, was surrounded and slain.<sup>1</sup> In order to provide the expenses for this war, the county of Montpellier had been sold to Philip, King of France, so that the territorial claim of the dead king's son (also James) applied only to the Balearic Isles, and to Rousillon, by Narbonne. But in the same battle this prince, being wounded in the face, was himself taken prisoner, after which he was removed in safe custody to Barcelona.<sup>2</sup> While pining in durance for years, many foreign sovereigns had become interested in his fate. Pope Innocent had even made serious efforts through Cardinal Albornoz to secure his freedom; but hitherto King Pedro had managed to evade compliance. The captive prince, in course of time, learned of these kind, but futile, efforts in his behalf.

In the middle of the night of the 1st of May 1362 (the King of Aragon being away at Perpignan), with the aid of some of the officials in the castle, the Prince joyfully effected his escape. A certain Jaime de San-Clemente, Precentor of Barcelona, who had charge of the Prince's affairs, came to see 'Don Jayme,' and using false keys, opened the secret doors of the castle. He and his adherents then and

<sup>1</sup> See notes from Zurita.

<sup>2</sup> See note on the captivity of the Infante of Majorca, in the translations from Zurita, appended.

there killed Niccolo Rovira, the captain of the guard, drew out the Infante, and soon placed him beyond danger. As war 'twixt Pedro the Cruel of Castile and this Pedro IV. of Aragon was then threatening, the Infante—whom many pitied, especially in neighbouring Rousillon—found no great difficulty in making his way to Naples, to the throne of which he was doubly related through a sister and a wife of King Robert.

In the year 1364, then, her councillors, for the better protection of the kingdom, as well as in the hope that she might yet give an heir to her dominions, advised Queen Joanna to marry a third time. Her choice, most unfortunately, fell upon this ill-starred James, titular King of Majorca; and yielding to the perhaps disappointing stipulation that he could at most hold the title of Duke of Calabria, he was united to the Queen.

Years of exasperating imprisonment, with an inordinate sense of the value of his inheritance preying upon his mind, had infected the very life-blood of James, now, however, made to tingle pleasantly by the thought that if he might but win his father's throne he should afterwards come back with greater personal advantage to Naples.

With certain men the sense of suffered wrong in their youth, instead of wearing away with maturity, often becomes a positive passion, as sure and recurrent in its display as any of the other passions. Memory and imagination nourish it more

rapidly than the healthy action of the will can waste or control. It is, nevertheless, frequently mistaken for a mere crank, or accidental warp in the temper of the individual, and treated by the observer as if it were the curious outcome of a weak or morbid moment. If closely watched, however, we venture to assert that it will be found to possess labyrinthine roots which entwine and modify the growth and development of the entire character, in the most aggressive manner. It will then be proved to be not temporary but chronic, not accidental but organic. It was from a passion of this kind King James suffered.

After a brief period of repose at Naples, the war between Aragon and Castile irresistibly attracted him, and in 1365 (probably against the serious counsels of his Queen and of Pope Urban) he left his wife, in order to avenge himself upon the usurper of his kingdom.

First of all he went to Provence, in order to obtain the Papal sanction to his project of making war. In this politic move we see the wise advice of the Queen. Having obtained this permission, James wandered about in France, canvassing the assistance of various nobles and adventurers toward his design. In this object he was but too successful. The desired material was to hand in almost any quantity.

The war had broken out between the Kings of Navarre and Castile and the King of Aragon; and

Of 1365. it happened that Edward, the Black Prince, was spending Christmas at Bordeaux, preparatory to his descent into Spain in aid of his faithless friend, King Pedro of Castile. To Bordeaux, therefore, went King James, in order to make the acquaintance of this renowned English warrior, and his wife, who was shortly expecting to become a mother. To them he recounted his peculiarly pitiful history, his father's death in battle, his own long ill-treatment by the King of Aragon, and his recent brilliant marriage, which, however, promised little toward the recovery of his kingdom; and finally, he made known to them his burning desire for vengeance.

According to Froissart, the Black Prince was much impressed by the man and his recital, for he not only promised to reinstate him in his paternal possessions, but finding him badly provided, he gave him such necessities as befitted his kingly rank.

On 13th April of the following year, Joanna, Princess of Wales, gave birth to a son, and at the christening in St. Andrew's Church by the Archbishop of Bordeaux, James, King of Majorca, stood godfather to the infant prince—afterwards Richard II. of England.

This interesting event over, the Black Prince commenced his famous undertaking on behalf of Pedro of Castile, and therefore descended with his army by way of Bayonne and Fuentarabia, till, being joined by the kings of Castile and Navarre,

he finally encamped at the city of Pampeluna. The King of Navarre amiably permitted the armies to pass through his territory,—an unwise concession, of which, owing to the flagrant outrages committed by the lawless English, Bretons, and Gascons, he afterwards had good reason to repent.

The King of Aragon now secured the services of Bertrand du Guesclin, who, by the secret assistance of Charles V. of France, had obtained a large body of mercenaries. With this force he had recently overawed Urban at Avignon itself, and had even exacted from him not merely tribute, but subsequent absolution for the crime. But these were not the only forces opposing the advance of the Black Prince and King Pedro. Henry of Trastamare, natural brother of that monarch, having been long anxious to wrest the crown from him, had taken advantage of the flight of his brother to the English camp, and caused himself to be crowned at Burgos. He now advanced with an army as far as Lograno, near Navarete, where a battle resulted, in which he was totally defeated, and Du Guesclin for the second time was made prisoner by the Black Prince,—‘the King of Majorca fighting and acquitting himself right valiantly.’<sup>1</sup>

April 1367.

Again established on his throne, the ungrateful Pedro, as is well known, broke every article of his agreement with the Black Prince, and promising to return and pay for the help he had received, he

<sup>1</sup> Froissart.



left the wretched army to sicken with the 'infective air of the country,' which toward summer it veritably did,—the Black Prince, the King of Majorca, and all.

When, however, the treachery of Pedro came to be surmised by the Prince, he took decisive measures to lead his ailing demoralised army out of Spain, and the King of Majorca being still sick, he sent to him Sir John Chandos and Sir Hugh Courtenay, to acquaint him with his intended departure, and to ask him if he intended to do likewise. The King replied, 'I thank greatly the Prince, but at this present time I cannot ride or remove till it please God.' Then the knights said, 'Sir, will you that my lord the Prince shall leave with you a certain number of men to wait and conduct you when you be able to ride?' 'Nay, surely,' quoth the King, 'it shall not need; for I know not how long it will be ere I be able to ride.' And so they departed, and returned to the Prince, showing him what they had done. 'Well,' said the Prince, 'as it please God and him, so be it.'<sup>1</sup>

When the English retired, the towns they had taken for King Pedro willingly resubmitted to Henry of Trastamare; but when this prince learned that the King of Majorca was lying helpless at Valladolid, he resolved to go thither and make him his prisoner, and, by so doing, reimburse himself for his severe expenses by demanding a suitable ransom.

<sup>1</sup> Froissart.

Says Froissart: 'As soon as the King was entered into the town, he demanded where the King of Majorca was? The which was showed him. Then the King entered into the chamber where he lay, not fully whole of his disease. Then the King went to him and said, "Sir King of Majorca, you have been our enemy and have invaded this our realm of Castile with a great army; wherefore, we set our hands on you; therefore yield yourself as our prisoner, or else you are but dead." And when the King of Majorca saw himself in that case, and that no defence would help him, he said, "Sir King, truly am I but dead, if that it please you; and, sir, gladly I yield me unto you, but to none other. Therefore, sir, if your mind be to put me into any other man's hands, show it me; for I had rather die than to be put into the hands of my bitter enemy, the King of Aragon." "Sir," said the King, "fear you not; I will do you but right; if I did otherwise, I were to blame. You shall be my prisoner, either to acquit you, or to ransom you at my pleasure." Thus was the King of Majorca taken by King Henry, and caused him to be well kept there; and then he rode further to the city of Leon in Spain, the which, incontinent, was opened against him.'

When the news of his capture and of the ransom demanded reached Queen Joanna, and his sister Isabel, Marchioness of Montferrat, at Naples, they used every available means for raising the money, sixty thousand doubloons, and having done

so, they despatched it to King Henry. 'The which ransom these two ladies paid so courteously, that King Henry was well content.'

The King of Aragon, meanwhile, had used every effort to induce Henry not to liberate his captive, bidding the Archbishop of Saragossa ask King Henry to exchange his royal prisoner for the Count of Rivagorsa, whom he held. Henry, however, fulfilled his word, received the payment, and speeded James to the King of Navarre, who forwarded him to Orthes in the territory of the Count de Foix, whence he was enabled to make his way to Avignon, and so finally to Naples.<sup>1</sup>

But the flood of his misfortunes was unable to quench the life-passion of King James for vengeance on the family tyrant; and consequently, in 1371 we find him once more at Avignon, where Gregory XI. now reigns, entreating that Pope likewise to help him recover his heritage. After a short sojourn there, he again sets out with a cosmopolitan little army of twelve hundred men, under command of Sir Gracien du Chatel, Sir John Malestroit, Sylvester Budes, and Jacques de Bray.

With these, by consent of its amenable King, he again entered Navarre, and thence soon overran Aragon, 'and took little fortresses,'<sup>2</sup> and sore-travailed the plain country, and ransomed men and took prisoners. . . . And while this war thus begun, cruel and fell, King James of Majorca fell sick again.

<sup>1</sup> See notes from Zurita.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

in the vale of Soria, of the which sickness he died ; and so thereby the Aragoneses had peace and rest for a great season after ; and the companions that had made war departed and returned into France.’<sup>1</sup>

The King was buried in the monastery of St. Francis at Soria in the year 1375.

We here feel it a duty to state that this testimony entirely confutes certain of the fragmentary statements about his career and its close made by the author of the ‘History of Joanna, Queen of Naples,’ as well as the statements of Mrs. Jameson (who both copy from Costanzo and Giannone), which, by the supposed death of James, make Queen Joanna a widow for twelve years.<sup>2</sup> Crivelli also, in his brief Life of the Queen Joanna,<sup>3</sup> falls into similar mistakes : ‘Giovanna rimase in viduita per alcuni anni ; e deliberata di non piu rimaritarsi.’ The truth was, that as soon as the necessary mourning for the death of King James enabled her, the Queen, in her fifty-second year, gladly married her fourth, and perhaps most excellent husband, Otho, Duke of Brunswick. This event took place on the Feast of Pentecost,<sup>4</sup> 1376.

<sup>1</sup> Froissart, Lord Berner’s translation.

<sup>2</sup> It is not a little curious that all the writers on the subject have fallen into this error.

<sup>3</sup> Padova, 1832.

<sup>4</sup> This was evidently a favourite feast-day with the House of Anjou, as with so many other royal families.

## II.

Our digression is ended. We have now observed the career of this unfortunate prince, like a moth or a molten meteor, whirling madly to its ruin, love—if he can be supposed to have felt its influence at all—proving but as a momentary consideration, or means to another end. He has sacrificed the comfort and tranquillity of a healthy affection to the lawless fervour of a vague revenge,—the love and beauty of a tender woman to the gratification of an impotent chagrin. He has fluttered with fiery wings from Italy through all beautiful Southern France, and at last has drowned himself in the red waves of Spanish war. His fatuity has eaten him up.

But what of the wise and amiable Queen he has so selfishly deserted, with whose peace he has played, and whose purse has been pinched to obtain his ransom? How have the valued years been passing with her? The political objects, at any rate, of her marriage to James have been hopelessly defeated. She has had no husband beside her as formerly, to keep in hand the reins of Apulian government; and she has not given birth to a child.

For the first two years after her marriage she still enjoyed the mature counsel of her powerful chancellor, Niccolo Acciajuoli; but he falling ill in 1365, has followed his master, and thus

another loss has been added to her long sum of sorrows.

The Queen, indeed, has reason to look out mournfully over the waves, although they play around the rocky feet of the Castello dell' Ovo just as they played when she was a little child. Care does not darken them; pain and death do not stain or shadow them. Monte d'Oro, above the gentle coast-line of Sorrento, still stretches his luxuriant curves in the sunshine. The straight cliffs of dreamy distant Capri hang like an eternal rose-garland in the soft west, and glow just as brightly as when her heart was fresh and her brow was undelved by those envious little parallels.

We may divide the Queen's later enemies into two distinct categories. Firstly, there are those who, under one pretext or another, wished to pillage her dominions; and secondly, there are those who have desired to win her affections, but have failed. Other enemies (saving always her aged Hungarian mother-in-law), she has none; and in all her constant and necessary intimacy with illustrious envoys and ministers, it is significant that none of them breathes against her one word of slander.

All the social calumnies anent her which have been copied and handed on from old but untrustworthy sources, may in her case, at least, be safely ascribed either to political reasons, or to the blind confusion already alluded to, between her and her great-niece, Joanna the second.

But whatever political troubles may annoy, whatever domestic sorrows may oppress her, she possesses one stronghold which is both mightier and more beautiful than the frescoed Castello dell' Ovo ; —which is full of friendships that do not die, which is made even sturdier by the waves of that ocean of fate that so incessantly beat upon it ; and that supreme stronghold is her religion. Seasons with their joys or their calamities may come and go ; her friends may pass away, like the beloved shadows that they seem to be ; she will live and enjoy with those who remain whatever is left of her ardent nature. She will neglect no duty to her subjects, no opportunity of improving her kingdom, no loving responsibility toward the children of her adoption ; but also she will not for a day, if possibly for an hour, forget her devotion to One who suffered still more terrible things than herself at the hands of the tyrants of this world. To the Church of the Incoronata is now added Oderisio's (?) last fresco, representing the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Therein her dying Luigi is figured receiving it at the hands of the priest.

Her well-founded friendship with Urban V. has already stood her in good stead. That it was a personal friendship there is no reason to doubt, although his possession of a city in the midst of the Queen's Provençal vassals provided a necessity for their amicable relationship.

Urban had no sooner assumed the tiara than he

made known, in no uncertain manner, his views with regard to the redoubtable Visconti. Their numerous alliances with the Houses of Austria, France, Bavaria, and presently with that of England,<sup>1</sup> had, it seemed, added to their ambition and arrogance seven spirits (not wives) worse than the first. Bernabo Visconti appeared to himself, as to his kinsfolk, the veritable lord of the universe. Milan was his Rome. He had made ridicule of the Holy See in various hateful ways, and with apparent impunity. He had locked an archbishop in prison; he had burned priests alive; he had bored the ears of certain preaching friars with hot wires, and had forced them in public to blaspheme or anathematise the Pope. Against this tyrant Urban now proclaimed, and endeavoured to organise, a crusade; yet, after a lavish expenditure of fury on both sides, Bernabo contrived to conciliate him by giving up a resuscitated claim to the city of Bologna, which, therefore, Cardinal Albornoz continued to occupy.

For the bettering of his desire to curb rampant despots of this kind, who, in one way or another, ravaged both the territories of his allies and the patrimony of St. Peter, Urban resolved to end the Babylonian captivity, and restore the Papacy to Rome. He had now, too, become fully aware that fulminations from beyond the Maritime Alps had lost their potency, and were looked upon as mere

<sup>1</sup> Lionel, Duke of Clarence, marries Violante, daughter of Gian Galeazzo Visconti.



sheet-lightning. Stern Albornoz, do what he would or could, had found himself scarcely able to cope with successive combinations of intriguing and defiant autocrats, who inspired their wavering followers against him by identifying the Pope in their minds with alien, instead of with Italian, politics.

At this critical period, as is well known, hordes of Bretons, English, and Gascons, trained in the late sanguinary wars between France and England, were roving in quest of adventure or rewarding campaigns. Every prince who had a grievance against his neighbour, or who wanted one, took advantage of the presence of those well-armed and well-trained foreigners. As a still more potent charm to the witches' pot, now bubbling over with horrors in Italy, had been added the Hungarian and German importations of King Louis.

Of these enterprising mercenaries, who, as we have shown, had also been a serious and expensive nuisance to his predecessor at Avignon, Urban, like other rulers, at last took advantage. Italy bristled with condottiere, both native and alien; but as the Church had not seen fit to make use of them, the more important had by this time become the breast-works of her foes. These professional generals, however, had no especial scruple or sentiment in regard to those who employed them. The Venetians, the Sieneſe, and the Florentines were viewed by them only as so many customers, and their services were welcome to the giver of the highest

wages. Moreover, as all of them were obviously united by the sympathetic bond of a common profession, their employers had found it necessary to appoint critical overseers, or *provedditori*, whose duty it was to observe that the contracted services were faithfully fulfilled; though even the most careful scrutiny did not always suffice to preclude the devices of confraternal bribery, by which, as we have already shown, battles were sometimes intentionally drawn, or as deceptively won.

Urban, who had received fervent appeals from some of the foremost men of the age (including a solemn and learned one from Petrarch, who had described Rome as 'widowed,' lacking the Pope), now announced his determination of going to Rome; and forthwith he asked the assistance of Queen Joanna, who at once despatched several of her gallies from Naples to Marseilles to serve for his embarkation. The protesting voices of his French Cardinals, to whom Italy no doubt seemed a pit of destruction, were raised in vain:—'Vile Pope,' said they, 'whither are you taking us?' 'One would have supposed,' says Petrarch, 'that he was taking them to Memphis, among the Saracens.' But Urban was obstinate, and carried out his resolution.

Meanwhile war had been raging furiously between the Visconti and the Genoese; and a certain Ambrogio Visconti, natural son of Bernabo, had made himself master of Spezzia, where he had col-

lected an army for the purpose of further annoying Genoa. But truce was unexpectedly declared. Finding this formidable body of men under his command, and his purpose rendered vain, it occurred to him to take a brilliant advantage of the Queen of Naples, and descend upon her northern confines. With this chivalrous design he marched upon Aquila. Somebody, however, having acquainted her with the threatened danger, her army, uniting with that in the pay of the Pope, under the leadership of Giovanni Malaterra and Ugo San Severini, presently encountered and defeated Ambrogio with terrific slaughter at Sacco del Trionto, taking him prisoner, and bringing him to Naples, where he was forthwith safely lodged in the Castello dell' Ovo. Some of the subordinate officers of the beaten army were afterwards captured near Rome by emissaries of Urban, and were treated with the utmost severity.

Ambrogio did not leave his prison until 1370, when he was released either by order of the Queen so as to propitiate his family, or else he effected his escape; for in the spring of that year we find him commanding with Sir John Hawkwood an army in aid of his father against the Guelfic league. In fact, Bernabo desires him to attack and capture for him the city of Reggio, which accordingly he does.<sup>1</sup>

The year 1368 was marked by many memorable

<sup>1</sup> Some writers have stated that he was not liberated till five or six years later; but that statement cannot stand in the face of this evidence from Corio, 'Storia di Milano.' Ambrogio was killed in a peasant rising near Bergamo a few years later.

events. Possibly it was signalised by a little more magnificence than misery; the motive-power of which magnificence was the return of the Pope to Rome.

On his arrival there from Viterbo, Urban was honoured in turn by the visits of two Emperors—those of Germany and Byzantium—respectively, Charles IV. and John V.<sup>1</sup> In October, the Pope and the German Emperor entered Rome; the Emperor and the Marquis of Ferrara, one on each side of his mule, taking the bridle for him, and leading him in military state to St. Peter's. A contemporary eye-witness wrote:—'I was drunk with joy and could not contain myself, seeing a sight I had never expected to behold—the Empire and the Holy See united: the flesh controlled by the spirit; the earthly kingdom subject to the heavenly.'<sup>2</sup> We know, however, that this politic meeting (arranged by Urban so as to ally himself with the Emperor and to counterbalance the oppressive power of the Visconti), despite its solemn pomp and splendour, was destined to prove almost barren of the desired results; so we need say no more about it, except that Urban condescended to flatter the obsequious monarch by placing the crown on the head of his fourth Empress, Elizabeth of Pomerania.

The Emperor John V. came to Rome shortly afterwards on a still more important, though still more

<sup>1</sup> Palæologus.

<sup>2</sup> Coluccio.

futile errand. The Sultan Murad I.<sup>1</sup> had succeeded so thoroughly in alarming him by his sanguinary conquests, that he felt his last and only resource would be to hypocritically join the Latin communion, and declare to Urban in person that there is only one Church, and that the Pope himself is the father of it. Urban accordingly received his pitiful confession, lent him a small sum of money, and speeded him with a few hundred soldiers. But on his journey homeward *via* Venice, he was arrested for debt, and was detained by the Republic for payment.

Oct. 1369.

1369. Earlier in the year yet another monarch had appeared in Rome, and this was Peter de Lusignan, King of Cyprus, who had come on a similar mission. The Turks were ravaging the Levant; Cyprus was in danger; and Urban himself was known to be desirous of forming a crusade against them. The island of Venus especially seemed tempting to the armies of Mars; and its king, who three years before had weakened his forces by storming Alexandria, was now anxious for the practical aid of the Holy See, in organising a Catholic league against the foe.

While King Peter was in Rome, Queen Joanna herself arrived there with a splendid retinue, and being met by him just beyond the confines of the city, he gallantly conducted her to the steps of St. Peter's, where the friendly Pontiff, with his Cardinals

<sup>1</sup> Amurath.

in full canonicals, awaited her arrival. She was then invited by the Pope to visit the Capella dei Sant' Apostoli and hear mass.

On the fourth Sunday in Lent, which was called 'Lætare,' it was the custom of the Popes to present the most illustrious personage then at court with the famous 'golden rose.' Urban took advantage of this occasion to bestow it upon the Queen. Some of the Cardinals afterwards protested that this coveted honour had never before been granted to a woman. The ready Pontiff replied, 'Neither has any of you ever seen an Abbot of St. Victor in the chair of St. Peter.'

The especial objects of the Queen's coming related to two matters-in-chief. Firstly, the King of Hungary had professed a friendly desire to further young Duke Charles of Durazzo in military science, and therefore had sent him pressing invitations to come to Hungary.

The Queen being at peace with her former enemy, and the adopted youth being equally related to both of them, the question as to whether she can let him go is a delicate one to decide. She intends him to be her successor, to that end has educated him, and furthermore, has loved him as a son. To put him into the hands of her now inactive, but only sleeping foe, does violence to her reason as to her feelings. She has already planned his marriage with her niece Margaret. On the other hand, Louis of Hungary is too powerful and too dangerous to be

slighted. He has promised to aid Urban with an army against the Visconti; and besides, he may have beneficent intentions with regard to the disposal of his own crown, seeing that he has no son. It may, in fact, be for the lad's welfare and interest to let him go. In this dilemma the Queen desires to consult the Holy Father, and to be guided by his decision.

The other matter upon which she desires his advice concerns her possessions in Provence and Piedmont; the former having been recently rescued from the designs of her relative, Louis, Duke of Anjou (brother of King Charles V. of France), and the latter being in danger from the aggressions of the Visconti.

There were probably other and smaller affairs upon which she needed counsel;—relating to her Tarantine fiefs in the Ionian Islands; to the difficulties in Sicily; and to the League against the Turks.

At any rate, the practical outcome of the Queen's visit to Rome was the marriage of Charles of Durazzo to his cousin, Princess Margaret, which was soon celebrated with the utmost splendour. Naples was joyful once again. In Charles the people greeted their future king, who, in their eyes, bore the additional merit of having grown up amongst them. The bitter past was to be forgotten, for the future seemed to promise most brightly. Doubtless, all this was due to good San Gennaro and to their

beloved Queen! Who else could have devised things so well? 'The reign of blood and terror is over,' say they. 'Sir Ambrogio Visconti, secure in yonder castello, is the last of our foes!'

What a royal wreath of smoke old Vesuvius wears! The sun glows crimson, and goes down upon a festal day; then the deep air shines with mystic scroll of illimitable gold, and the shores of the bay resound far and near with dance and song, with the old tarantellas and nasal monotonies. The future is fortunately as inscrutable as the stars.

### III.

It was at this time that, being ransomed from King Henry (of Trastamare) by the Queen and his sister Isabel, Marchioness of Montferrat, the unfortunate James of Majorca returned to Naples. It is probable, however, that he made no long stay there, for in 1371 he was again in Avignon, collecting fresh forces for the same inveterate purpose, and successfully entreating the Pope's permission to renew the war.

Soon after his marriage, Duke Charles paid his long-delayed visit to the Court of Hungary, then the most sumptuous and influential in Eastern Europe. The splendid tournaments which the prosperous Louis had instituted among his Magyar nobles, as



Nov. 17, 1370.

well as his imposing military service, at once fostered and fascinated the ambition of his young kinsman. During his stay there, it is probable he witnessed the additional coronation of Louis as King of Poland, which realm the Queen-mother (herself a Pole) had nominally been governing for many years in his behalf. Charles, however, soon returned to Naples. In the following year, however, he again visited Hungary, leaving his Duchess with a daughter six months old, and in prospect of giving birth to that other, who was in after days to be too notorious as Joanna II. The Duchess, therefore, continued to reside with Queen Joanna; but in whatever light the latter may have viewed the overpowering attraction of the Court of Hungary for the Duke, she must have experienced sad and frequent misgivings. We may be quite sure that she remarked how rapidly the influence of her former enemy was modifying the Duke's ideas and affections; and, on the other side, it is not difficult to understand how cruelly King Louis and his mother must have enjoyed watching the vital effect of their old enmity towards Queen Joanna in perverting the mind of her adopted heir.

In the same spring that speeded Charles of Durazzo to Buda for the second time, various important motives urged Urban to bring his sojourn in Italy to an abrupt close and return to France. What with the insolence of the Perugians, who had revolted from his rule and defied his envoys,—with the violence of

De Vico, prefect of Viterbo, who tyrannised over half-a-dozen towns in the patrimony of St. Peter,—and with the daily entreaties of his home-sick Cardinals, the well-meaning but unfortunate Pope knew no peace. Life in Italy, even in the lovely seclusion of Montefiascone, had proved so dramatic, so fraught with anxiety, that it had positively worn him out. Added to these reasons for departure was yet another, which finally decided him; and this was his desire, if possible, to prevent the threatened renewal of the disastrous war between France and England.

He had wished in the previous year to receive a personal visit at Montefiascone from Petrarch; but the poet, feeling himself far from well, wrote Urban a charming letter, and excused himself by saying, 'If the Po joined the sea of Tuscany, as it does the Adriatic, I would embark immediately. The calm motion of its waters would agree with my weakness, and you would see me sail into your port<sup>1</sup> seated amid my books. The physicians tell me that the spring will set me to rights.'

Urban now, therefore, writes to Queen Joanna, desiring her once more to provide him with vessels wherewith to reach his beloved Avignon. The Queen again cheerfully fulfils his wishes, and in September, despite the uncomfortable warning of St. Bridget, to the effect that if he leaves Italy he will soon die, he embarks on board one of her

<sup>1</sup> Corneto.

gallies off Corneto, and presently arrives at the splendid city, which is the only city after his heart, although it be 'Avenio Ventosa.'

Dec. 1370. After two months' residence there, however, the prophecy is fulfilled, and Urban dies. 'At the approach of death he ordered the doors of his palace to be thrown open, that all might behold his last moments as he lay stretched on a wretched bed in his usual garb of the habit of St. Benedict, holding a crucifix in his hand, while his last feeble accents indicated sincere penitence and humble resignation.' His body was afterwards transferred to the Abbey of St. Victor at Marseilles, where he desired to be buried. Thus Queen Joanna lost one more constant friend and able adviser.

The chief event, however, which gave the kingdom anxiety during the eleven years between 1364 and 1375 was the intermittent rebellion of the Duca d'Andria, Giacomo del Balzo, (whose father, during the Hungarian captivity of her royal brothers, had married Margaret of Taranto, the Queen's sister-in-law,) which, however, was not an attempt to assert personal pretensions to the crown, but to the Principality of Taranto. The motive, nevertheless, was family aggrandisement, as usual; and in the absence of James of Majorca, opportunities for its gratification were sufficiently tempting.

The mountainous nature of the south of Italy is notoriously well suited for the calling of the brigand, whether aristocratic or plebeian, and thus is adapted

to the possibilities of prolonged warfare. The slightest pretext was often sufficient, under those conditions, and in those days, to transform any enterprising individual into a dangerous and successful adventurer. The remnants of various predatory bands, both native and foreign, were usually ready to meet the occasion ; and of these the Duke fully availed himself. Among other pretensions, he claimed hereditary right to the town of Matera, which belonged to the baronial family of San Severini. Consequently he marched thither in order to take possession. The San Severini were apparently unable to cope with him, and he made himself master of the town.

Owing to the fact of Raimondo del Balzo, his uncle, being her Chancellor, Queen Joanna treated the Duke with far more forbearance than he deserved, and sent his respected relative to warn him of the consequences of the violent course he was pursuing. The San Severini also, out of regard for Raimondo and for the Duke's kinship to the throne, exhausted every diplomatic resource before finally resorting to arms. But the Queen's envoys were treated by him with studied insolence, and her gentle counsels were mistaken for weakness. In the result, Joanna was compelled to declare him a rebel and an outlaw, and to command the San Severini to possess themselves of his forfeited estates as best they might. Having triumphantly advanced as far as ill-omened Aversa, in order, as he did not

doubt, to dictate terms to Naples, the San Severini there attacked and completely routed his forces, causing him to flee to Foggia, whence, reaching the coast, he made good his escape.

The Queen then resolving to indemnify herself for the expenses caused by the long war with him, sold Sessa to Marzano, Count of Squillace; Teano, to his brother, the Count of Alife;<sup>1</sup> and of the forfeited Principality of Taranto she herself took possession.

Well justified as was this partition of the Duke's properties, it was, none the less, destined to be tragically revenged. Gregory XI., who now succeeded Urban V., was his kinsman, and unwisely (perhaps unintentionally) pitied him. His pity, however, proved of little immediate avail; for the friendship of the Queen of Naples was too valuable to the Papacy to be placed in jeopardy by the latter affording too emphatic an encouragement to a rebellious exile.

The time, however, did come, a few years later, when the exiled Duke found himself able to take unexpected and dexterous advantage of the violent enmity between the Queen and Urban VI., to encourage Duke Charles of Durazzo to leave the seat of the war then raging 'twixt Hungary and Venice, and come down to seize the throne of Naples. The Pope and her old enemy King Louis naturally co-operated in the design against the Queen; and how it succeeded we shall duly show.

<sup>1</sup> Who built the great castle, the ruins of which we now see there.

It is thus again seen how unfair and unenviable was the position of a female sovereign in those times, even while contenting herself with her merely natural rights or plainest duties. No sooner was it known to Europe that a woman occupied a throne, than every unmarried or widowed prince proffered his affection. If the offer was declined or disdained, the unsuccessful suitor was at once transformed into an unscrupulous enemy, whose tongue or sword did their best to vilify the object of his declared adoration; and that object in his eyes seemed to be changed from a goddess worthy of worship into a mere animal fit to be hunted and killed. Nevertheless this was the good old time—the latter-day of the Troubadours, the delightful age.

One other affair of state perforce occupied a great deal of the Queen's attention during these years, and it now approached comparative settlement. This was her peculiar relationship with Sicily. The rival claims of the House of Anjou and the House of Aragon had been practically decided in favour of the latter by the memorable Sicilian Vespers in 1282, when Peter III. of Aragon was recalled and recognised as their king by the inhabitants. His descendant, Frederic III., now reigned. During this long interval there had nevertheless been many vain declarations of war, and many actual, though futile, naval expeditions against the island, on the part both of Charles the Lame and Robert the Wise; and in a previous chapter

we have described how Luigi of Taranto, assisted by the Chiaramonti, made successful war upon the Spanish ruler, and caused himself and Joanna to be solemnly crowned at Messina. This event, however, by no means concluded the struggle. The delicate condition of the Spanish hold upon the island, depending as it did entirely upon mildness and forbearance, gave more and more power into the hands of the ambitious island-born Chiaramonti.

The advisers of the young King, by refusing to acknowledge the jurisdiction of a French Pope, who would be certain in all disputes to decide in favour of the House of Anjou, had brought the kingdom under Papal interdict. Of this grievous position the advisers of the throne of Naples naturally took advantage, and a desultory war followed.

Owing to the burden of internal rebellions and the telling weight of the Papal ban, Frederic now earnestly desired to come to terms with Queen Joanna, and entreated a suspension of arms. By means of the Chiaramonti, conditions were thereupon drawn up between him and the Queen of Naples; and by these conditions it was agreed that he was to hold his realm in suzerainty to the crown of Naples, and upon every feast of SS. Peter and Paul was to render at Naples three thousand ounces of gold.<sup>1</sup> Besides this, he was to supply ten war-gallies for the Queen's fleet, and a certain number of soldiers to her army.

On her part, Queen Joanna promised to give no

<sup>1</sup> Equal to 15,000 florini.

countenance to any rebellious subject of Frederic, nor to let such a one find refuge on her territory. Moreover, she was to intercede and obtain the removal of the Papal interdict, and also procure absolution for the King and his nobles. Gregory XI. assenting to these conditions, the treaty was signed at Villeneuve in August 1372, and the Bishop of Salerno was forthwith sent as Nuncio to Sicily.



## QUEEN JOANNA AND OTHO OF BRUNSWICK.

(1370-1382.)



THERTHO the Queen has been constantly fortunate in her relations with the reigning Pontiff, which fact has helped her through almost overwhelming difficulties; but we now come to a period when several elements conspire together, not at first to destroy the good feeling between the Papacy and herself, but to minimise the effects of its existence. Chief among these we must count the desperate state of affairs in Northern and Central Italy, where the rapacious Visconti, still increasing in power, were keeping a greedy eye on Florence; where the cities of the Papal patrimony, oppressed by the exactions of the Cardinal-Legates, were continually revolting; and where the Florentine Republic itself had grown anxious as to the designs of Visconti, and rightly suspicious of those of its old ally, the Church.

Gregory XI., who in his fortieth year had succeeded Urban, truly may be said to have embarked upon a sea of troubles. If judged alone from his management of Papal affairs in Italy during his

brief but troubled pontificate, he might be stigmatised as nothing short of a monster, treacherous, ruthless, even devilish. But we have ample evidence that Gregory was no such being. In fact, he succeeded to all the good ideas of his predecessor. His ruling idea was to bring about peace for every country, save Turkey. He desired to end the wars 'twixt France and England. He proclaimed the long-delayed peace between Louis Duke of Anjou and Queen Joanna, in which it was stipulated that if Charles of Durazzo should leave no son, Louis should be considered heir to her throne. He wished to preserve the understanding made by Urban with the Visconti. He relied upon Perugia and Viterbo with certain cities in Tuscany abiding by their promises of submission to the Holy See. But every one of his humane intentions was destined to be frustrated. If this disastrous result be partly ascribed to the exceptional rulers and people with whom he had to deal, it may far more be ascribed to the Legates whom he deputed to deal with them.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Chancellor of France, who were together authorised to smooth the quarrel between Charles V. and Edward III., only irritated these monarchs the more against one another. The Romans at first received the Legates and their armed following sent to them with great respect, and accepted all the conditions imposed ; but soon finding them tyrannical, revolted.

Viterbo, Perugia, and Bologna in turn imitated them, until the entire states of Romagna blazed with insurrection. Of this desperate state of things, which he also had done his best to bring about, Bernabo Visconti now took full advantage, and in the summer of 1372 war broke out once more between the Church and Milan; the former having for its allies Amadeo, Count of Savoy, the Queen of Naples, the King of Hungary, the Emperor Charles IV., and the Marquis of Montferrat.

In the previous year, the defensive league which had been originally formed by Urban between Siena, Lucca, Florence, and other cities which had suffered from the depredations of the foreign Free Companies, was renewed by Gregory. This well-meant though rather impracticable design was completely defeated, however, by the above outbreak, and, as if in defiance of it, a general scramble for the services of the Condottieri took place. Those of the redoubtable Hawkwood were at first secured by Bernabo, and war commenced in earnest. Bull after Bull was now thundered from Avignon at the tyrant of Milan, and edicts equally violent were launched at him by the Emperor, both of which Bernabo at first regarded as mere stage-thunder. They were, however, followed up by very practical military measures, the usual siegings, sackings, and slaughters, in which two men especially stand out as far as this humble narrative is concerned.

These were Robert, Cardinal of Geneva, and

Otho, Duke of Brunswick. Were we writing the life of Gregory, we should have to subordinate the latter of these two to a comparatively obscure position, able and gallant commander though he was; but as we are treating of Queen Joanna, and not too fully of Gregory, the reader will understand our reasons for doing otherwise.

Otho was the eldest son of Henry, Duke of Brunswick, and Helen of Brandenburg, and therefore a descendant of the House of Este. Educated for the career of a warrior, he loved his profession, and passed most of his life in the land of song and battles. First he attached himself to the service of the Visconti, and afterwards, in 1361, to that of Giovanni, Marquis of Montferrat,—the same Marquis who at that time took for his second wife Isabel, the friend of Queen Joanna and sister of James of Majorca. In that service with him was associated the elder and more famous of the two Counts of Lando,<sup>1</sup> who had been a commander in the service of Louis of Hungary in his Apulian war.

The situation of Casale and Valera, the chief towns of the Marquisate, being within two days' march of Milan, rendered conflict with the quarrelsome Visconti dangerous but inevitable. Consequently we find the Marquis of Montferrat joined in protective alliance with the reigning Gonzaga of Mantua, the Este of Ferrara, and the Church, first

<sup>1</sup> Landau ?

against Galeazzo, and afterwards against Bernabo Visconti. In the war of Canepiciano, Otho greatly distinguished himself and was severely wounded; and thenceforth he became the trusted adviser and commander of the forces of the Marquisate. It is probable that he first made the acquaintance of Queen Joanna while on an embassy to Naples, just before her unfortunate union with James of Majorca. Indeed, it had been well had her choice of a husband then fallen upon him.

In 1375 James died, as we have seen, in Spain, and the Queen's hand was thus once more free. In March of the following year, having obtained a special dispensation from Gregory (who, like his predecessors, saw the use of strengthening the cause of the Church by strengthening the throne of its most faithful ally), the Queen accepted the advances of Duke Otho, and their marriage took place in Naples; the Queen bestowing on him the usual title of Duke of Calabria, at the same time presenting him with the forfeited principality of Taranto.

Although it was agreed that the regal title was not to be bestowed upon him, and although it was not possible at the age of fifty-one that Queen Joanna should expect offspring of the union, Charles of Durazzo and his wife Margaret were very ill-pleased at the match, which seemed like a counter-stroke to his chronic attachment to King Louis in Hungary. For though, in addition to two daughters, he had a

son, Ladislaus, which consolidated his expectations of succeeding to the throne of Naples in the case of the Queen's death, he was now made aware that Louis of Anjou and Duke Otho might entertain rival expectations. Thus, if the Queen possessed a real protector, it was at the cost of emphasising the irritable watchfulness of her nearest remaining relatives. Under the circumstances, however, it is difficult to condemn her action.

Meantime, six years of Gregory's pontificate were concluded, and they may be fitly designated years of dearth, pestilence, and bloodshed. . . Avignon was a third time desolated by the plague, and famine, as usual, followed. At Bologna, Perugia, and Florence, the Cardinal-Legates, Guillaume de Noellet, Gerard Dupuy, and above all Cardinal Robert of Geneva, had so exasperated the inhabitants of those cities, that the Church was felt by them to be even a worse tyrant than the Visconti or the Free Companies. Viterbo, under Francesco de Vico, now joined them, and in a few days upwards of thirty towns resounded with cries of 'Death to the Pastors of the Church.' Gregory, probably as much astonished as any one by this disastrous climax to his well-meaning efforts, nevertheless remained in the hands of his evil councillors at Avignon. One result of this was, that, in spite of the Bulls and battles between them, peace was made with the Visconti, and ultimately a disgraceful compact, in virtue of which Sir John Hawkwood, who had now been bribed to espouse

the Milanese cause, joined the Cardinal-Legates, forthwith descended upon and almost surprised the city of Florence, which the Pope had sworn to protect.

The infuriated Florentines at once formed a league with Siena and Pisa, not only to keep off the enemy, but to carry the war into the states of Romagna. Nevertheless, they professed that their army took the field, not for conquest, but solely for the cause of freedom ; and the red standard which headed it bore in letters of gold simply the word 'Libertas.'

Gregory now hurled upon the Republic a wholesale excommunication, forbidding its subjects baptism, marriage, or the making of wills. Whoever pleased was given leave to pillage not only Florence and the Tuscan towns, but was encouraged to attack and rob the Florentine merchant wherever he should meet with him,—in any city in Europe, or even beyond the seas.

March 29, 1376. Within three days of the marriage of Duke Otho and Queen Joanna, Hawkwood and a Cardinal-Legate, with their soldiers, marched upon the town of Faenza, which was suspected of revolting from the Church in favour of its former ruler, Astorre di Manfredi. After hanging five hundred of the principal citizens in chains, the town was given over to the soldiery to sack. Four thousand men, women, and children were then butchered in cold blood.

Feb. 1, 1377. Next year a still more famous and ferocious horde,

composed chiefly of Bretons and English, under Cardinal Robert of Geneva, Malatesta, and Hawkwood, put to the sword the entire population of Cesena, with unsurpassable barbarities, surprising the little town in the night, the furious Cardinal himself bellowing out over the carnage, 'Blood and justice! blood, more blood! kill all!' until the human devils were utterly exhausted with slaughter and rapine, and could slay no more.

Brightly relieved upon this lurid canopy of storm, the clouds of which literally dripped blood and flamed swords around her, stood the snow-white figure of St. Catherine of Siena, fearless, tender, irreproachable.

At this period, Catherine, who had become a patriotic, perhaps a fanatical, diplomatist, visited Avignon for the dual purpose of inducing Gregory to come to Rome to restore the Papacy to Italy, and to have mercy on the Florentines. It is probable that a consideration of a less spiritual kind, namely, the invasion and pillage of Avignon itself<sup>1</sup> by freebooters, contributed not a little to the success which crowned her eloquent entreaties. On the other hand, Gregory in himself possessed two strongly deterrent orators, whose powerful pleadings

<sup>1</sup> By the audacious Knight of Vergnes, whom the Pope felt it necessary to appease and flatter with banquets and benedictions. Du Guesclin had exacted a similar tribute from Urban V., which the clergy and citizens of Avignon very reluctantly had to pay. The Papal intelligence had now been fully aroused to a sense of the terror or utility of these doughty companies of adventure.



the inspired lady had to overcome. He greatly feared the violence of the Roman factions—Colonna, Orsini, and Savelli; and secondly, he was suffering from a cruel malady, which would certainly cause the journey thither to be one of mental anxiety and bodily torment. Over and above these personal pleadings, the French Cardinals bitterly opposed the scheme, and the French King gave them his support. But despite King and Cardinals, Catherine won her way, and Gregory resolved to go.

Queen Joanna, lately made the happy wife of Otho of Brunswick, now sent the customary gallies, under the command of her husband, to accomplish the return of the Pope with his following.

At the autumnal equinox Gregory embarked at Marseilles; but after a severe tossing in the Gulf of Lyons, had to put into port at Genoa. There he vainly tried to persuade the Doge and senators that it was their duty to join his league against the Florentines, and cease all intercourse with them. He also tried to persuade them to set free the brother of the King of Cyprus, whom they held captive. The stormy weather abating, the Pope again embarked; but no prosperous voyage was in store for him. Compelled to shelter at half-a-dozen little places along the Italian coast, he did not reach Porto Venere until the 4th of November. There he remained twelve days. Thence sailing again, and experiencing various mishaps, the gallies made Leghorn, where certain of the eager faithful from Lucca and

Pisa came down to do homage and realise for themselves that the so-called 'Babylonian captivity' was at an end. A fresh storm now wrecked some of the vessels and drove others as far down as Gaeta. In consequence, the ailing Cardinals found themselves parted from one another and landed at different points of the coast. The Pope himself fared but little better. Passing one of the gallies totally wrecked off Talamone, he presently reached Orbitello; and finally, in December, his ship struggled into port near Corneto.

Here Gregory learned that Francesco de Vico had violently possessed himself not only of Viterbo, but of the entire Papal patrimony. We shall hear more of De Vico. Only one thing, therefore, remained for Gregory to do; and that was to hurry to Rome, re-establish it as the centre of Papal dominion, and thereupon endeavour to inaugurate a policy of peace.

His scattered Cardinals being gathered together again, on the 17th of January Gregory entered Rome, where certainly every outward sign of popular jubilation greeted him. Had the Florentines gained their desire, it is certain that the Pope would not have been permitted to enter the Eternal City. His residence in France suited them far better. But the Romans themselves desired his presence in their city at any price, even though he was a French Pope. He received one deputation after another, some of them to do him reverence, and others merely representing cities made desperate by the cruel and pro-

tracted warfare. Gregory forthwith sent Catherine and others to Florence to treat of peace. It has been stated that the interdict had up to this time cost the Republic three million fiorini. The saintly lady, however, owing to a rumour that she had been temporising in other Guelfic towns first, was rudely received, and even her life was threatened. Nevertheless, the Strozzi, joined by the Pisan Gambacorti, and De Vico, together with Duke Otho, the Conte Gioja, and others, acceded to the negotiations, and it was finally agreed to hold a congress at Sarzana, under the presidency of Bernabo Visconti, in which every grievance should be considered, and if possible done away.

To Sarzana accordingly came the Cardinal of Amiens, the Archbishops of Narbonne and Pampe-luna, the representatives of Queen Joanna (Duke Otho and Conte Gioja), and those of Florence, together with a great following of bishops and knights; and Visconti, posing as a peace-loving Christian, there-upon opened the congress. Gregory, through his Cardinal, very tactlessly, at once put in a demand for his indemnification from both Florence and Milan, to the amount of eight hundred thousand florins, the entire expenses of the late war; or, as his Holiness, equally without tact, termed it, the cost of their contumacy. This matter was under somewhat delicate discussion; and, if Sismondi may for once be trusted, the Florentine delegates quickly perceived that the subtle Visconti coolly intended their Re-

public to bear the whole burden of payment. They, in turn, therefore, argued that the cost of the war was not incurred by them, but by the excesses and extravagances of the Cardinal-Legates.

At this critical point of the deliberations arrived the ominous intelligence that Gregory was dead. March 27, 1378. The news seem to have come upon the congress like the shock of an earthquake. The cardinals, bishops, dukes, and delegates of all kinds, vanished to their various cities, and the halls of the castle of Sarzana, lately so noisy, were once more silent. According to Muratori, 'that same night a great portion of the palace at Avignon was destroyed by fire.'

Before the dead Pontiff was laid in his grave, the streets of the Eternal City resounded with cries for an Italian, if possible a Roman, Pope. The Cardinals, mostly Frenchmen, were doubtless entertaining a very different intention. It was known by the people that they had still at their command, and at no great distance, their Breton hordes. The determined citizens, however, armed themselves and their friends in the Campagna, so as to hold these fierce aliens in check. A nine-day Conclave was now held, amid turbulent demonstrations on the part of the populace. Stones, and even arrows, frequently broke the windows of the Vatican, and the air incessantly rang with terrific yells of abuse and defiance; so that the wretched Cardinals were made to feel they carried their lives in their hands; and as some of them had formerly cursed Gregory for bringing

them to Rome, so now they cursed him for dying and leaving them there. The council soon became divided, and with the continuous runnings to and fro, the council-hall resembled a disturbed ant-heap. Now, the party headed by that ferocious butcher, Cardinal Robert of Geneva, ruled the day, then in turn that representing the important diocese of Limoges. All the while the roaring, cursing mob hung like a swarm of hornets on the very window-sills. One day it even crashed into the Papal cellars, refreshed its hoarse red throat with store of sweet Greek and Canary, and then yelled and shrieked itself hoarse again.

Of the Italian element in the Conclave there were but three;<sup>1</sup> Jacobo Orsini being one. His known ambition and his representing a powerful civic family pointed him out as an exceptionally promising candidate; his youth, nevertheless, was made the general and convenient excuse for his rejection. The Cardinal of St. Peter's, on the other hand, was considered far too old; while the third of the Italians was a coarse but severe ascetic, a certain Bartolommeo Prignano, then Archbishop of Bari, and a subject of Queen Joanna. Upon this unlikely personage, however, fell the deciding vote, and his election was at once proclaimed to the impatient multitude. Nevertheless, so great was the excitement and confusion, that the announcement was misunderstood, and it was fancied the Conclave had

<sup>1</sup> Possibly four?

elected the poor old Cardinal of St. Peter's. In consequence the affrighted Piero being quite unable to convince the people that he was not the new Pope, was mobbed almost to death. 'They grasped his swollen gouty hands till he shrieked from pain.' Moreover, keeping up a traditional custom, the populace made for his palace and ransacked it.

The new Pontiff, for the sake of security, lay concealed in the Vatican for several days ; but most of the Cardinals fled the turbulent city, intending to make for their foreign homes. Orsini, furious at his failure, nevertheless remained in Rome. There was no helping it. Urban VI. was duly elected, and an exceedingly unpleasant affair was thought to be at an end.

At Naples, where Queen Joanna received the news, there was great rejoicing, and the Queen felt highly gratified that a subject of hers should have been made the first Italian Pontiff of the new dispensation. Naples was consequently illuminated, 'shone at night as if on fire,' and promised herself many advantages. Accordingly, Otho of Brunswick, possibly desiring in case of the Queen's death to be named her successor, in preference to that chronic absentee, Charles of Durazzo, set out for Rome to do homage for the Queen and himself, taking with him a solid conciliatory gift of forty thousand ducats. Moreover, the Queen sent several gallies laden with the best provisions Naples could supply, wine, corn, and salt meat.

## I.

Urban no sooner found himself invested with the supreme authority, than he gave violent display to the most brutal qualities of a tyrannical character. Nevertheless, these very qualities, animated as they were by a spirit hostile to luxury, at once constituted Urban the living scourge of ecclesiastical abuses which certainly had never been more needed than at that period. On the evening of Easter Monday, the day after he had been enthroned, he took the quiet opportunity afforded by meeting his bishops after vespers, to brand them as perjurers for having sacrificed their dioceses to the meretricious delights of the court. This startling outburst was rapidly followed up by an astonishing fusillade of similar remonstrances. In the presence of his fellow-cardinals and several bishops, he charged Jean de la Grange, Cardinal of Amiens, with treason and avarice, and boldly accused him of having prolonged the bloody war 'twixt France and England, as well as of having encouraged the disastrous quarrel between the kings of Aragon and Castile, in order to enrich himself. The French Cardinal rose up in his wrath, and shaking his fists at Urban, exclaimed, 'As Archbishop of Bari, I tell you that you lie!' Urban afterwards called one Cardinal 'a thief,' another 'a fool;' and finally threatened Cardinal Marmontier with personal chastisement for being on

April 18, 1378.

terms with Roustaing, the French governor of the Castle of St. Angelo, who had refused to deliver up that fortress. In fact, he behaved to them as a low-bred infuriated schoolmaster, of a type which fortunately has been suppressed in our own days, would occasionally behave to the sons of gentlemen, whose social advantages he envied, but whom he had unquestionable power to thrash.

The vulgarity of Urban's nature was indelibly stamped on all his conduct. He seemed to unite in himself the asceticism of a Cistercian, the churlishness of a Dutch boer, the presumption of a professional bully, and the cunning of a lynx. In fact, he considerably resembled that Friar Robert who had tyrannised the court of Naples in the Queen's early married life, and of whom, as we have seen, Petrarch gave such a graphic account. One must, perhaps, allow for the fact that the standard of manners at humble out-the-way Bari was widely different from that observed at superb Avignon, whence those luxurious and polished French Cardinals had been so reluctantly brought by Gregory. But over and above the defect of breeding, Urban gloried in an uncontrollable temper, and, what does not often go with this unfortunate possession, an absolutely unforgiving nature. His colleagues, therefore, had bitter reason to repent his elevation, and they made no secret of it to one another. Within five weeks of his coronation, thirteen of them, together with the Bishops of



Arles and Pampeluna, took advantage of the approach of summer to retire to Anagni; while Urban, after some delay at Sta. Maria in Trastevere, went to join the Italian Cardinals at Tivoli.<sup>1</sup>

To Tivoli accordingly went Duke Otho, in company with Count Ugo San Severini, and Niccolo Spinelli, Count of Gioja, the Grand Seneschal of Naples. His royal gifts were accepted not ungraciously, but instead of finding his presence agreeable to the Pope, he found both himself and his colleagues almost as much the objects of insult and humiliation as had been the Cardinals. One morning, while Urban was taking his collation surrounded by the court, the Duke, as the most exalted personage in attendance, after the usual custom, took the cup from which the Pope was to drink, and kneeling before him, held it for him to use. Urban affected to be unaware of the fact, and left the Duke kneeling for several minutes, while he amused himself by talking to various of those present. Presently one of the Cardinals, either ashamed of the studied insult, or pitying the humiliation of the hero of forty battles, drew the Pope's attention to the fact that it was time he should drink; and Otho rose. On a similar occasion, he commanded the Count of Gioja to get up from the table, take a seat further down, and leave the one he had occupied for his betters. Otho is reported by Niem,

<sup>1</sup> Baluze says he rode thither without being preceded by the cross or accompanied by any Cardinal.

who was Urban's secretary at the time, to have said in reference to these occurrences, what had been said of a much earlier Pontiff who had borne the same name, 'Pro certo, pater noster non Urbanus, sed potius, ut timeo, Turbanus, dicetur.'

Urban had now shown clearly enough that he intended to act not merely as a spiritual, but as a political autocrat; but in his behaviour toward Otho one must take into account yet other influences. In Rome at this time was residing a relative of the late Pontiff, and the mortal enemy of Queen Joanna, namely, the rebel Duke of Andria, whose coveted principality of Taranto had been bestowed upon Otho by the Queen two years before, on the occasion of her marriage. Andria had in vain urged Gregory, both at Avignon and at Rome, to assist him in recovering his properties. With Urban he hoped to be more successful. At that time also, Onorato Cajetani, Lord of Fondi, one of the most powerful Neapolitan nobles, having lent the deceased Gregory twenty thousand florins to help him in his journey to Rome, sent a letter to Urban requesting payment of the same. Urban broke into a fury, and not only refused to acknowledge the debt, but immediately deprived Cajetani of his fief and title, and handed them over to Count Ugo San Severini, Duke Otho's chancellor.

The news of this high-handed proceeding probably definitised the scheme now shaping itself in the deliberations of the Cardinals at Anagni; but,

coming upon the tidings of Duke Otho's treatment, it produced at Naples an impression at once painful and perilous. Exciting, as it did, the disgust and indignation of the Queen, it also stimulated her French sympathies. The treatment of her husband was an insult, the treatment of the Grand Seneschal was another ; but the treatment of Cajetani struck her with a double blow. He was not only one of her most influential barons, but his daughter Jacobella had become engaged, by the Queen's help and consent, to Balthazar of Brunswick, Duke Otho's younger brother. It will, therefore, be seen that the provocation to break with Urban was very great ; and the Queen's tact was put to the severest possible strain.

Meanwhile, angry at their mysterious silence, and desiring to know the meaning of their aggregation at Anagni, Urban sent Cardinal Orsini and another to their colleagues to inquire. After a brief visit, they returned to Rome and announced to Urban that the Cardinals had come to the conclusion that his election was invalid, and that the only way to prevent a schism in the Church would be for Urban to resign his throne, and trust to the chances of another Conclave. Here the stormy will of Urban found a fitting rock to beat upon and if possible demolish. The man was roused to the utmost pitch of fury and resolution. He had been fretting for a real obstacle ; now he was triumphant. He had gotten it.

Nevertheless, whatever their opinion, the Cardinals had paid homage to him up till that moment, and with their aid, he had both completed the treaty with Florence and had relieved that city from the interdict. Furthermore, he had confirmed Wenceslaus, the son of Charles IV., as successor to that monarch in the Empire. Within a fortnight, however, they issued encyclical letters to all the courts of Europe, declaring the election of Urban void and the Holy See vacant; explaining that the Conclave had been terrorised and their real choice had been overruled. Acting upon this, they offered the pontificate to Charles V., King of France, who had lately become a widower. This at once made their object apparent. Mortified with chagrin, they wished to re-establish the Papacy on French soil. But Charles, however much he may have relished the great compliment, felt politically bound to decline the offer. The Cardinals then informed him, as a more subtle persuasion, that it was Urban's intention to espouse the cause of England. Charles still declined the offer, but replied that all he would bind himself to would be to remain neutral.

The Cardinals now reinforced themselves, through the Cardinal of Geneva, by taking into their service the Breton soldiers who were then serving Francesco de Vico, the rebellious Prefect of Viterbo. Urban, on the other hand, executed a dexterous counter-stroke by creating a batch of no less than twenty-nine Cardinals, so that in a moment he could place

the French Cardinals in a hopeless minority. The effects of this were not fully felt at first; but neither Queen Joanna nor the French Cardinals, perhaps few other individuals, were yet able to gauge the immense force Urban himself possessed in the mere fact of being a born Italian.

Before we proceed further, we will take note of another inauspicious incident connected very intimately with the crown of Naples and with Urban. John Palæologus, Marquis of Montferrat, who had married the sister of James of Majorca, Donna Isabel, had after her death married Violante Visconti, who had previously lost Lionel, Duke of Clarence, her first husband. Duke Otho had united in himself, until the time of his marriage with the Queen of Naples, the offices of commander of his forces and tutor to his son. Unfortunately, the Marquis became insane and was subject to dangerous paroxysms, in one of which he severely wounded his wife, while in another, attacking his servants, he lost his life. It was now the especial desire of Duke Otho and Queen Joanna to marry the young Marquis, his heir, to Maria, the daughter and heiress of Frederick III. of Sicily;<sup>1</sup> and nothing further was needed to complete their design but the Papal dispensation. With the intention of procuring this, Otho, notwithstanding his former maltreatment, resolved to re-visit Urban, and therefore once more went to Rome.

<sup>1</sup> And Constance, daughter of Peter IV. of Aragon.

The project, however, had already been bruited to Urban, probably by the exiled Andria and his friends, and it occurred to the wily Pontiff that the Sicilian lady's position might be made to contribute to his own aggrandisement. He therefore determined to refuse the requested dispensation, and wed Maria to his own nephew, Francesco Prignano. On being asked for it, therefore, Urban broke out into the usual fury, absolutely refused it, and was heard muttering that he would send the Queen of Naples 'to spin in a cloister instead of wielding a sceptre.' This embassy, needless to say, returned to Naples even more discomforted than the previous one.

The Duke of Andria communicated all these things by letter to Charles of Durazzo, who, having once more left his wife and children in Naples, was commanding the army of Louis of Hungary. Urban, on his part, well aware of what he had done, communicated them to Louis himself by means of envoys whom he now sent to inform that powerful monarch of the secession of the French Cardinals.

Piero, the old Cardinal of St. Peter's, overcome with gout and anxiety, presently died. Cardinal Orsini, bitterly chagrined at his non-election, threw in his sympathies with Queen Joanna, and going to Nola, informed her of all that had taken place at Rome and Anagni. His kinsmen to a man adhered to the French party, and doubtless assisted

Roustaing, the French commandant of St. Angelo, in sustaining the daily investment of that fortress by the Papal troops. Urban, meanwhile, sacrificed everything to the raising of money, not sparing even the sacred vessels and crosses of the Roman churches.

Both parties now collected their forces for the inevitable struggle, but feeling insecure at Anagni, and being invited by the deprived Onorato Cajetani, the French Cardinals with their Breton mercenaries proceeded to Fondi, in the kingdom of Naples. Queen Joanna tried in vain to attach to her cause the Republic of Florence, by telling its rulers how little they might expect from such a man as Urban. But the astute Urban had been before her, and by the aid of St. Catherine had settled the differences between that state and the Holy See, very much to their mutual satisfaction.

It was manifest in this deplorable crisis that Italian states would support Italian rather than French rule. If anything was needed to decide waverers, it was the terrible recollection of the sackings of Cesena and Faenza by the Cardinal of Geneva, who now headed the Sacred College. As to the nations beyond the Alps who were interested in the struggle, it was equally manifest that Germany and Bohemia would support the Pope who had confirmed the Emperor Wenceslaus; that England and Flanders would support any Pope who would show hostility to the pretensions of France;

and above all, that Hungary and Poland would support any Pope who would consent to the dethronement of Queen Joanna.

In September the Cardinals held a conclave at Fondi, and, after debating seriously in favour of Pedro de Luna, the Spaniard (at a later date Benedict XIII.), the election was at length decided by Cardinal Jean de la Croix, Archbishop of Arles, who gave his voice in favour of Robert, Cardinal of Geneva. Consequently this slaughterer, whose crimes literally out-heroded Herod, whose spotted soul perhaps reappeared in Alva, in Carrier, and in Ravachol, was raised to that white throne of love and peace which is supposed to be occupied by a worthy representative of him who said 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not!' On the 20th of the month, then, in the Cathedral of Fondi, Robert of Geneva was crowned, and styled Clement VII., in the presence of Otho, Duke of Brunswick, and a magnificent throng of the nobles of Naples.

In this manner was inaugurated the famous Western schism. From this moment the world became divided as far as Norway and Scotland, and as far as Poland and Lithuania, into Urbanists and Clementists, and the two factions at once assumed respectively those emblems of the Red and the White rose, which not a century later came to be the emblems of another equally famous and still more sanguinary strife. We shall see presently how



beautifully this fact is made use of by the extraordinary woman who now more fully appears on the scene.

Be it observed, then, that the Romans hating Urban as they could not help doing, hated the French still more; that anything seemed better to them than to be ruled by a French Pope at Avignon, or by French Legates in Italy; and therefore, that an actual, if imperfect, germ of future Italian unity did now reveal itself to their much-obscured eyes. There were eyes, however, which were not obscured, and which, irradiated by a fanatical faith, shone as the purest diamonds of true and earnest patriotism. In the eyes, as in the heart, of one woman, Catherine of Siena, were met, were absolutely fused, the stainless rays of that central and inexhaustible fire of love, truth, and beauty, which distinguishes without prejudice, which purifies its object by perfect vision, and which illuminates it as with perfect prophecy;—which is fearless by affection, strong in the very feebleness of the flesh that sustains it, and absolutely happy in this life with divine hope as with no less divine resignation. As it includes all things by intuition, so it understands all things by love. All years seem to be gathered to it in a moment; one moment to it is as a thousand years. It cannot be defiled any more than it can be killed.

Catherine, therefore, was a seer, and accordingly she saw. The religious constancy of her will

generated continuously for her that rarefied air of taintless truth, which, having breathed once, she could not but always breathe, although it often forced the tears from her eyes, and made her bosom pant with pain or ecstasy.

Responding to Urban's despondent entreaties, Catherine reached Rome on November the 28th, 1378, in company of her secretaries and seven Sisters of Penance, and took up her abode in the Via di Papa, near the well-known Campo dei Fiore. The mission brought no money with it, and, excepting the aid it received from the Dominican Order in Rome, its members lived by alms. They had previously learned of the tribulation there; of the counter-election of Clement; of the isolated acts of carnage already perpetrated by the Bretons; and now they themselves breathed the soft air of Rome and misery, and heard the continual bombardment of the Castle of St. Angelo. Though none of these things affrighted Catherine, Urban, unable to occupy the Vatican by reason of its proximity to the castle, remained in the monastery of San Calisto, beside Sta. Maria in Trastevere. Hearing of her arrival, he at once summoned her to his presence, and from her lips caught the first words of hope and encouragement.

Smiling grimly on his Cardinals, he said, 'This poor woman, with her courage, puts us to shame. What, indeed, need we fear? Christ will never abandon his Church.' She then exhorted him to

be more patient and gentle, and above all things to curb the violence of his temper. After learning the main points of his immediate anxiety, she impressed upon him that his attention should not be directed to Clement and his Cardinals, but to winning over to his side France and Naples. With this view Catherine devised sending her own confessor, Raimondo da Capua, to France, to persuade King Charles of the validity of Urban's election; while she herself, accompanied by a daughter of St. Bridget, intended a pilgrimage to Naples in order to regain Queen Joanna.

The first resolve was ultimately fulfilled. Raimondo, after some timorous wanderings and delays along the Riviera, reached France only to learn that the King, unable to judge for himself, had laid the decision as to the validity of the election before the University of Paris, and that he intended to abide by its verdict. The second, and in reality more important resolution, that relating to Queen Joanna, was frustrated by the same feeble confessor before his departure. For this he is indeed deeply to be blamed; for upon the accomplishment of this visit actually hung matters of life and death, and the destiny of a great throne.

Raimondo's plea for discountenancing the pilgrimage to Naples consisted in persuading the Holy Father that the two ladies would run great risk of being insulted by Neapolitan debauchees. Here is his own account:—

‘I thought that the Queen of Naples, surrounded as she was by the agents of Satan, might follow their counsels, and cause these two good women to be insulted, or might even forbid them entering Naples. I went, therefore, that same day to Pope Urban, whom I found in one of the halls of the Lateran, and made him acquainted with my view in the matter. His Holiness looked disappointed, and remained reflecting for a long while, with his head leaning on his hands. At last he looked up at me, and said, “Your opinion is weighty; it is more prudent for them not to go.” Then, though it was late, I went to Catherine, and announced to her the decision of the Pontiff.

‘She heard me with indignation, and replied, “If Agnes and Margaret and so many other holy virgins had used all these reasonings, they would never have won the crown of martyrdom at all. Have we not a glorious Spouse, who is both able and willing to defend us? Believe me, all the objections you have raised are vain and foolish, and are not the offspring of real reasonable prudence so much as of defective faith.”’ The project, however, in obedience to Urban’s decision, was laid aside.

It was now December of the fateful year 1378, and Raimondo had been commanded by Urban to leave Rome and go to the King of France on the aforesaid mission. In spite of the grief at losing her honoured and revered confessor, Catherine her-

self urged his departure in the good cause. They were not to meet again.

The thing next best to be done seemed, in the eyes of Catherine, to carry out her persuasion of Queen Joanna by other but less effectual means. For this purpose she now sent letters to various influential ladies at the Court of Naples, by the hands of Neri di Landoccio and another of her faithful Sienese followers, while she addressed the ensuing letter to the Queen herself:—

‘O my mother (for so I will call you, if you still love truth and are subject to the Holy Church, otherwise I can no longer call you so), I see a great change in you. You have abandoned the counsels of the Holy Spirit to listen to the Evil One. You were a branch of the true Vine, and you have cut yourself off with the knife of self-love. You were the beloved daughter of your Father, the Vicar of Christ, and now you have deserted him. Alas! we may weep over you as over one who lived and is now dead; dead, yes, in the soul, and dead, too, in the body, if you quit not your error. You will have no excuse. When you come to die, you will not be able to say, “I thought I was doing right,” for you know full well that you are doing wrong. However, I am persuaded that this counselling does not emanate from yourself. Try, then, to know the actual truth, and what manner of ones they are who deceive you by saying that Pope Urban is not the true Pope, and that the Antipope is Christ

on earth ; whereas, indeed, he is but Antichrist. What can these perverse men say in their own behalf? . . . I love your salvation with my whole soul ; but if you do not repent, the Sovereign Judge will punish you in a way that will terrify all who rebel against His Church. Do not wait for His blows ; for it is hard to resist Divine justice. Death will come to you, and you know not when. . . . You are, moreover, arousing your own people against you, who are finding in you no longer a great generous heart, but merely the heart of a woman, without either strength or resolution, tossed about like a leaf in the wind. Do not they recollect how you rejoiced over Urban's election as a child rejoices at the honours done to its father, or as a mother at those done to her son ? For indeed he was both your son and father ; your father, by reason of the dignity to which he has been raised ; and your son, as having been born a subject of your dominion. Now all is changed, and by your command they (the perverse ones) go astray. O unhappy one ! I conjure you with all my heart, and soul, and strength, to accomplish my desire and the will of God. For indeed I desire nothing less than your salvation, and gladly would I have come in person to tell you the truth with my own lips.' <sup>1</sup>

It would be difficult to convey adequately to the reader any idea of the zeal with which this devoted

<sup>1</sup> See Drane's Life of St. Catherine.

woman threw herself into the stormy breach, and, while unwavering in her passion for the Church and her martyred country, how delicately and tactfully she endeavoured to restore peace. For this purpose she left no element out of her calculation. She prayed fervently at night, and in the daytime laboured at her correspondence. She now adjured three of the Cardinals who had declared themselves neutral, addressing them in a similar strain:—‘In the eyes of God we are all equal; but, to speak in the language of men, the Christ on earth is an Italian, and you also are Italians. It was not, therefore, the love of country that led you astray, as it did the foreign Cardinals; and I can find no other explanation of your action than wounded self-love. You have abandoned the true cause out of resentment. You could not endure even one rough expression, far less a just correction. Before the Holy Father rebuked you, you not only acknowledged him, but did homage to him as the Vicar of Christ. But your tree, planted in pride, has been nourished with self-love, and this has blinded your reason.’

After having written to them, she addressed herself to Onorato Cajetani, the deprived Lord of Fondi, and implored him, as a powerful and representative noble, to return to his allegiance, forget his resentment, and ask Urban for pardon. Alas! pride and self-love had indeed been wounded, even to the quick, in each of these cases, and had fused the entire disposition of each individual into

a sharp weapon of offence. Catherine knew all about the personages she had addressed. She held the Queen in the highest respect. She was aware of the Queen's goodness and honour, and of her former devotion to the cause of the Church; and the Queen, on her part, as well as the Cardinals, knew all about Catherine, and held her in profound veneration. Happy had it been, indeed, could she have over-ridden Urban's unfortunate decision, and have proceeded to Naples by herself.

As events proved, all these grand and affectionate appeals were made in vain. In the middle of the following January, Duke Balthazar, Otho's brother, having easily obtained a dispensation from Clement, was united to the daughter of Cajetani, in the presence of Queen Joanna and the French Cardinals. Maria of Sicily was carried off secretly to Spain by her relatives; so, fortunately for her, neither the Marquis of Montferrat nor Francesco Prignano became her husband. Another niece and god-daughter of the Queen, Joanna of Durazzo, with a similar Clementine dispensation, had previously married Count Robert of Artois. It is necessary to mention these marriages, because each one was, as it were, a rivet in the broken cause of Clement and the Cardinals, while it was no less a defiant blow to the autocracy of Urban. Whither all were tending is another matter!

But while Catherine had sent these exhortations to the Pope's enemies, she was not less zealous in



addressing herself to rulers beyond the Alps, and to those who governed the leading states of Northern and Central Italy. In consequence of her pleadings, Venice, Florence, and Bologna declared for Urban ; and though not destined to success with the King of France, she wrote with avail to Elizabeth, the old Queen-mother of Louis of Hungary, and likewise to that monarch himself.

In writing to them she had in mind two distinct objects. The first was to urge their support of Urban ; and the second was to entreat them to join in the crusade against the Turks, which the deceased Gregory had initiated, and but for his decease would probably have carried out. She especially begged Elizabeth to persuade her son to aid in this object, stating to her that the Genoese and Queen Joanna had both promised assistance. To King Louis and to Charles of Durazzo she addressed herself, as being kinsmen of the Queen of Naples, to try and convince her of her error, but she desired them to take no extreme measures against her. How these appeals must have been received by the Queen's mortal enemies may be easily imagined !

To Louis she wrote : ' Much good will result from your coming hither. Perhaps the true cause will triumph without the use of physical force, and the deluded Queen may be rescued from her obstinate perversion either by fear or by love. You are well aware how the Christ on earth has spared her

hitherto, being unwilling to deprive her actually of that which by her conduct she has forfeited. He has awaited her repentance out of consideration for you and your family.' In response, Louis and his Queen, also Elizabeth, sent Urban a magnificent present of jewels, to make up for the loss of those which the Cardinals had carried off.

In the light of previous events recorded in these chapters, how tragical those well-meant words appear; but in the light of the events to come, how like positive swords of slaughter!

The two Popes now thundered anathemas at one another, and various local and sanguinary skirmishes took place among their respective adherents. Rome itself even was frequently the scene of these; for the Breton companies under Sylvester Budes and Bernard Lassalle, which had been the instruments of Clement in his murderous doings of the previous years, kept harassing the city from one point or another, so as to relieve Roustaing from the bombardment he was daily enduring in St. Angelo. On one occasion the former of those commanders contrived to enter by the Lateran gate, and advancing as far as the Capitol, surprised an unarmed gathering of the knights-banneret and citizens, of whom he slew two hundred—including seven of the Bannerets, or district-governors. Next day the infuriated populace massacred every foreigner they could discover in the city, especially revenging themselves on some luckless English priests, whose only fault con-

sisted in being the countrymen of the ferocious Budes.

Another symptom of the development of patriotic feeling now declared itself. As the Italian states had passionately felt the necessity of electing an Italian Pontiff, so it would seem they had begun to feel the necessity of organising native military companies, instead of trusting, as formerly, to the foreign ones. This movement took its rise in the league formed by the Tuscan cities against the Free companies during the pontificate of Urban V.

A certain youth of a noble Romagna family, by name Alberico da Barbiano, with the assistance of friends and kinsmen had raised a new company of St. George, in which Italians only were allowed to be enrolled; and each individual on joining it was compelled to vow eternal hate against the foreigner. The idea proved a success. Crowds of the noblest youth in Italy flocked to the saintly standard, so that before long it floated above eight hundred lances. Soon after this it happened that Bernabo Visconti was at war with the Scaglieri of Verona, and for this purpose he engaged the services of Alberico. At the instigation of Catherine, however, Urban now sent special envoys to that young general, imploring his aid and promising him very especial indulgences. Catherine herself also wrote, representing vividly to him the grandeur of the Papal cause and the splendid results of a possible victory. Feeling the sweet fire of her words lighten and

brighten in his heart, Alberico at once determined to leave Lombardy and descend to Rome. It was like spring to his soul. To him and his men it was their first grand call, a call to glory and triumph; and that night many a village of the Lombard plain became aware that the new Italian company, like a moonlit river, with its steel spears and helmets, was winding its way down the land to the aid of an Italian Pope.

The dexterous stroke of Urban in creating the batch of Italian Cardinals had already begun to show significant results, especially alarming to Queen Joanna. Many of them were Neapolitans. One was a San Severini, one a Carafa, another was a Caracciolo, and yet another the Pope's own nephew, Francesco Prignano. The people of Naples were too much flattered by this wholesale honour done them by their exalted countryman to lightly throw away their sympathies and their hopes of salvation upon his foreign foe. Duke Otho and his Germans, the offended Queen, and the insulted Cajetani, had certainly good and plausible reasons for adhering to Clement; but the population generally had no reason whatever to jeopardise their lives and property by becoming offensively ungrateful to their benefactor. If, as is probable, they still sympathised with their good and wise Queen, they were yet able to forgive Urban on account of these emphatic proofs of patriotism.

But Urban was a large-handed operator. As he

had not been content with merely slighting Otho, but had deliberately insulted the Grand Seneschal, so now he was not content with showering tasselled hats upon his fellow-countrymen, but he must needs deprive the reigning French Primate of Naples, and bestow his mitre upon a wealthy Neapolitan Abbot, Luigi Bozzuto, who, nevertheless, for fear of the Queen's wrath, was discreet enough to keep at home, and refrain from interfering with his ousted rival. It began to be felt, however, that under the surface Naples was rapidly dividing against itself.

On the other hand, Clement, although confident of support from the Queen and Duke Otho, and, moreover, able to rely upon the doughty veterans of his Gascon and Breton forces, had been unable to inflict any such political blows upon his adversary. The fusillade of pontifical blank cartridge being equal, Clement had no big political gun to bring into action. He had, it is true, seen the figure of one, but it was only on paper. With a desperate effort, he had concocted an impracticable scheme for embodying what he was pleased to call an 'Adriatic realm.' It was to include several states of the Church, from Perugia and Spoleto to Ravenna and Ferrara, and Louis of Anjou, the new French King's uncle and guardian, was to be its first sovereign. But the project failed, and at best was not worth one stroke of the pen wielded by that dyer's daughter of Siena.

The Bretons and Gascons, however, were real

flesh and blood, and it was with them that Urban would have to deal. But now he had been given fresh courage. Alberico had reached Rome, had been interviewed, and had been blessed. Catherine had done this, and forthwith she did something more. Picture the extraordinary meeting of this irreproachable woman, pure in body as in soul (howsoever we may discount her visions and miracles), with that bloodiest of butchers, Sir John Hawkwood. Any ordinary Italian woman, pure or impure, would have felt tainted, degraded, even in those days, by merely looking upon the slaughterer of bright-eyed Italian children, the wholesale violator of Italian women ; but not so could Catherine feel. It was too true that he had been a terrible instrument of the devil, but he should now no less certainly become an instrument of God. She persuaded him to support Alberico ; and he obeyed her.

The troops of Clement, under command of the Count Montjoie, Lassalle, and Budes, had collected and encamped at Marino, a stronghold in those days of the Orsini, and only fourteen miles from Rome by the Via Appia Nova. Hearing this good news, the gallant Alberico passed out of Rome under cover of darkness, and finally nearing Marino, halted to quietly await the rising of the sun. At dawn he drew up his men in two divisions, one of which he himself was to command, and the other he gave to the command of Giovanni di Pepoli.

The enemy was ordered in three divisions, respectively captained by Lassalle, Montjoie, and Piero di Sagra. The sun at last rose, and both armies displayed standards emblazoning the keys of St. Peter. Only one, however, raised the cry of St. George. Some authorities say that Alberico's division first joined issue by falling on the Gascons under Lassalle; while others state that Piero di Sagra fell upon the division of the Urbanists under Pepoli. At any rate, the two Roses fought and mingled their thorns in that morning air. A ferocious fight ensued, the Italians being doubly armed, both with vengeance for the Church and vengeance against the accursed foreigner. The battle lasted all day, during which Alberico himself captured Sylvester Budes, while Montjoie with his colleagues, after desperate struggles, surrendered, leaving five thousand dead and dying upon the field.

The remnants of the Clementine army then melted away in the twilight among the hills of Albano, and making their way southward, spread the dismay of their defeat in every direction. Alberico, on the other hand, returned triumphant to the Eternal City; and the Eternal City, that for so long a time had known nothing but horrors, humiliations, and calamities, opened her flower-laden arms to receive the gallant victor, with music of clarions and trumpets mingled with the voices of her maidens.

But Urban and the people, though their joy knew no bounds, attributed the victory solely to the prayers of Catherine, whose pale, ardent face must indeed have seemed in their eyes transfigured as by light of the Divinity. There was a grand thanksgiving. Alberico was created Count of Cuneo, and given a banner on which was woven a red cross, bearing the motto '*Italia liberata dei barbari.*' The wounded Italians were blessed by Catherine and Urban, and by her advice were distributed among the noble families to be carefully nursed. On the following day the grim Pope, putting aside all his evil humours, humbled himself by an extraordinary act of piety. He walked in public from Sta. Maria in Trastevere to the Vatican with bare feet, and formally took up his residence there.

Roustaing, the beleaguered commander of St. Angelo, convinced of the alarming defeat of his countrymen, as well by the renewed battering of the fortress as by the personal visit he now received from Count Giovanni Cenci, who had long laboured to induce him to surrender, now gave up the struggle, and delivered the Castle of St. Angelo to him.

When news of the disaster reached Clement at Fondi, becoming nearly crazed with terror, he fled by night from the castle of his protector, and passing westward among the lonely hills about Itri to the dreary castle of Sperlonga on the coast, he thence took a boat and dropped down to Naples.



## II.

May 1379.

Though Clement was destined to meet with a sumptuous reception on his arrival at the Castello dell' Ovo at the hands of the Queen and Duke Otho, it is not difficult to understand that the gap between the court and the populace (wider, alas, than that which separated the rock-built castle from the shore), had meanwhile been widening. The Queen, in honour of Clement, threw a temporary bridge from the mainland to the castle gate; but she had perhaps been wiser to have attended more to that other and invisible bridge, which, for the last time almost, she now had it in her power to construct.

Presently Clement with his Cardinals sailed into the bay, and landing close to the bridge, was splendidly welcomed. He then passed along it to the great entrance, where a resplendent pontifical throne, surrounded by bishops and great nobles, awaited him. No sooner was he seated, than, one by one, the Queen herself, Duke Otho, the Count of Artois, his royal spouse, and all the other royal ladies, including Margaret, the wife of the absent Charles of Durazzo, kneeled down, kissed his feet, and received his benediction. Clement then, by the Queen's especial desire, created a certain Gerardo di Gisoni, who was General of the Minorite Friars, a Cardinal.

There can be no doubt that this splendid but timid and semi-private reception of the fugitive Clement produced a very undesirable effect upon a populace more than any other accustomed to take part in royal festivities, and, moreover, one half undermined in their loyalty by the agents of Urban. Feasts and entertainments day after day followed upon the reception; but still the people were not invited or permitted to join in them. Yet it is quite probable that the Queen herself was not to blame in this matter, and may even have acted thus contrary to her own good sense, owing to Clement harbouring fears of assassination. But the people could not be openly informed that the Pope who had taken refuge in their city was afraid of trusting them; they therefore translated their unusual treatment in a free manner, and in one inimical both to Clement and their own sovereign. They returned the want of confidence shown in them with compound interest.

At first there were heard merely small notes of dissatisfaction, but these rapidly increased in volume, until every corner of the city was filled with murmuring thunders of coming storm. Some made ominous jokes about the entire proceedings at the Castello; others declared that Clement's reception was rank sacrilege; but all, whether angry or sarcastic, remembered that Urban was a true Neapolitan, and had shown great patriotism, while none forgot that Clement was not only an alien, and a man who

had bathed his soul in Italian blood, but that he was Urban's especial foe. In this sultry state of public feeling it needed but one preliminary flash for the civil tempest to burst, and that flash was not long in coming.

One morning a nobleman, by name Ravignano, riding through the Piazza Sellaria, heard a saddler giving vent to indignation at the honours done to the Antipope. Ravignano without hesitation rode him down, and in so doing knocked out one of his eyes. There was at once a scene ; and a tailor, who was a nephew of the injured man, bellowed out at the top of his voice, 'Long live Pope Urban !' From every street and filthy alley now rushed beggarly excited swarms, who, finding themselves suddenly welded together by one thought and a fitting opportunity, formed a frantic mob, rushed for the quarter where the Ultramontane adherents resided, and began sacking their houses. Abbot Bozzuto, who had been unable to take up his Primacy, now came out of hiding, and, with the willing assistance of the rioters, took possession of the archiepiscopal palace, violently ejecting the French prelate and his household.

The more respectable inhabitants, however, joined the officers and magistrates, and quelling the riot, sent a loyal deputation to wait upon the Queen in the Castello. It may be fancied these things were by no means calculated to banish the fluttering apprehensions which had fastened upon the heart of

Clement. Every detail of the riot was a fresh twist to a mental frame already racked with anxiety. He could not assume the cool courage of the Angevine Queen, who believed in or persuaded herself of the validity of his election; nor could he take matters in the same self-possessed way as German Duke Otho. He saw in Urban a furious vampire whose nails might soon be in his vitals; and he dreaded besides the influence of that ghostly personage who had so powerfully worked upon Gregory, and lately, with still more effectual energy, upon the Roman army. Self-preservation prompted flight, and he resolved to flee while there was yet time. Accordingly in June he and his Cardinals took the Queen's galleys, and, touching at Gaeta, sailed to Provence, thus leaving the field clear for his rival.

No sooner had the Antipope left Italy, than news reached Rome that the King of France had declared in his favour. While the doctors of the Sorbonne were of opinion that Urban's election was valid, the University of Paris decided contrariwise. It is recorded that the influential English body in that famous university had the discretion to hold aloof from the deliberations of their confrères. This decision was a great blow to Urban and Catherine, but it caused them tactfully and hopefully to accentuate their gratitude to those monarchs who had already declared in their favour, more especially to the King of Hungary. When Charles V. died in the following year, he stated on his deathbed that

he had consulted no personal interest in having sided with Clement.

Had the excitable Urban obeyed the dictates of his own feelings, he would now have let fall the axe of excommunication upon Queen Joanna and her adherents; but another course was advised him, and upon that he acted. The desultory war which had been carried on between the Genoese and the Venetians—that bloody struggle for the mercantile supremacy of the Mediterranean, known as the war of Chioggia,—now culminated in the battle of Pola, in which the Venetians suffered signal defeat. In this war, as in previous ones, the King of Hungary had engaged against his old enemy the Republic, and a wing of his army was personally commanded by Charles of Durazzo. Urban being aware that the wife and children of the Duke were still at Naples, now advised him to send for them.

Receiving command from her husband to come to Friuli, Margaret asked Queen Joanna's permission to quit the kingdom. This must have come as a hard blow to the Queen. She had adopted Margaret from her sister Mary upon losing her own little girl, just twenty-seven years before, and since that time had loved both her and Charles himself as if they had been her own. Bitterly she must have called to mind that anxious flight to Provence, the cruel condition in which she had found her widowed sister there, and finally, the happy flowing

days with Luigi of Taranto after their return to Naples. Things were indeed changed. Obviously she could have detained her and the children to some political purpose; perhaps even have kept matters under control by so doing. However, she granted the request, gave her befitting escort, and they parted,—never to meet again.

In reply to this move on the part of Duke Charles, the Queen, advised by her ministers, opened negotiations with her formerly nefarious kinsman, Louis of Anjou, brother of the King of France, with a view to making him heir to her realm. This seemed a promising stroke of policy from every point of view. King Charles had declared in favour of Clement, and the next most powerful person in France was Louis of Anjou; thus it would unite the interests of both in her favour, while Clement, now at Avignon, would grant a dispensation so as to give the measure practical effect.

Catherine of Siena, however, was still deeply and actively interested in the Queen, and beyond question, a little later in the year, the Queen, during a trying absence of Otho in his principality of Taranto, began to realise the extreme peril of her case. She saw the daily forging of the iron links of that terrible chain with which Urban determined to bind and destroy her. Fresh tumults arose, and were put down with ever-increasing difficulty, leaving the accession to the cause of her foe more and more marked.

At last, she was tempted to appeal to Catherine, in response to her arguments and entreaties, to bring about some kind of reconciliation—in fact, to be the evangel of peace. Catherine was overjoyed, and immediately informed some of her friends that the heart of Pharaoh had been softened, and that God was working wonderful things. Meanwhile, however, occurred two circumstances which caused the Queen's former resolution to return and her political hopes to revive.

She learned that, in answer to Urban's appeals to foreign rulers, crowds of alien clergy, whom he found it necessary to favour, had taken up their unwelcome abode in Rome. In consequence of the feud, the food-supply from Naples had almost ceased, and these bald locusts were eating the bread from the mouths of the citizens. Putting together these hard facts and the grasping exactions of the well-nigh bankrupt Urban, the native Romans now rose upon the foreigners, and made certain streets of the Eternal City once more stream with blood. The other circumstance to which we have alluded was the return to the capital of Duke Otho with a body of soldiers recruited by him in various parts of the kingdom. When Catherine learned of the Queen Joanna's wavering in her resolution, she wrote to her in great sorrow: 'If you care not for your own salvation, think of those who have enjoyed so many years of peace under your wise rule, who are now miserably divided, making war upon one another, and

tearing each other like wild beasts. Does it not break your heart to see these divisions? One holds for the white rose, and another for the red; one for truth, and the other for falsehood; yet all were created alike by the stainless rose of God's eternal will, and all were regenerated to grace in the red rose of the blood of Christ. Neither you nor any else can give them those two glorious roses; none can do so but our mother the Holy Church and he who holds the keys of the blood. How, then, can you consent to deprive them of that which you cannot give them?

'The second fault you committed after your repentance was worse than the first; for you had acknowledged the truth and your own error, and, as an obedient daughter, you had sought the mercy and pardon of your Father, and after that you did still worse. Is it that your heart was not sincere, that you only dissembled? For I received a letter from you in which you confessed that Pope Urban was truly the sovereign Pontiff, and that you desired to submit to him. Oh, for the love of God, do confess your fault sincerely; for confession, to be thorough, must be accompanied by contrition and satisfaction. Where is the truth that should ever be found on the lips of a queen? Her word should be as sure and trustworthy as the Gospel, and when she has made a promise to God, she should not turn back. It is with intolerable sorrow that I see the eyes of your mind obscured by the mists of self-love through a



delusion of Satan. I entreat you by the love of the Crucified Christ, be sweet to me, dearest mother, and in nowise bitter any more. Do not linger in this evil dream. Turn humbly to the Holy Father and obtain his mercy and forgiveness. Oh, answer with all your strength to God, who so lovingly calls to you, lest at the last, you too hear those bitter words, "In life thou hast not remembered Me; neither in death will I remember thee. Whilst there was yet time I called unto you, and you answered Me not: Now the time is gone by, and there is no hope."

The Queen, indeed, had gone so far as to send Rinaldo di Orsini, Count of Nola, Ugo San Severini, and the Count of Arriano to Rome. She now recalled them and resumed her former attitude.

By January of 1380, the unpopularity of Urban had so far intensified that a violent mob actually attacked the Vatican with sticks and stones; but the implacable Pontiff showed himself to the people clad in full pontifical robes, and thus overawed them. Raymund, the confessor of St. Catherine, in his account written some time after, and not from experience of these events, has certainly confused them. Mrs. Jameson, however, in her 'Monastic Orders,' has floundered into a positive quagmire of blunders in making Catherine would-be ambassador to Joanna II. But it would be a long matter, and one quite foreign to the purpose of this book, to catalogue or expose the errors of other authors,

and we are very conscious, indeed, of our own shortcomings. These instances are only mentioned, therefore, in order to accentuate the affirmation in the preface as to the reckless mis-statements or mischances to which the memory and reputation of Queen Joanna I. have long been martyrs.

Perhaps the most active and annoying enemy of Urban at this period was Francesco de Vico, the self-elected tyrant of Viterbo. He not only had possessed himself of Ronciglione, Toscanella, Bracciano, and Corneto, but (what was far more exasperating) he sold these towns piecemeal to the mutinous Roman people. In conflict with the troops sent against him he was usually victorious, and between the two the country was devastated. The village of Vitorchiano greatly distinguished itself by its fidelity to Urban, and in recompense it still possesses the privilege of supplying the Municipality of Rome with servitors, who are called *Fedeli del Campidoglio*. Francesco finally sacked and burnt it; and when Urban, terrified by this savagery, sent ambassadors to treat with him, he put one of them to death. Catherine still advised Urban to use exceeding patience. 'I have learnt,' says she, 'of the fierce and insolent reply which the Prefect has given to the Roman ambassadors. The best thing will be to call a Council General, and for them to send you the chiefs of the quarters (*i.e.*, Bannerets) and some notables. I beg of you, most Holy Father, continue to see them frequently, and keep on good terms

with them. And I would suggest that when they come to tell you what has been decided by the Council, you should receive them with the utmost condescension, and explain to them whatever your Holiness thinks needful. Pardon me if I am asking too much ; but I think it well to recall to you the disposition of your Roman children, whom it is easier to rule by kindness than by severity ; and you are fully aware how necessary it is just now, both for yourself and the Holy Church, to keep the people loyal and submissive.'

But, in spite of the maddening fret and fury caused by these local tormentors, Urban's more tremendous wrath was moving slowly and surely, like some massive cumulus, toward the realm of Naples, and closing out the last streak of blue sky. He left nothing undone to ensure the success of the tragic move he now meditated. We have already seen how shrewdly he undermined the fidelity of the Queen's subjects ; moreover, how he turned for assured assistance to Hungary. He now took more emphatic measures in both directions.

His chief measure was to hold out promise of immediate coronation as King of Naples to Charles of Durazzo, if he would descend with his army from the scene of war to Rome. King Louis, who was absorbed in the campaign, was very reluctant to let him go, and seems to have entertained a distrust (but too well founded, as events proved) both of his own state of health and of the possible attitude of

Charles toward his daughter Mary in case of his own death. He felt that his sovereignty had been greatly complicated by the acquisition of Poland. The Sclaves and Magyars, each of them difficult to manage, bore intense racial animosity to one another. The wary King had perceived that over and above this the Poles disliked Sigismund, to whom Mary was affianced, while the warlike Magyars did not at all relish the outlook of being governed by a woman. The military prowess of Charles of Durazzo had shown itself conspicuously in the various Servian and Venetian wars; moreover, he was kinsman to their sovereign, and perhaps too popular with the soldiers. Hence his increasing influence could scarcely be omitted from any forecast of the political weather in Hungary.

Having, however, obtained a personal promise from Charles that in case of his decease he would in no wise act contrary to the interests of Mary, King Louis speeded him with a portion of the army to the aid of Urban. Owing to various delays, his journey took a long while; but it is unnecessary to detail his progress through Italy, how this city and that offered him honours, lent him money, or, if it showed any sign of opposition to Urbanist policy, was put to the sack by his troops and those of Hawkwood, which joined him. He was by no means to blame for his cause. He desired no evil against Queen Joanna, to whom he owed so much. His later conduct conclusively

proved this, despite the fogs and exhalations superinduced by would-be avengers of Queen Joanna, so as to obscure and sully his character. One of the sharpest accentuations of the posthumous wrong done to Queen Joanna has consisted in the fact that her defenders have hitherto undertaken the unreasonable as unnecessary labour of blackening the character of every one who, for reasons good or bad, was not on her side.

The position of Charles of Durazzo seems to have been this. The most powerful monarch in Europe was his kinsman and foster-father, and who from every point of view regarded the validity of Urban's election as unquestionable. Differences of an extraordinary nature had developed between Queen Joanna and Urban, who had formerly been her subject. These differences, curious and ominous from the very first, had matured into violent antagonism. Urban's behaviour was abominable and intolerable, and the Queen, if not wise, was quite justified in returning it with royal and womanly resentment. Urban certainly never appeared to Charles of Durazzo himself in the light of anything but a tyrant and a bully, so far as he was a man; but then he happened to be the lawfully-elected Vicar of Christ, the keeper of the keys of St. Peter. What he did as father of the Church, it was no mortal's business in those days either to analyse, or even to separate from deeds which bore upon their front the low promptings of the base individual.

Excommunication was now hanging darkly over that throne of Naples to which Charles was the natural and acknowledged heir. The Queen's deeply offended *amour-propre* now carried her to the severe extremity of substituting in his stead a powerful kinsman, who had either espoused the Clementine cause, or from whose character it could with certainty be predicted that with such a bribe as the crown of Naples he would espouse it. The advent of a competitor to a crown which for years had been assured to him, together with the earnest entreaties of Urban himself, naturally decided Charles, not necessarily to act with violence to Queen Joanna, but at least to make an effort to secure what had been always promised to him by her. Charles was in much the same predicament as the declared heir to one who was sane, but becoming insane wishes to change his will. His antagonist was not the individual, but the insanity.

The character of this prince has been so savagely traduced, in order to establish or justify the Queen's side, by means which can only be designated stucco or rococo, that a little of the plain monolith marble will not have seemed aggressive or superfluous to the reader. In our own humble view it would not be impossible to show that the character of Charles has been almost as ill-used as that of the good Queen herself.

On the 20th of April, after incredible sufferings from internal cancer, St. Catherine died. It had been known both by Urban and by the Roman

people, whom she had succeeded in partly reconciling to one another, that she could not last long. Urban then was to be his own master; not certainly master of himself, but most certainly master of the situation. The devil that had been restrained in him was to be unloosed. Catherine had been the making of him. Catherine, living, had been the necessary, though almost hateful, check upon his implacability; but Catherine, dead, seemed to have done him the service of release, even by dying. The political sluices were to be opened; the Queen's cause, in spite of Louis of Anjou, Clement, Otho, and De Vico, would be swamped, and strength and plenty would sail to the rescue of the beleaguered Urban.

On the 29th of April, the labouring thunder broke upon Queen Joanna. She was declared excommunicate, a schismatic, accursed. Her throne was declared forfeit, and her subjects were absolved from allegiance. In the same interdict he included Onorato Cajetani, Rinaldo and Giovanni di Orsini. Having done this, Urban gloatingly drew up a Bull of investiture, which was to await the arrival of Duke Charles. Indeed, at this moment, in spite of his bankruptcy, Urban seemed to be the supreme demon. Florence was at war with herself and fully occupied. He could do as he pleased. To his nephews he promised principalities. One had already been made a Cardinal; another should have Sicily. Charles of Durazzo, it was true, must be made King of Naples,

but he should be bound by very stringent conditions, in return for his not having responded soon enough to Urban's entreaties. He should now become a most beholden debtor; creditor in nothing. Over Naples, in fact, henceforth, there should be but one real ruler, and that ruler should be the despot, even Urban.

April 29, 1380.

### III.

Charles appeared in Lombardy in November 1380, and made considerable halts at Florence and Arezzo, both of which cities offered him seignorial powers. At the commencement of the next year he and his Hungarians encamped outside Rome, and beside them encamped once more the now much augmented company of St. George under Alberico, which had been taken into the Duke's pay. Charles himself, escorted by the cunning Duke of Andria and Cardinal Gentile da Sangro, now entered the city and was cheerfully welcomed by the Pope, who forthwith made him a Senator of Rome. In the interview which followed, it soon became evident to Charles that the all-powerful Urban was going to act toward him the part of a patronising tyrant. After a specified fulfilment of the office of Senator, Urban would invest him with the forfeited kingdoms of Naples and Sicily; but only on condition that Francesco Prignano, one of his nephews, should also



receive an investiture as Prince of Capua, Duke of Amalfi, &c. In vain the Duke argued that these grants would include the richest lands and offices in his future realm. Urban frowned and threatened; Charles then dissembled, and finally promised the Pope all he asked. Having bargained very exactly, and, as he thought, successfully, for what he earnestly desired, Urban now crowned Charles of Durazzo King of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem.

June 1, 1381.

Meantime the state of affairs in the kingdom itself had by no means improved. In the towns riot succeeded riot, while in the country occurred outbreaks not unaccompanied with actual slaughter. Rinaldo Orsini, Count of Nola, gathered together whatsoever mercenaries he could obtain, and took several small Roman towns; but he retired southward on the advent of Charles. Otho, as we know, a gallant commander, found himself unable to effectually increase his forces, owing to the total want of sympathy in his cause displayed by the peasantry. In this desperate crisis Queen Joanna posted the Count of Caserta to France entreating the adopted Louis of Anjou to lose no time, but set sail for Naples with an army and save the kingdom destined for him. Louis obeyed the summons to his ambition, and, aided by Pope Clement, collected a very large army; but this necessarily took months. The troops had furthermore to be embarked, and sufficient ships were not readily to be found.

Though an obviously wise move in one sense,

it could not be a popular one. On the contrary, it acutely accentuated the discontent. The people of Naples had watched Charles of Durazzo as he grew up amongst them; had assisted at the festival of his marriage, at the baptism of his son, Ladislaus, and had heartily endorsed the Queen's adoption of him as a native-born kinsman. Louis of Anjou, on the other hand, though a great prince of France, they had never seen. He would not understand them, and if he came to reign over them, would doubtless fill the kingdom with French lords and Ultramontane clergy. Besides, were not they, the Neapolitans, settled Urbanists at heart, and grateful to Urban for unceasing benefits? and had they not learned how Urban had already crowned the monarch of their choice? Their fidelity to the Queen was thus strained to breaking-point; and many of the nobles, even those who had hitherto made war upon Urban, now forwent their allegiance, failed to join Duke Otho at San Germano (where he had taken up his position to check the advance of Charles), and presently appeared in the camp of the enemy. Among these were the Orsini, Counts of Nola.

Charles was already made aware of the strength of the Duke's position, and therefore resolved not to attack him, but to continue his advance on Naples by a side route. This fact coming to the knowledge of Otho, he determined to descend as soon as possible toward the imperilled capital.

Conscious of his inferiority in numbers, on the approach of Charles he again struck camp at Maddaloni and retired hastily upon Naples itself, which, however, both forces reached upon the same day—the 16th of July—respectively camping outside the Porta Capuana and the Porta del Mercato.

Black night and long-gathering tempest seemed to be settling together about the Queen and her sorrowful ladies. She shut herself with them in the newly-strengthened Castello Nuovo. The steel helmets of the foe were shining all around. She knew a battle must be imminent, and news as to the superiority of the invading force soon reached her. She had, however, two hopes still burning brightly. One was that Otho would after all, by God's providence, be victorious ; and the other, that the promised gallies sent by the Count of Caserta would be sighted before morning.

For several hours the opposing armies anxiously observed one another till night fell ; but hand in hand with night came craft and treachery. 'Then Palamede Bozzuto and Martuccio Ajes, two Neapolitan knights and captains of the horse, advanced with their troops ; and being guided by certain of those who had come out of the city, they moved to the seaside, waded, and entered by the Porta della Conceria ; for those within, having trusted to its being washed by the waves, it was neither locked nor guarded ; and from thence having marched to the market-place, with a great 'Huzza,' they shouted

‘God save King Charles and Pope Urban!’ Then, being followed by those who were on the market-place, they easily beat off those of the Queen’s party, and forced them to retire to the castle, while they opened the *Porta del Mercato*, at which Charles with his army entered; and having posted a strong guard at that gate, he marched to the *Porta Capuana*, where he also posted a good guard, and sent another to that of *St. Gennaro*, while himself and the rest of the army took up their quarters at *Sta. Chiara*, so that they could hinder the enemy from entering by the *Porta Donnoroso* and the *Porta Reale*.’

Too late, indeed, Duke Otho learned of what had befallen. Nevertheless he made a vigorous attack on the yet unentered rear-guard of Charles, and annihilated it. But since the foe was already possessed of the city, this effort practically amounted to waste of force. Giannone, in his account above quoted, follows Costanzo and Summonte, who, like himself, may rather be trusted for accuracy in local detail and local topography than in other and larger matters. Let us, therefore, take his account of that which ensued.

‘The next day Charles laid siege to *Castel Nuovo*, whither, besides the Duchess of *Durazzo* with Robert of *Artois* her husband, almost all the ladies of the best quality had flocked, who, because of their sincere affection for the Queen, were afraid of being ill-used; there was likewise there a vast number

of noblèmen with their families, which occasioned so sudden destruction ; for the Queen, partly out of the mildness of her disposition, and partly because she hoped that the gallies of Provence would quickly arrive, received and fed them all with the provisions of the castle, which perhaps would have been sufficient for the garrison for six months, but were consumed in one. The Prince (Duke Otho), who during this siege left no means unattempted for relieving the Queen, returned to the marshes of Naples, thinking that Charles would come out and fight him ; but the officers of the latter would not let him stir, because it was more for his purpose that the body of the army should guard the city and keep the castle close blocked up, whither they knew so many people had retired, that in a short time they would be reduced to famine and forced to surrender. So that the Prince, finding that all his endeavours were to no purpose, retired to Aversa.

‘ In the meantime the Queen began to be in want of provisions, and she had no other hopes but in the coming of the gallies, with which she not only designed to make her escape, but to go in person to persuade the King of France (*i.e.*, little Charles VI.) and Pope Clement to give her powerful assistance, in order to return with her adopted heir (Louis of Anjou), and drive out the enemy. But the gallies not appearing, and the castle being reduced to great straits for want of provisions, on the 20th of August the Queen sent Ugo San Severini, great

protonotary of the kingdom, to capitulate with King Charles, and to treat about a truce or some sort of agreement.

‘The King, who grounded all his hopes upon the Queen’s necessities, though he gave San Severini an honourable reception, because he was his kinsman, yet he would give no longer delay than five days, during (after) which time, if Prince Otho did not come to relieve the castle and raise the siege, the Queen must deliver herself up into his hands. And San Severini being returned with these conditions, Charles sent after him some servants with a present to the Queen of some fowl, fruit, and other eatables, and ordered daily to be sent whatever she should think fit to command for her own table. . . . But what is more, he sent to visit her, and to excuse himself; that he had sincerely esteemed her as Queen, and would continue to do so, and respect her; that he would not have taken the kingdom by force of arms, but would have waited till it had fallen to him by succession, if he had not seen that the Prince, her husband, besides his having fortified so many important cities of the principality of Taranto, kept up a powerful army; whence it appeared very plain that he would have been in a position to keep possession of the kingdom, and to deprive him (Charles) the only branch of the race of King Charles I. . . .

‘The Queen seemed to thank him, but at the same time sent to hasten the Prince to come and relieve her within the five days. The 24th of the

month had passed, and the next morning, which was the last day of the five, the Prince with all his army marched by the way of Piedigrotta, and when he had passed Eckia, he began to beat down the barricado made by King Charles, in order to send a relief of men and provisions into the castle ; but King Charles marched immediately and met him with his army in order, and the signal for battle being given on both sides, they fought with so much bravery, that for a great while the victory was doubtful. At last the Prince rushed forward towards King Charles's royal standard with so much boldness, that none durst follow him ; so that being surrounded by the best of the enemy's cavalry, he was forced to surrender, and by his being made prisoner his army was routed.

'The next day the Queen sent Ugo San Severini to surrender, and to beg of the conqueror to take those who were in the castle with her under his protection. The same day the King, with his guard and San Severini, entered the castle and saluted the Queen, assuring her that he would perform whatever he had promised, and would have her to remain in an apartment of the castle, not as prisoner, but as Queen, and to be served by the same servants as formerly.

'The month being ended, on the 1st of September the ten Provençal gallies, under the command of the Count of Caserta, appeared in order to take the Queen and conduct her to France. King Charles

went to visit the Queen, and to beg of her that, since she knew his intention, she would be pleased to do him the favour to make him her universal heir, and likewise after her death to yield to him her dominions in France, and to send and order those Provençals that were in the gallies to come ashore as friends. But the Queen . . . calling to mind the compact she had made with the King of France by adopting Louis, Duke of Anjou, said that if he would send a safe-conduct to the captains of the gallies, she would speak to them. . . . The King immediately sent the safe-conduct, and allowed the Provençals to enter her chamber without being present himself, or any person with him.

‘As soon as they were entered, the Queen spoke to them thus: “Both the behaviour of my ancestors, and the sacred tie under which the county of Provence was to my crown, required greater despatch than you have made in coming to relieve me, who, after having suffered all those hardships which are not only grievous to women, but to the most robust soldiers, even to the eating of the filthy flesh of unclean animals, have been forced to deliver myself up into the hands of a most cruel enemy. But if this, as I believe, has been through negligence, and not out of any ill intention, I conjure you, if there be remaining in you the least spark of affection toward me, or the smallest remembrance of your oaths, and of the favours you have received from me, that by no means you ever accept of this ungrateful



robber for your lord, who from a Queen has made me a slave; and even if ever any writing shall be mentioned to you or shown you whereby I may have appointed him my heir, believe it not, but look upon it as if it were a forgery, or extorted from me against my will; because my will is that you should have the Duke of Anjou for your lord, not only in the county of Provence and my other dominions beyond the mountains (Piedmont), but likewise in this kingdom, to all which I have already appointed him my heir, and to be my champion in order to revenge this treason and violence. Go, then, and obey him; and if you are not void of all sense of gratitude for the love I have showed to your country, and of pity for a Queen under such calamity, you will go and take revenge with your arms, and pray to God for my soul, and I not only advise you so to do, but as you are yet my subjects, I command you."

'The Provençals with sad lamentation excused themselves (for the delay), and appeared most sensibly affected with her captivity, and promised to do what she had ordered them, and then ventured abroad of their gallies, and set sail for Provence. . . .

'King Charles being returned to the Queen to know what answer the Provençals had given, and finding that it was not to his mind, he began to take another course, by placing guards about the Queen and keeping her as prisoner, and in a few days he sent her to the Castle of Muro in the pro-

vince of Basilicata, which was his own patrimony, and Prince Otho was sent to the Castle of Altamura, and after the city of Naples and all the barons had sworn allegiance to the King in the Archbishop's palace, he took the oath of homage to the Apostolic See from the hands of Cardinal di Sangro, the Legate.'<sup>1</sup>

### CONCLUSION.

Despite the above statement by Giannone, the Queen did not in reality go to Muro until the 28th of March of the following year. She probably remained in the Castello Nuovo well cared for, but given up to her religious devotions, and doubtless obdurate to every persuasion of Charles to surrender her rights. In any case, Charles had Urban to deal with, and a very brief and unfortunate reign was before him. On the feast of St. Martin he and Margaret were solemnly crowned King and Queen in San Gennaro, and in the customary procession through the city his bridle was held by the rebel Duke of Andria.

The story of the fierce struggle between Urban and King Charles, and that between King Charles and Louis of Anjou, belongs to another volume ; in which also would be told of the pestilence that again visited Italy and took off Louis of Anjou ; of the call of Charles to Hungary to seize the crown

<sup>1</sup> Giannone (Ogilvie's translation, 1723).

upon the demise of King Louis, who died in the following September; and of his assassination by order of the new Queen and the Queen-mother. We will therefore conclude with the account of the death of Queen Joanna.

This event happened in May 1382, five months, consequently, before the death of her old enemy, King Louis of Hungary, and seven weeks after her coming to Muro. After considering all circumstances, we are unable either to convict or acquit Charles of the guilt of her murder. He has been unsparingly handled by some writers, and by most directly charged with it. His forbearance was no doubt put to severe trial; but his previous conduct toward the Queen, though not disinterested, showed that he was by no means unaffectionate or ungrateful. He and his wife owed her everything, and seem at no time to have been insensible of it.

We must not forget that Charles had brought with him a fresh army of Hungarians, some of whom as young men had served in the campaign led by King Louis to revenge his brother's murder at Aversa. The burning belief in the guilt of Joanna, though disbelieved elsewhere, had never been permitted to die down at the court of Hungary. It had only smouldered, and been occasionally fanned into flame by retrospective chagrin on the part of the elder Elizabeth and of the King, her son. It is worthy of remark that Urban in all his bitter fulminations at Queen Joanna never once hurled the

charge of the murder of Andreas against her, which is the best evidence that neither he nor St. Catherine believed it.

The Castle of Muro stands among the mountains not far from Venosa, and sixty miles south of Naples, and overlooks the edge of a ravine. For a few hours in the hot Southern day the sun beats fiercely around and below it, shrivelling the dusty spurge and straggling coronillas, and perhaps luring a snake from its crevice to curl up and bask upon the warm rocks. The earthquake-riven land around wilders dreamily away, league upon league, under the beautiful sky. Here, in the previous century, Henry, youngest son of the Emperor Frederick II. and Isabella of England, a boy of twelve years, was poisoned by his brother, the Emperor Conrad, to whom he had been sent from Sicily. In this dreary and ill-omened castle Queen Joanna was kept prisoner.

One day,<sup>1</sup> while kneeling at her devotions in the chapel, four Hungarians entered, and, undeterred by the sanctity of the spot, slipped a cord around the Queen's neck and strangled her. May 22, 1382.

<sup>1</sup> The accounts (which, however, amount only to effective theories) are very varied. One says the Queen was poisoned ; another says she died of voluntary starvation ; yet another states that she strangled herself ; while a fourth (often repeated) avers that she was smothered with a pillow. If necessity is the mother, mystery is certainly the foster-mother, to invention.

We follow the brief account given by Th. de Niem, Urban's secretary, as his information probably comes nearer the truth than that supplied to others.

As Queen Joanna had died excommunicate, she could not be given a public funeral nor befitting memorial. It is believed, however, that her remains were conveyed to Naples, and were privately interred by the Nuns of the Order of St. Clair; but their resting-place has not been identified. It is stated, however, in some accounts that King Charles caused them to lie in state for several days in the Church of St. Clair, in order to convince her adherents and satisfy her enemies that she was in reality dead. The tomb of her mother, Mary of Valois, has often been described, and even figured, as the Queen's tomb, and no doubt it will still be so figured and described as long as injustice and inaccuracy are allowed to repeat themselves by idle readers and reckless writers with regard to the name and reign of Queen Joanna.

## THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE QUEEN'S DEATH.



It is perhaps impossible to determine the exact contriver of the Queen's death, but it is obvious that she had four very distinct, very powerful, and very active enemies, namely, King Louis of Hungary, Pope Urban, King Charles, and above all the Duke of Andria. Life-long hate toward her dominated the first of these, and Urban had excommunicated her; while Charles, aided by the King and the Duke, and crowned by Urban, had made himself master of her throne and kingdom. But Charles treated her with distinct forbearance, and possibly with sincere gratitude,—at least for a time; and it is difficult to see how her murder could benefit him, unless it could be supposed likely to prevent the invasion of Naples by Louis of Anjou. But that it could not with good reason be supposed to do.

On the contrary, the murder of the Queen would have had the sole effect of giving more precise definition to the aim and ambition of Louis and Clement. Neither were there any serious risings in the Queen's favour on the part of her adherents for Charles to dread. The leniency of his con-

duct toward her (unless he were a more consummate hypocrite than facts seem to warrant) does not, then, justify us in crediting him with the authorship of her death. Moreover, since her people entertained intense pity for her, if it is true that her remains were permitted by Charles to lie in state at Naples (as is recorded by some of the Neapolitan historians), it is difficult to believe that having brutally murdered her, he would have thus gloried in exposing the remains of the foster-mother to whom it was well known he had owed everything.

On the other hand, the Castle of Muro was in his patrimony; and in any case, one must conclude that, whether cognisant or not, he was responsible for all that occurred there. In spite of this, the popular tradition that Hungarian emissaries of King Louis somehow obtained access to the castle, and, to please their royal master, strangled Queen Joanna for her supposed implication in the murder of his brother Andreas, must in this case carry considerable weight. King Louis died four months later than the Queen. Whether Charles connived or not, must perhaps always remain an open question. His subsequent liberation of Duke Otho in consequence of a former request from Joanna, is perhaps other and stronger evidence in favour of his innocence. Later he sent for the bereft Otho, and asking his counsel as to a personal challenge he had received from Louis of Anjou, received it gratefully, and further, followed it, much to his profit.

Sept. 1382.

## THE ENGLISH MURDER AT VITERBO.

(A.D. 1271.)



**A****FTER** several centuries of racial hostility, succeeded by these later generations of colonial and diplomatic rivalry, it has become almost difficult to realise how intimately allied by blood were the two royal houses of France and England, even as late as a couple of centuries after the Conquest. But though important unions between the two branches of the House of Anjou had taken place before the thirteenth century, and were destined to take place after it, there was perhaps no moment in which they could have felt themselves so completely drawn together as when the two elder sons of both branches, making thus four in all, married the four beautiful daughters of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence. Margaret, his eldest daughter, married Louis IX. of France ; Eleanor married Henry III. of England ; while Beatrice became the wife of Charles of Anjou ; and Sancia, the third daughter, became the wife of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, afterwards King of the Romans.

Truly a bouquet of royal alliances, and in the paternal nostrils of Count Raymond, doubtless, pass-



ing sweet. In addition, Eleanor, King Henry's sister, took for her second husband Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, whose family through good and ill hap had been almost as famous in France as they now were destined to become in England. Partly in consequence of these close solderings of the two courts and dynasties, the French King and his brother, Charles of Anjou, were frequently called upon to judge between the English King and his barons ; so that the position of Louis must have often seemed like that of an elder brother who had to adjudicate the quarrels of his juniors. He was appealed to by Henry to support him in his exactions ; he was appealed to by Richard to forward his candidature with the Pope for the title of King of the Romans ; above all, he was appealed to by his former subject, Earl Simon, to arbitrate in his critical differences with King Henry.

It is probable that the usually favourable attitude of King Louis toward Earl Simon was not entirely due either to his personal esteem for him, or to his French blood, or to his French influence at the English court ; but rather to the fact that the stubborn opposition of the Baronial party under the leadership of De Montfort hindered the capricious Henry from prosecuting his recovery of the French territories lost by his father, King John. As long as trouble was active between the King and his barons, France would be safe, if not from quarrel, at least from war, with England. Year by year

the gap between King Henry and his people perceptibly widened. His failure to understand or respect the meaning of the Great Charter which had been wrung from his predecessor gave rise to serious differences between him and his most influential subjects ; while his undue favouring of the Provençal relatives of Queen Eleanor only made these differences more and more acute. King Louis and Charles of Anjou, although unwilling to favour any English encroachments on the royal prerogative, were thus able to view with silent satisfaction, and perhaps to encourage, the rapid advancement made in England by the various uncles of their respective wives. Boniface of Savoy was made Archbishop of Canterbury, while his wealthy brother, Peter, built for himself the Savoy Palace. Moreover, the saintly King was thus able to feel the more secure in occasionally quitting his realm in order to carry out fanatical crusades in Egypt or Palestine.

King Henry, as was inevitable with his careless chameleon-like character, became further and further involved in debt and difficulty. When he could no longer extort money from his subjects, he borrowed from his relations ; at least, from such of them as would lend. His brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, owing to the development of his Cornish properties, came to be looked upon as one of the wealthiest princes in Christendom ; but his disposition was cautious, if not penurious, and it is not likely he permitted the King to become deeply his debtor.

From his sister Eleanor, Countess of Montfort, however, and from Earl Simon himself, despite political and moral antagonisms, the King borrowed extensively. He likewise more peculiarly indulged himself by omitting to pay his sister's dowry. These proceedings gave rise to recriminations, and undoubtedly contributed their share to the tragic issues of certain events in later years. At no period of their lives does there seem to have been any love lost between the sister and the brother.

But it is not our intention to recapitulate the famous struggle of the King and his barons, nor to describe the final overthrow of the De Montforts at Evesham; but to give some account of a highly dramatic incident, the origin of which is to be found in that struggle, namely, the assassination at Viterbo of Prince Henry, the eldest son of that Richard of Cornwall who, through his election by the Germans as King of the Romans, came to be called Richard of Almaine.

Let us therefore attempt to trace incidentally the peculiar positions relative to the struggle maintained by this young prince and his cousin Prince Edward, the heir to the throne, together with those of their cousins, Henry, Simon, Guy, Amory, and Richard, the five sons of the Earl of Leicester and Countess Eleanor.

Called by the Electors at Frankfort to receive from them the somewhat vaporous title of King of the Romans, Richard left England in 1257. No sooner

was his powerful influence in the realm felt to be relaxed by his absence than the barons succeeded in getting the King into their power and persuading him by the Convention of Oxford to expel the aliens who occupied almost all the chief offices of State. While the Earl was in Germany, envoys were sent asking him also to subscribe to the new conditions ; but in response, Richard absolutely refused to bind himself, and indignantly complained of not having been consulted as to the said changes. When this answer was brought home by their envoys, the barons determined to prevent the Earl again landing in England ; and by so doing they ultimately compelled his adherence to their cause. 1258.

Soon after this King Henry paid a visit to France, hoping to prevail on Louis to oppose the designs of Earl Simon ; but learning in his absence that his son Edward had sworn to uphold the provisions of Oxford, he hurried back from the fruitless errand. This move on the part of Edward was brought about partly by his own strong sense of justice, and partly by the persuasions of Earl Simon and Countess Eleanor, to the effect that the King would probably follow his example. 1260 Richard, having been crowned King of the Romans, and having become involved in consequent difficulties, paid another prolonged visit to Germany, and Henry had to wrangle with his refractory barons alone.

For the next three years the struggle between the oppressor and the oppressed dragged through a de-

July 1262. sultory stage. Henry by going to France, once more endeavoured to win King Louis actively to his side ; but Earl Simon contrived in all things to anticipate his designs, and Louis responded far too coldly to his wishes to be of practical use. Henry, therefore, Dec. 1262. again returned disappointed to England. Prince Edward, together with Henry de Montfort and the younger Simon, now visited the court of Burgundy, and took part in some splendid tournaments being held there. It is not unlikely that their cousin Prince Henry accompanied them ; but in May of the same year, at any rate, he figured among the barons who assembled at Oxford under command of Earl Simon, in order to drive out the parasitical Provençals, to whom the mischievous King had again thrown open the realm.

When by and bye London declared in favour of the Barons, and a certain Richard Mansel, who had been acting as the agent of the Pope in opposition to them, fled to France, he was chased thither by Prince Henry ; but the Prince himself was there taken prisoner by a French adventurer, and was only liberated later on through his father himself threatening to espouse the cause of the barons if King Henry did not procure his nephew's immediate release.

The attraction of these princes, Edward and Henry, to Earl Simon was in its nature threefold. Firstly, the Earl had proved himself the greatest statesman and patriot in England ; secondly, he

was their uncle, and his sons had been their play-mates ; and lastly, he represented by his achievements the military science of the age. Furthermore, they had themselves become aware of the reckless irresolution of the King, and of the common danger resulting from his excessive subservience to the Holy See.

In this acute crisis, however, more out of fear of the overshadowing power of Earl Simon, perhaps, than from affection for his father, Edward took the royal side, and joined his mother at Windsor. The flagrant insults offered to the latter while at London undoubtedly determined his action, and forthwith he strove to make headway against the iron tide of the Baronial party.

When Edward thus changed sides, his cousin, Prince Henry, felt bound to do likewise, and in doing so honestly informed his uncle Simon of the fact. 'My lord Earl, I can no longer fight against my father, my uncle, and my other relatives. With your good-will, therefore, I take my leave ; but I will never carry arms against you.' To this the Earl replied : 'Lord Henry, I grieve not for the loss of your sword, but for the inconstancy which I see in you.'

Then befell the battle of Lewes, after which Edward and Henry were surrendered hostages to the victorious Simon, in place of their captured sires. What a quaint piece of diplomacy was this ! What a tragi-comical state of affairs ! Moreover, Earl

Simon presently sent Prince Henry to France, in order to induce King Louis to arbitrate. Bishop Creighton, in his concise account of the De Montforts, justly says, 'It was a strong proof of sincerity on the side of the barons that they could send one of their prisoners to represent their case. The negotiations, however, were not destined to lead to any result.'

## II.

Let us now observe the political atmosphere of the period in Italy, and see what strange and fateful storms had been rolling therein. Nature had gifted that lovely land with a clear and glorious sky; but Man seemed jealous of her gift, and did his best to superinduce deeper and deeper political darkness,—as, indeed, he had often done before.

For many years past the Papacy had been at war with the Suabian dynasty, and had resolved not only to free itself from all Ghibelline fetters, but had announced to Christendom that Naples and Sicily were fiefs belonging to the Holy See, and therefore that their respective crowns could only in future be disposed of by the Pope himself. This ambitious assumption on the part of the Papacy, carried out by such resolute Pontiffs as Innocent IV. and Gregory IX., naturally led to invasions of Naples by Guelfic troops, to excommunication of the

Emperor, to the publication of a crusade against him, and, where possible, to wholesale usurpation of Imperial rights. But Frederick II., who had maintained the unequal struggle with characteristic obstinacy, died, leaving the ominous inheritance of the quarrel to his son, Conrad IV., whom he had crowned King of Sicily during his own lifetime. But Conrad proved no match for the all-powerful foe, and after a tumultuous reign of four years, died bequeathing the perilous legacy to Manfred. 1250.

Now, among the various princes to whom the crowns of Naples and Sicily had been offered by the Pope, was Richard, Earl of Cornwall. But as their acceptance involved not only a fierce conflict with the excommunicated dynasty for their actual possession, but the payment of a heavy annual revenue to the Papacy for their maintenance, Richard cautiously declined the honour. Later on, nevertheless, while King Henry was visiting Gascony, Pope Innocent offered them to him for his second son, Edmund 'Crouch-back.' After long wavering, that frivolous monarch, fascinated by the idea of calling his boy of nine years King of Sicily, accepted, and forthwith collected as much money from his long-suffering subjects as could be raised, and sent it to Rome in order to further the Papal cause. Soon after this, however, a new Pope, Alexander IV., succeeded to the chair of St. Peter, and began to impose very exacting conditions upon Henry. The 1254.



King blindly accepted these, too, and then called together his barons to enable him to fulfil his foolish bargain. Suffering keenly already from the extortions of the Papal collectors, and now threatened with a fresh invasion of them, the English nobles bitterly opposed his project, and refused him assistance. In this pressing crisis, Earl Simon without hesitation threw in his lot against the King; although he finally consented to become Henry's envoy to the Pope, in order to explain the royal difficulties and renounce the future responsibilities of his master for the kingdom of Sicily. Alexander, therefore, though he did not openly acknowledge this renunciation or relax the efforts of his agents in England, had to continue the struggle against Manfred (who had caused himself to be crowned at Palermo) alone.

Aug. 1258.

This was the precise moment of the expulsion of the aliens from England, to which we have previously referred.

Alexander IV. dying at Viterbo three years later, was succeeded by Urban IV., a shrewd and experienced French prelate. Soon realising the manifold difficulties of his position, the turbulence of the Roman nobles, the hopelessness of expecting aid from Spain, then torn with Moorish wars, and the still greater hopelessness of expecting it from England, then in the throes of civil strife, Urban naturally turned to his native land, and offered the forfeited crowns to Charles of Anjou.

Everything conduced to incline Charles to accept the gift. Personally he was a practised soldier, a cunning and not scrupulous politician; he was the brother of that saintly warrior the King of France; furthermore, his wife Beatrice burned with ambition to become a queen, like each of her elder sisters, and to this end she now offered to sell her private jewellery and to alienate certain of her Provençal territories.

Unforeseen obstacles nevertheless interposed themselves between the royal couple and their prospective kingdom, between Pope Urban and his chosen instrument,—and the gravest of these was the unexpected election of Charles by the factious Romans for their leading senator.

In consequence of this blow to his designs, Urban contrived to bind him over with conditions and alternatives decidedly humiliating; so that it was not until three years later still, and under the reign of yet another Pope, that Charles appeared in Rome to be actually invested with the sovereignty of Naples and Sicily, and in the Basilica of Constantine took the necessary oaths at the hands of the Cardinals.

### III.

We left Prince Edward and Prince Henry, after the battle of Lewes, hostages to Earl Simon for the fidelity of their respective fathers. The King him-

self having been wounded, had found refuge in the Priory of Lewes, while Richard sought safety in a neighbouring windmill, where being surrounded he was presently taken. The country-folk made themselves as merry over his capture as the soldiers had done on certain previous occasions.

'The King of Alemagne gathered his host ;  
 Made him a castle of a mill-post ;  
 Went with his pride and his muckle boast ;  
 Brought from Alemagne many a sorry ghost  
 To store Windsor.  
 Richard, though thou be ever trickard,  
 Tricken<sup>1</sup> shalt thou never more.'

Aug. 1265.

Affairs in England, however, had now culminated to that other more terrible crisis at Evesham, where the Earl Simon became a victim to the same wise order of battle which his foes had gradually and painfully learned from him. The actual cause of his death was a cowardly blow from behind. When the Earl fell from his horse, the exultant victors seized his body, beheaded it, cut off the hands, and barbarously haled it up and down the battle-field in the presence of the King, Prince Edward, and of Prince Henry ; the second of whom is said to have wept at the sight and to have compelled the savages to desist. The younger Simon, who too late had arrived in view of the fatal scene with reinforcements, beheld the heads of his father and his brother Henry borne off upon pikes. He

<sup>1</sup> Deceive.

also learned later that his brother Guy had been wounded and was made prisoner.

Upon this he hastily retreated to Kenilworth, where he commanded a strong and resolute garrison, and where he still held prisoners his uncle, King Richard, with his second son, Edmund. His soldiers, infuriated at the disaster to their cause, now clamoured for the blood of their royal prisoners. To the credit of Simon's humanity in this dilemma, he saved his kinsmen, and soon afterwards set them free; as, indeed, Richard later on gratefully owed to King Henry.

Sept. 6, 1265

Guido Falcodi, who in England, as Cardinal of Santa Sabina, two years previously had shown himself desirous of interfering in the national quarrel, but whose endeavours had been firmly repressed by Earl Simon, was now elected Pope under the title of Clement IV. It may be imagined that he and King Henry gladly joined hands in giving the last extinguishing touches to the rebellion; for what did it not mean in immediate gain to both of them?

As for the wounded Guy, he was sent captive to Windsor. It was galling enough to his pride to have been taken, but when he heard of the heroic deaths of his brother Henry, of his father, and of the barbarous mutilation to which the body of the latter had been subjected by the victors, he swore vengeance. Little could he foresee how in very deed it would come to be accomplished. The fortunes of his

race were now at the feet of a ruthless enemy. The estates of the barons who fell or became prisoners at Evesham were declared forfeit, the bulk of Earl Simon's property being at once divided between Prince Edmund, the King's second son, and Richard of Cornwall, for his sons Henry and Edmund. Added to this the King now pronounced sentence of banishment against the entire De Montfort family.

Amory de Montfort, the fourth son, who was a priest and treasurer of York, was deprived of his office three days after the battle, and taking his sister with him, he joined their mother, Countess Eleanor, at Dover Castle. Her son Henry, who together with her husband had fallen at Evesham, had, till that event, held the posts of Constable of Dover, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, Custos Pacis for the county of Kent, and Chamberlain of Sandwich: in consequence the family were sure of local friendship and effectual support in their tribulation there—at least for a time. The Countess herself at the date of the battle had been residing at Dover, and there news of the disaster first reached her. On August the 19th, a fortnight after, we find her making offerings for the repose of the soul of her husband, and payment for a black robe and nether garments for her son Richard, who in fact had joined her at the head of a hundred sailors, together with twenty-five Pevensey archers, whom he had recruited at Winchelsea.

Meanwhile, Simon held out stubbornly at Kenil-

worth in the name of his mother, though (probably at her suggestion) he wisely set free his uncle Richard with his son Edmund, as we have before noted. It must have been a peculiarly bitter blow to him and his family, after this generosity on their part, to find their properties handed over to the very individuals who were now indebted to them for their lives; especially, too, as the King of the Romans was notoriously wealthy and penurious, and was held in contempt by the soldiers. Prince Henry, however, alone of that family had been present at the battle, and it is possible that the men who maltreated Earl Simon's body belonged to his division. He, like Edward, seems to have benefited by imitating the good qualities of the De Montforts, as well as by avoiding the characteristic faults of the King. Two years afterwards we find him successfully suppressing a rebellion on the part of Ferrers, Earl of Derby, and, later still, acting as umpire in the famous Kenilworth Award. It is to the fact of his holding this latter presidency that we may venture to look for some light upon the cruel tragedy of which he presently became the victim; for it gave him the finishing touch of antagonistic definition in the eyes of his exiled cousins.

The Kenilworth Award dates from October 1267, just subsequent to the surrender of that castle to the royalists. The younger Simon himself had nominally yielded it to King Henry as far back as the beginning of the previous year; but the large and

well-provided garrison, feeling themselves a terror to their besiegers, continued to hold out in the name of Countess Eleanor until famine reduced them to extremities. During that time attempts at a reconciliation between the De Montforts and the King had been made, and the family trusted to the King Richard to bring it about for them. The animosity, however, of the powerful Clare, Earl of Gloucester, prevented its accomplishment. This nobleman had long nourished a hatred toward the De Montforts, owing to his jealousy of the great Earl in the days when they had been colleagues at the head of the Baronial party.

The Award of Kenilworth was drawn up by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of Ely, the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, and the Papal Legate, Cardinal Ottobuoni, with a view to bringing hostilities to a conclusion. By it, the disinherited (all except the De Montforts and the Earl of Derby) were to be enabled to regain their properties on payment of graduated fines ; and Prince Henry was to decide all cases of difficulty. It is only by understanding the active part taken by Prince Henry in the struggle that we can discover any actual reason for especial personal grudge against him on the part of the De Montforts ; although it is significant that he now reserved to himself the forfeited estates of William de Furnival, one of the most prominent of their former allies.

In spite of the intercession of Prince Edward

and King Richard, King Henry would not relax his severity toward his sister and her family. Finding, therefore, exile and deprivation of her goods in store, she despatched her sons Amory and Richard to Gravelines with her remaining monies;<sup>1</sup> and although King Henry expressly sent to the lords of Kent begging them to prevent her escape, she and her daughter<sup>2</sup> safely followed her sons to France in October, and met with a kind reception at the hands of her late husband's relatives. In the following year King Louis himself interceded for her with her implacable brother, though not successfully. It is pleasant to find that her sister-in-law, Queen Eleanor, likewise used influence in her favour.

Soon after her flight, Dover Castle was yielded to Edward, through contrivance of certain Royalist captives within it, who had managed to possess themselves of one of the towers. Hither Guy de Montfort, having now recovered from his wounds, was himself removed from his durance at Windsor.

The Countess Eleanor soon retired to the Dominican nunnery of Montargis,<sup>3</sup> in the territory of her husband's kinsman, Eskivat, who had wedded Petronilla, Countess of Bigorre in her own right. On her arrival there, she and her sons had signed a deed surrendering certain rights over Bigorre

<sup>1</sup> Eleven thousand marks.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards 'Princess of Wales and Lady of Snowdon.' She married Llewellyn at Windsor, October 1278; but had been married by proxy three years before.

<sup>3</sup> Here she died, 1275.



which had accrued to Earl Simon through his having formerly assisted in liberating it from the attacks of Gaston de Moncade, Count of Bearn. By curious fateful coincidence, Prince Henry of Almaine was destined three years later to marry Constance, sole heiress of this old enemy of their father and kinsfolk. Prince Henry's bride, happily, could not foresee her husband's fate.

1265. Meanwhile, Simon, who had visited King Henry at Northampton in December, had been offered terms so severe as to be impossible of acceptance. Suspecting the Protean king of meditating treachery, he now fled to Winchelsea, where gathering a number of followers, he vainly laid siege to Pevensey Castle. After similar unsuccessful efforts during the next two years to revive the good cause in various parts of the kingdom, the final surrender of Kenilworth decided him to cross the Channel. He was soon afterwards joined in France by his brother Guy, who having bribed his gaolers at Dover, escaped thither.

The entire family of De Montfort was now beyond the sea, and at liberty to brood upon its crushing misfortunes in the sunnier air of France. But the storm having rolled by, the active spirits of Simon and Guy looked for a fresh field for their exercise. Being offered good terms by Charles of Anjou, now King of Sicily, they accordingly took service under him, and forthwith went to Italy.

1268. In August the following year, Guy figured at the

head of the royal division at the eventful battle of Tagliacozzo, in which, owing to the shrewd strategy of the veteran Alard de St. Valery (whom Dante commemorates), Charles hopelessly defeated the ill-fated Conradin.

In the previous year, Pope Clement, much disconcerted by the achievements of Conradin, had summoned him to Viterbo to make good his claim to the Suabian throne. Conradin wisely sent no reply, and did not appear. On Holy Thursday, in the Cathedral of San Lorenzo in that city, in presence of his cardinals and bishops, Clement thundered out a Bull of excommunication. That done, the Pope sent at once for Charles of Anjou, and made him King of Naples and Sicily, and his Vicar-General in Tuscany; whereupon Charles appointed Guy de Montfort his deputy in Florence during his own absence further south.

The fortunes of Guy thus began to shine once more, and early in 1268 we find him marrying Margherita, heiress of Guido Aldobrandini, Conte Rosso; upon which event his royal master created him Lord of Irpino, Atripalda, Nola, Cicala, and Forino, and captain-general of his armies.

The Pope dying ere the close of this year, the Holy See again became vacant. On this particular occasion the quarrels of the competing Cardinals brought about such a complete deadlock that no successor was elected during three years. Meantime King Louis, smitten once more with a stroke

of his old zeal against the unfortunate Saracens, organised a fresh Crusade. Many princes and gallant knights at once flocked to his standard, and King Charles reluctantly promised his assistance. Among other royalties who offered their services were Prince Edward and Prince Henry (the latter of whom had but recently married Constance de Bearn), with his half-brother, Prince Edmund. They received the cross from Cardinal Ottobuoni in 1270, and with a large following of illustrious lords left England with the intention of joining King Louis at Tunis, where he designed to open his campaign.

Whilst the King, his son Philip, and their army there awaited the coming of King Charles and the English contingent, dysentery suddenly swept upon them, and Louis himself died of it at Carthage. Soon after this the King's brother, Jean Tristan, also died, and likewise several of the French lords. Charles, on arriving, found it too late to do more than conclude an exacting peace with the Sultan, and then organise the re-embarkation of the Crusaders in company with the remains of his deceased brothers. This being carried out, he sailed for Trapani in his new dominion of Sicily.

There, also, arrived the English princes; but learning of the King's death, Prince Edward with his knights set out undeterred for Acre, on a venture of his own. Prince Henry, however (perhaps resolving to return to his young wife), remained

with King Charles at Trapani. Here death still further thinned the royal ranks ; for Theobald, King of Navarre, who had likewise joined the Crusade, also succumbed.

When their gallant following had sufficiently recovered strength with the sea-breezes of Sicily, King Philip and King Charles crossed to Reggio in Calabria, and set out for Rome, bearing thither the remains of St. Louis and his brother, and intending to put pressure on the refractory Cardinals, so as to coerce them into electing a new Pope. Prince Henry accompanied them. But Death had not yet even done with their friends. At Cosenza the widowed Queen of Navarre herself died, thus adding one more funeral burthen to the melancholy procession.

After a brief pause at Rome, they proceeded solemnly northward to Viterbo, where the Cardinals were assembled. The rumour of their approach being noised abroad, various Italian dignitaries and allies came to do homage ; and among these, of course, came Guy and Simon de Montfort, together with Guy's father-in-law, Aldobrandini, Count of Rosso.

It is more easy to imagine than necessary to describe the memories that flashed in the stormy veins of the two De Montforts when they set their astonished eyes upon Prince Henry, the representative of the hated King, their slain brother's namesake, the part possessor of their forfeited estates, and

the son of the man so generously spared by them at Kenilworth. The mutilation of their father's body, the insults done to their mother, their deprivations, their sorrows, their unmerited exile, all blazed up in one silent white flame paling their cheeks. They paid their respective homage to King Charles and King Philip, and retired.

Next morning, being March 13, 1271, the two Kings went to their devotions in the Franciscan Church. Prince Henry, however, went to the little Church of San Silvestro, hard by the house in which he was lodged, and kneeling in the choir, listened devoutly to the Mass, which was being celebrated by the priest and two deacons. The service had advanced to the impressive moment of the Elevation when the voice of armed men suddenly resounded in the church. In another moment a voice roared out, 'Henry, you traitor, this time you shall not escape me!' Rising to his feet, the Prince just saw the flash of swords and the angry faces of his two cousins, and flung himself at the foot of the altar. In another moment the brothers were upon him, Guy standing over him, and plunging his sword into his body. The priest endeavouring to save the Prince, and denouncing the sacrilege, clung bravely to the assassins. One of the deacons was killed outright (probably being run through by Simon) and the other was mortally wounded. Simon himself then gave the Prince several thrusts about the chest and

loins, wrenched his hands from the altar, and left him pouring forth streams of blood upon the sacred steps.

Having thus accomplished their long-pent vengeance, the brothers quitted the church ; but as Guy was leaping to his saddle, an English knight said to him, 'What have you accomplished, sir?' to which he replied, 'I have done vengeance for our wrongs.' The other responded, 'But you have forgotten how they haled your glorious father up and down the field at Evesham!' At this bitter memory, fresh furies inspired De Montfort, and striding back to the choir, he seized the dying Prince by the hair, and dragged him over the floor of the nave toward the door. Then, leaping upon his horse, he and Simon with their friends, hurrying out of the city, rode away by the Val di Faul, and the same day reached Soana, the fortress of Count Rosso.

Thus took place this tragedy—the grim rejoinder to the severities of King Henry against his sister and her family. It was the funeral knell of Richard of Cornwall.

How soon after the deed the entire population of Viterbo, kings, cardinals, and people, thronged to the little piazza of San Silvestro to see the dead Prince and the murdered clergy, wringing their hands and shrugging their shoulders, may be imagined. Though used to tragedies, the Viterbese were shocked and terrified at the astounding crime

perpetrated in their midst, to the cruel dishonour of their beautiful city. The vacillating Cardinals were aghast at the sacrilege inflicted upon the Church; while, of the two mourning Kings, one at least was horrified and indignant, and left the city as soon as was practicable, while the other immediately wrote to the far-off Edward, relating the fearful '*misfatto*' and telling him that not only was it a grief to him as sore as if it had been committed against himself, but that he should actually punish the murderer, and appoint a new deputy in Tuscany in his place. He furthermore begged Edward not to give way to the assaults of grief, but to bear up bravely, and still prosecute his grand designs. Such indeed is the gist of the letter of Charles of Anjou, murderer of Conradin, written to Prince Edward of England.

The obsequious Cardinals, out of deference to Charles, at once declared that the judgment of Guy and Simon was out of their hands, and belonged to the secular power, *i.e.*, Charles himself; and until after two years had passed by, when threatening demands for their punishment were made by Edward (as King of England), no measures against them were taken by the Church. As for King Charles, however, he wrote certainly to his son, Charles the Lamé, and to his lords in Tuscany, stating that he had deprived Guy de Montfort of his high offices, and that the feudal titles and territories of the two brothers were forfeited; but he went no further.

Meanwhile, in order to preserve the body of Prince Henry, so as to transfer it to London, it was first boiled and then embalmed, the removed organs being inurned, and placed in the Cathedral of San Lorenzo between the tombs of Clement IV. and Alexander IV. The body was then taken to England and forwarded to the monastery of Hailes<sup>1</sup> in Gloucestershire, while the heart, previously enclosed in a golden vase, was placed in the shrine of Edward the Confessor at Westminster.<sup>2</sup> As Dante says :

‘Lo cuor, che, ’n sul Tamigi ancor si cola.’

*Inferno*, xii. 119.

#### IV.

When the news of his son's murder by the De Montforts reached King Richard, his grief was uncontrollable. Two months afterwards the remains arriving in England, he caused them to be sumptuously interred in the above monastery, which he had founded and richly endowed thirty years before, owing to a vow made while in peril himself during one of his voyages. On April 2nd of the following year he died, and in the subsequent November King Henry went likewise sorrowing to his grave.

<sup>1</sup> Near Winchcombe.

<sup>2</sup> On the 13th May 1271.

<sup>3</sup> *Vide* Cesare Pinse, *Storia di Viterbo*.



Although, as we have shown, no sincere or effectual steps against the slayers or their protector were taken at the time, yet when Edward thus came to be King of England, Gregory X. found it politic to listen to his manly demand for justice upon the De Montforts and Count Rosso, and forthwith they were commanded to appear at Rome. Edward was himself in Italy at the time of making the demand, being on his way home from Acre; and for this reason the culprits shrank from obeying the Papal summons. Instead, they dexterously sent their younger brother, the priest, Amory. The Pope, in default of their appearance, confiscated the possessions of Guy, declared him incapable of holding any office or rank, as also his descendants to the fourth generation; moreover, condemned him to perpetual infamy.

This tremendous sentence seems to have been designed to gratify and conciliate Edward for the time being, which possibly it may have done. Nevertheless, we read that 'in the autumn of the same year (1273), as the Pope was passing through Florence, Guy de Montfort, with his wife and friends, humbled themselves before him. Two miles outside the city, they prostrated themselves before the Pope, with halters round their necks, wearing the garb of penitence. Gregory was moved, and relaxed Guy's punishment. His sentence was commuted to solitary penance.' Simon dying meanwhile, had escaped punishment.

Martin IV., who succeeded Gregory, released Guy, and he lived to prove himself a useful warrior in the Papal service. We find him at the last, in 1288, fighting against the revolted subjects of his new master, in Sicily.<sup>1</sup> By them, however, he was taken prisoner; and a chronicler adds, 'The hand of God found him out.' He died in a Sicilian prison.

<sup>1</sup> Charles II.



## NOTES

### RELATIVE TO JAMES II. AND III. OF MAJORCA.

(Translated from the Spanish of the 'Annales of Aragon' of G. Zurita.  
Vol. II.)

PAGE 171.

In the meantime, Pope Clement VI. caused steps to be taken with a view to bringing about an amicable understanding between the Kings of Aragon and Majorca, and for prolonging the armistice until the Feast of St. Michael, 29th September. He sent the King to Armand, Archbishop of Achs (Aix); but the King did not wish to go there, and ordered the Infantes, Don Pedro and Don Jaime (James), to come to him, and all the companies of cavalry and infantry joined (him) at Girona on the 25th April.

<sup>1344-</sup>  
Pope Clement sent the King to obtain an extension of the armistice between the Kings of Aragon and Majorca, but without success.

PAGE 235, COLUMN I.

When, three days after, Don Gilabert de Centellas and Don Riambao de Corbera heard that the King of Majorca, with the troops he had landed, was preparing to give them battle, they left the city very quietly one morning before daybreak, and put their troops in readiness, drawing them up in very good order. When the sun had risen, they discovered the King of Majorca, with his army in battle array. I (Zurita) find in an old account of that day's events, that the whole population of the island had collected

<sup>1349-</sup>  
He (the King) of Majorca and the King's succour arrive at the same time.

in order to resist the enemy, and that these captains had as many as eight hundred horse and twenty thousand foot; and moving forward against the others who were encamped at a distance of three miles, they joined in a field called Lum Mayor,<sup>1</sup> and the King of Majorca and the French took up a very good position, being the first to attack, and then commenced a very brave battle between them.

PAGE 235, COLUMN 2.

Battle between  
the troops of  
Majorca and  
those of the  
King.

It was about noon, and the heat of the sun was very great. On both sides the battle raged fearfully, with a furious and terrible impetus, because on that day depended the defence of the island or its capture by the King of Majorca; and although the troops of the King of Majorca began to lose both heart and strength, he comported himself in this battle as a very valiant knight, arranging (directing) everything in the thickest of the fight; there were many wounded and dead, Don Gilabert de Centellas and Riambao de Corbera with their troops having the upper hand. The King alone, with the cavalry he had with him, sustained the brunt of the battle; although he was assailed on every side, he defended himself so valorously that he could not be overcome. But so many charged down upon him, being aware that in his defeat alone the victory consisted, and they dismounted him with many blows and wounds, and when one (of the men) saw that he was already unconscious, he dismounted and cut off his head;

<sup>1</sup> Lluch-major.

and thus his troops, who had defended him most valorously, were overcome, and thinking that they might escape on board the galleys or by hiding in the island, they fled from the battle, but none escaped death or capture. In the memorial mentioned above it is stated that the King was charging the infantry and was killed there by a militiaman from Burrianes, and that the Infante Don Jaime his son was wounded in the face and taken prisoner by the King's<sup>1</sup> Captains (General). This battle was fought on Sunday, the 25th October of this year (1349), on which occasion Rimbao de Corbera gave proof of much zeal and valour, and the King of Majorca met with great misfortunes, though to the last he proved himself quite worthy of the dignity of being King, which he tried to keep up, as he died for it and in his kingdom, doing his duty as a good knight. By order of the King, his body was taken to the city of Valencia, and interred in the choir of the Igglesia Mayor (the Cathedral); and the Infante was consigned to the Castle of Jativa, under the personal guardianship of Don Pedro de Vilani, who was the governor of the castle; and the King ordered him to be made over to Don Berenguer de Abella, his chamberlain, and he was afterwards taken to Barcelona, where he remained a long time prisoner in the smaller palace.

He of Majorca had his head cut off during the battle, which he lost.

Rimbao de Corbera, a valiant man.

He of Majorca died valorously; his burial, and the capture of his son the Infante (the future husband of Queen Joanna).

PAGE 288.

But the enemies did not act as fiercely and cruelly in this war as the King did in wreaking vengeance

<sup>1</sup> Peter IV. of Aragon.

1358.  
The King of  
Castile caused  
the Grand  
Master of San-  
tiago to be slain  
with great  
cruelty, and  
what he meant  
to do with Don  
Tello and others.

on his own brothers and cousins ; for, when the Grand Master of Santiago arrived at Sevilla, after thinking that he had rendered a signal service to the King, he ordered him to be slain in the Alcazar by his mace-bearers, who killed him as if they were hunters, most cruelly, like a wild beast ; and it was concluded to undeceive the King of Castile<sup>1</sup> about his having his brothers and cousins together, as he had thought, the Infante Don Hermando having entered the service of the King of Aragon, while the Count de Trastamare<sup>2</sup> had already been declared to be his enemy. But he thought he could, simultaneously, catch Don Tello and the Infante Don Juan, so he left Sevilla in a great fury to go to Biscay, taking the Infante Don Juan with him, promising to give him the command of Biscay, which Don Tello held at the time, because the Infante was married to Isabella, the sister of Don Tello's wife, who were the daughters of Don Juan Nunez de Lara, Lord of Biscay. But Don Tello, being aware that the King was so greatly enraged, went to Bayonne, which belonged to the King of England ;<sup>3</sup> so the King, in order to catch him, went on board ship to pursue him ; but as a storm arose he had to go ashore again. Then, at Bilbao, he caused the Infante Don Juan to be slain in his palace by his mace-bearers, or, as King Pedro of Aragon writes in his history, he killed him himself, wounding him with a halberd ; and Don Pedro Lopez de Ayala writes that he ordered the corpse to be thrown into the river, and it never appeared again.

The Infante  
slain by order  
of the King of  
Castile ; what  
has been written  
about it.

<sup>1</sup> Peter the Cruel.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards King Henry.

<sup>3</sup> Edward III.

The death of the Infante took place on the 14th June, fifteen days after that of the Grand Master, and this was one of the most cruel deeds that can be imputed to the King of Castile, because the Infante was by nature a most excellent prince. . . .

## PAGE 291.

The King staying at Barcelona this year, the marriage took place on the 4th September of the Infanta Donna Isabel, niece to the King and daughter to the late King of Majorca, with Juan, Marquis of Monferrat. The King gave her altogether fifty thousand florins, and she renounced entirely the right belonging to her to the kingdom of Majorca, the counties of Roussillon and Cerdania,<sup>1</sup> and the lordship of Montpellier, which she ceded to the King. Juan, Count of Coconato, Bonifacio de Coconato, and Juan de Cereceto came to accompany her, and the King sent Frances de Perellos to hand her over to the Marquis, her husband.

1358.  
Marriage of the Infanta of Majorca with the Marquis of Monferrat, and the renunciation that was made in favour of the King.

## PAGE 304.

Of the wedding which took place this year between Don Fadrique<sup>2</sup> of Sicily and the Queen Donna Constanza, daughter to the King of Aragon, and of the changes in matters concerning that kingdom.

1359.

As already stated above, the Queen Donna Constanza remained at Caller during the greatest portion of the winter, awaiting (fair) weather for crossing

Wedding of the King of Sicily and Queen Constanza.

<sup>1</sup> Sardinia.

<sup>2</sup> Frederick III.



over to Sicily. The fleet she had lying in the port of Trapani arrived on the 10th January of this year, and she was accompanied thence by Count Artal de Alagon as far as Catania, where her marriage with the King, Don Fadrique, was celebrated with great festivities on the 11th April of the same year.

1361.  
Miserable state  
of matters in the  
kingdom of  
Sicily and great  
valour of Count  
Artal de Alagon.

How the Queen  
Juana and the  
King her hus-  
band failed to  
prevail in their  
undertaking, and  
how the affairs  
of Sicily were  
subjected to the  
sway of the King  
Don Fadrique.

With his wedding and the declaration on the part of the King of Aragon to the effect that he wished to take this prince under his ægis, it seemed that matters in his kingdom were undergoing a great change, which had reached the climax of misery and adversity. The Queen Juana<sup>1</sup> and the King<sup>2</sup> her husband having enemies in their own house, and having taken possession of the greatest and best portion of the island, the natives rebelled against them. But it was a heavy task to sustain what yet remained, and to resist such great power, valour, and great constancy (as that) of Count Artal de Alagon, which was the cause that when, after having won the battle by sea and land, the Queen Joanna and her husband the King, having come to Catania, they left Messina with great fear and abandoned the undertaking, which had advanced so far; from which it followed that the barons of the House of Claremonte,<sup>3</sup> who had rebelled against the King, moved more by fear than by affection, passed over to Queen Juana and the King her husband, and entertaining the hope of making over to them that kingdom, they commenced trying to bring themselves to obeying King Fadrique; and treating with the adverse party

<sup>1</sup> Queen Joanna.

<sup>2</sup> Luigi of Taranto.

<sup>3</sup> Chiaramonte.

with a view to coming to an understanding with it, they united to their possessions the cities and castles which had surrendered to the enemy, and drove out thence the Governor and the foreigners who held command there, and submitted to the King, who received them most graciously, and ordered them to be reinstated in their offices and estates.

By this means this kingdom was brought to acknowledge once more that it had but one king only, and the Sicilians were encouraged to resist and attack the enemy, in whose power there remained now only the city of Messina and the island of Lipari, and the barons of both these States (parties) were willing to obey the King, Don Fadrique, as their natural king and lord, although in reality most places belonging to the crown, and their fortresses, castles, and revenues were, as a rule, usurped by all, and they were not responsible to the King, as it would have been right that they should, but they obeyed or disobeyed him just as they had a whim to do, with little respect for the king.

The Sicilians take courage, and the valiant men of both parties treat with a view to obeying King Fadrique.

Of this marriage was born, two years after the Infanta Donna Constanza was married, the Infanta Donna Maria, who succeeded her father King Fadrique in his reign.

Birth of the Infanta Donna Maria.

PAGE 310.

At this same time some other events happened which caused not a little trouble to the King, inasmuch as they gave rise to great changes in his kingdoms, namely, the Infante Don Jaime, his nephew, and son of the King of Majorca, escaped from his

136a.  
The Infante of Majorca escaped from his prison.

The Pope pleads  
for the Infante of  
Majorca.

prison at a time when there were many disbanded soldiers at large in France, collecting together at the gates of Rousillon, of which he was rightful Lord, where the Lords of that House (Majorca?) were ever favoured, so that they might again be reinstated in their kingdom. Pope Innocent had used his utmost endeavours with the King to obtain the release of the Infante from the prison in which he was kept; but he always made excuses, answering that he had to talk the matter over with his prelates and the nobles of his kingdom in Council assembled, and ultimately, before the departure of the Cardinal of Bologna, he renewed the inquiry once more, requested and pressed the King several times, but could not do anything with him. But when the Infante heard of this, he devised means with some of his servants how to leave the new Castle of Barcelona, in which he was narrowly guarded and very roughly treated. So he left it at midnight of the 1st of May, the same day on which the King<sup>1</sup> arrived in the city of Perpignan. Several persons of high position were intrusted with the safe keeping of the Infante, and they were relieved every week; on that day Nicolas Rouira kept guard, and, as a rule, they slept in a room connected with an iron cell in which was the bed of the Infante, and there were so many guards about that it seemed to be impossible for him to get out, because he was locked up in that prison when he went to bed, and in the daytime they accompanied the Infante through the castle without ever leaving him, and when they absented themselves they left him locked up in his cell. However, means

The room in  
which the In-  
fante of Majorca  
slept was an iron  
cell; and about  
the manner in  
which he es-  
caped.

<sup>1</sup> Peter of Aragon.

were found through the assistance and energy of Jaime de Sanclemente, the precentor of the Cathedral of Barcelona, who had charge of the Infante's affairs, so that they opened the doors of the castle with false keys. In this undertaking several officers stationed in the castle were concerned; they decapitated Nicholas Rouira in his bedroom and released the Infante from his prison and restored him to liberty.

This happened at the same time at which, in Naples, the death took place of King Louis,<sup>1</sup> namely, on the 26th May, the Feast of Ascension. Death of King Louis of Naples.

In view of the relationship that existed between the Infante Don Jaime and the Princess of that House,<sup>2</sup> he went to that country, taking the title of King of Majorca, and before a year had elapsed the Queen Juana married him. This event caused the King's great

sorrow, fearing that the people of Rousillon might make some change, by declaring for the Infante, owing to the affection they nourished for that Prince, to whom they had sworn allegiance as their Lord and (his) legitimate successor, and he was all the more

The Queen of Naples married the Infante of Majorca.

afraid of that conjuncture as in Languedoc, Provence, and throughout the whole of France, there were a great many disbanded soldiers about, and the people were looking out for opportunities for driving them out of the country. Howbeit, the people of Rousillon did not make any move on hearing of this event, and there was no excuse for declaring for the Infante; so the King, taking the French companies for a pretext, ordered a levy of all the people of Catalonia

Levy made by the King in Catalonia.

<sup>1</sup> i.e., Luigi of Taranto.

<sup>2</sup> Through King Robert's sister.

<sup>3</sup> Peter of Aragon.

capable of carrying arms, for the defence of Rousillon and Cerdania.<sup>1</sup>

PAGE 348.

1367.  
Embassies from  
the Prince of  
Wales to the  
King, and from  
the King to the  
Prince for the  
purpose of  
making peace.

On the Monday after the battle on the road to Burgos, the Prince sent Hugh of Caluiley (Calverley), an English knight, who had served the King in the late war, with a view to bringing about an amicable arrangement between them, and an armistice being concluded with the King, Don Pedro of Castile, so that King Enrique might lose all hope of again receiving assistance from the King of Aragon. The King was much delighted with this message, and sent two knights of his own suite to pay a visit to the Prince, and to assure him of his friendship. These knights were Raymon de Peguera and Jaime de Ezfar. These gentlemen went to Burgos and told the Prince that it had been made publicly known that he and the Duke of Alencastre (Lancaster), his brother, intended to wage war with the King of Aragon, at which the King was very much surprised, because there had never, in the past, been war between the Kings of England and Aragon, and that for the sake of public opinion and the relationship that existed between their houses, he requested him to make peace with him, as there was neither cause nor reason for any discord between them. It was also proposed that the differences existing between the Kings of Castile and Aragon should be settled, and the King requested it should be left for the decision of the Prince, so that it

What the King  
leaves to the  
decision of the  
Prince of Wales,  
and what he  
obtained for  
the Infante of  
Majorca.

<sup>1</sup> Sardinia.

should go against him who did not comply with what was agreed upon. It was arranged between them that the King should, in honour of and to please the Prince, give some estate in these kingdoms to the *Infante of Majorca*. In this arrangement took part Don Romeo, Bishop of Lerida, who was very intimate with the King, Count Wigel, Viscount de Cardona, and Don Juan Fernandez de Heredia, Governor of Amposta, and Prior of San Gil in the kingdom of France, who called himself also Prior of Castile and Léon.

PAGE 355.

The King<sup>1</sup> sent word to the King Don Enrique<sup>2</sup> not to ransom the Infante of Majorca. 1369.

At the time when the battle took place between the Kings, Don Pedro<sup>3</sup> and Don Enrique, the King was at Barcelona, and at that time there were present at that place the Archbishop of Saragossa and Don Juan Fernandez de Heredia, Governor of Amposta, he (the King) insisted with still greater warmth on a friendly arrangement being come to between him and the King Don Enrique, and in his name the Archbishop of Saragossa asked him not to ransom, notwithstanding all the steps that might be taken in that direction, the person of the Infante of Majorca, who was in his power, because the King Don Enrique intended to give him up in exchange for the Count Sancho, his brother, and Count de

What the Archbishop of Saragossa asked of the King Don Enrique in the name of the King of Aragon.

<sup>1</sup> Peter of Aragon.

<sup>2</sup> Henry of Trastamare.

<sup>3</sup> Peter of Castile, the Cruel.

The Infante of Majorca is rescued for 60,000 doubloons.

Ribagorça, and conferred power on the Archbishop and Governor for treating with a view to settling their differences; but as it happened on delivering Molina and the other places to the King that matters were brought to such a pass as to lead more certainly to a breach than an understanding between them, and the Infante of Majorca was ransomed by the Queen Juana, his wife, for sixty thousand doubloons, and went through the kingdom of Navarra to Ortes, a territory belonging to the Count of Foix.

PAGE 361.

1371.  
The arrangements made by the Infante of Majorca to invade Rousillon, and what the King did.

At the same time, the Infante of Majorca, staying in the city of Avignon, took into his pay many companies of mercenaries from Provence and the Dauphiné for the purpose of invading the county of Rousillon; and the King appointed the Viscount of Illa and Canete to be Captain-General of those frontier districts.

PAGE 362.

1372.

Of the peace concluded between King Don Fadrique and the Queen Donna Juana, and the conditions under which their kingdoms were to be distinguished (from each other),<sup>1</sup> with the authority of Pope Gregory XI. and the Apostolic See.

Although for some years all hostilities (passages of arms) had been suppressed between Queen Juana of Naples and her kingdom and the King of Sicily, Don Fadrique, yet as this king held possession of the succession of King Fadrique his grandfather, without

<sup>1</sup> Two Sicilies. See chapter on Queen Joanna and James of Majorca.

recognising the supreme dominion of the Popes or of the Roman Church, from which the former kings of the Royal House of Aragon had never received investiture, that island had been for many years placed under Papal interdict. For this reason many grave errors had been committed in that island, and matters relating to the faith and religion were incurring great risk, on account of the Sicilians having been for so long a time out of favour with and beyond the pale of the Universal Shepherd of the Catholic Church. This being taken into consideration by those in whom the government of the island of Sicily was vested, to wit, Don Guillen de Peralta, Count of Calatorbelota; Don Artal de Algon, Count of Mistreta, and Chief Justice of the realm; Don Matheo de Moncada, Count of Angosta and Adorno; Juan de Claramonte<sup>1</sup> and Francisco de Veintemilla (Ventimiglia), they arranged that peace should be made in such a manner between those Houses as would be agreeable and acceptable to the Apostolic See, and this was brought about to a great extent during the lifetime of Pope Urban V.

Papal interdict in the island of Sicily, and perilous state of religious matters.

At last, after various consultations and embassies, peace was concluded under the following conditions :— That peace should reign *for ever* between the Kings of Sicily and Trinacria, and their kingdoms; and that King Fadrique, for himself and his successors, should hold the island of Sicily, or the kingdom of Trinacria, with the adjacent islands, for Queen Juana, and for her sons and legitimate descendants only; and should make oath and do homage of fealty

Conditions under which peace was made between the King of Sicily and other kings, and who they were.

<sup>1</sup> Chiaramonte.



through the intervention of his attorneys. For this acknowledgment he would have to serve the Queen with ten galleys and a hundred men-at-arms every year, whenever the kingdom should be seriously invaded by the enemy, the said service to be moderated until the King Don Fadrique should have in his power the greater portion of his kingdom, which was being usurped by various barons; he had also to give to the Queen each year on the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the city of Naples, three thousand ounces of gold of the value of fifteen thousand florins, on account of the quit-rent the Queen had to pay to the Apostolic See for the portion comprised in the island of Sicily, and the amount due for all the years past should be remitted. It was declared that at no time the King Don Fadrique or his successors should ever call themselves Kings of Sicily, but of Trinacria; and the Queen and her descendants should have the title of Kings of Sicily, and each kingdom should have its distinct title for itself. The Queen offered that she would at no time grant any favour or assistance to any barons that might rebel against the King Don Fadrique, and that they would not be received in her kingdom; and that she would arrange with the Apostolic See for the repeal of the interdict that had been placed upon the island, and that the King and the barons should be absolved from the sentence of excommunication which they had incurred.

Rent of 3000 ounces gold, to whom, and what for.

Titles to which the Kings agreed, and under what conditions.

It was also stipulated that the island of Lipari, which held with Queen Juana, should, while she lived, remain subject to her sway, but after her

death revert to King Fadrique. With the capitulation of this understanding the ambassadors of Queen Juana and King Fadrique went to the court of Rome, to which they were admitted under certain conditions, the principal one of which was that King Don Fadrique and his successors, in acknowledgment of the kingdom of Trinacria and the direct dominion exercised by the Church, should take the sacrament of fealty and do homage.

PAGE 365.

How the Infante of Majorca entered into Roussillon making war, and of the death of Queen Léonor (Léonora).

1374.

In the year 1374, the Genoese with their fleet broke the peace they had made with the King, and which had been brought about through the intervention of the Marquis of Monferrat. They passed over to the island of Cerdeña by favour of the Judge of Arborea, fought against Pola, and taking possession of that stronghold, closely invested the city and castle of Caller;<sup>1</sup> but they defended themselves with singular valour, led by Don Gilabert de Cruyllas, whom the King had appointed Captain-General of that island after the death of Don Berenguer Carroz, Count of Quirra. Brancaleon also assisted in defending Alguer and went to espouse the cause of that island, because the Genoese, aided by the Judge of Arborea, carried on by sea and land so cruel a war as to prevent our people from

The Genoese break the peace; go against Cerdeña, and what happened there.

<sup>1</sup> Cagliari.

defending themselves, as the King had not sent sufficient forces for their succour.

The Duke of Lancaster comes with our army to Castile; the Infante of Majorca goes to Catalonia, and for what purpose.

But in Spain matters had taken such a turn as to inflame the whole country with the ardour of war, and the Duke of Lancaster had collected large companies of men-at-arms for the purpose of making a forcible irruption into Castile, calling himself King in the right of Donna Constanza, his wife, the daughter of King Don Pedro, whom he had married.

Imprisonment of Don Frances de Perellos; by whom, and why.

On the other hand, the Infante of Majorca, who had collected many men-at-arms, French, English, and Provençals, decided upon entering through Catalonia, in order to cover the counties of Rousillon and Cerdania. The King had sent to England Don Frances de Perellos, Viscount de Roda, in order to bring about an alliance with the Duke of Lancaster. Having arrived near the coast of the kingdom of Granada, he was taken prisoner by the Moors, and brought before King Mahommed. The King of Granada not only did not order him to be set free, but also caused all the merchants of Valencia and Catalonia, who traded with that kingdom, to be taken, and their goods sequestered; because one of the King's captains commanding a galley, whose name was Pedro Bernal, and who had been at Cerdeña, had taken (captured) a vessel belonging to the King of Granada on the Tunisian coast. For this reason, the King sent Don Ramon Alaman de Cervellon, Governor of the kingdom of Valencia, to the Duke of Lancaster, but had great doubts about the King of Navarra, of whom it was not known which side he would take in the war which

Embassies from the King to the Duke of Lancaster, and from the Duke to the King.

had now recommenced between the Duke of Lancaster and the King Don Enrique. The Duke was staying at Bordeaux during the month of January of the present year, and his undertaking was well advanced; and before entering into Spain he made an agreement with the King of Aragon; and in this matter he sent as ambassadors Roger Bernaldo de Foix, Viscount of Castelbo, and a Spanish knight, whose name was Garcia Fernandez de Villodre, and two of the principal gentlemen of his Council, Guillen Helman and Walter Benedict. Of the King of Castile, it was not known either whether he would await the enemy in his kingdom, or whether he would go to France to effect a junction with the army of the King of France; and the King of Aragon was in treaty for an alliance with the King of Navarra, if guarantees were given him, because he had never yet been willing to comply with anything that had been agreed upon between them. Matters could not have been in a worse condition with regard to these two kingdoms than they were at that time, inasmuch as they were exposed to an invasion from so many foreign troops, while the King's army and fleets were occupied with the defence of the kingdom of Cerdeña. The King Don Enrique threatened to come down on Molina, and in the month of April he had already arrived with a large force at the frontier of the kingdom of Aragon, and the only hope was that an armistice might be brought about. The King intrusted the defence to the Archbishop of Saragossa, and took upon himself the government of that city, into

The King solicits the friendship of the King of Navarra.

The dangerous position of matters in the kingdom of Aragon.

The Infante of Majorca prepares to invade Roussillon, and what the King advised.

which every day companies of French and English troops kept marching. At this time the Infante of Majorca was at Narbonne, preparing for his invasion of Roussillon and Cerdania with a large army, among which there were said to be a thousand cuirassiers, and other companies of men-at-arms. And the King sent, for the defence of those frontiers, Don Pedro Galzeran de Pinos, who was Captain-General of Roussillon and Cerdania; and this entry of the Infante was made at the urgent instance of the King Don Enrique,<sup>1</sup> and completely at his expense, because the Infante had not sufficient substance of his own for such an undertaking. As already stated, 800 lances of Catalonia were sent to Perpignan for the defence of Roussillon; and as that place was well provisioned, the Infante passed from Narbonne to Toulouse, where the greater portion of his forces was collected, proclaiming that he would effect his entry jointly with them, *via* Catalonia and Aragon. Among the other captains in the suite of the Infante was a brother of Beltran de Claquin, and the King proposed that he should go to Lombardy<sup>2</sup> with his companies of men-at-arms; but it could not be done, and some thousand lances commenced entering into Roussillon at the beginning of the month of August of this year, passing within a league of Perpignan without caring to attack that city, *having heard that it was defended by many good troops.*

The Infante was accompanied by his sister, the Infanta Donna Isabel, who was married to the Mar-

<sup>1</sup> His former captor.

<sup>2</sup> To serve the Visconti.

quis of Montferrat. The King then ordered that certain troops of cavalry that were lying at Gerona and the companies of followers of the knights should enter into Perpignan. Those of the Infante did as much damage as they possibly could in that district, and proceeded on their way, passing over the heights of Panicas; and as these troops entered on that side, Don Pedro Galceran sent, under the leadership of Don Berenguer de Pinos, his brother, the companies of men-at-arms he had with him at Cerdania to effect a junction with the Viscount of Illa, who was in Rousillon, or with the Viscount de Rocaberti, who was entering into Girona, and he was captain of the men-at-arms which were quartered in the districts of Ampurda and Girona; also the Count of Pallas and Don Bernaldo de So, with their companies, went to invest Girona. The other men-at-arms of Catalonia and their captains, the Counts of Wigel and Prades and Viscount Cardona, Don Bernaldo Galceran de Pinos and Don Ramon de Augle, only went to invest Barcelona, where the King was staying. Don Dalmao de Querault, and his brother Don Querao de Querault, accompanied by some troops of horse and archers, went forth to scour the frontiers of the kingdom of France, and to do as much damage as possible to the companies of men-at-arms which were entering into the country with the Infante, in order to divert them from that road towards Figueras, situate in the passage of Paniças, when a knight named Galceran de Ortal, and the men from the town of Barraça, in the district of the Castel of Cressel, took refuge in the church, which was forti-

The Infante of Majorca carried with him his sister, the Infanta Isabel, and what the King ordered to be done.

The troops and companies divided between Girona and Barcelona, and the raids they made along the frontiers of France.

Resistance to  
the Infante of  
Majorca in the  
pass of Panica,  
and what the  
King solicited.

Whom the King  
created Count  
of Medina Celi,  
and on what  
occasion.

Damage done in  
the district of  
Medina.

fied, and abandoned the town, and the inhabitants of the other places in that district also went to Figueras; and therefore the Infante did not dare to make his entry by that pass in the heights of Panica. The King considering the countries of Rousillon and Ampurda to be in great peril on account of this invasion by the Infante of Majorca, who was favoured not only by the King of Castile,<sup>1</sup> but also by the King of France and his brother, the Duke of Anjou, sent Pedro Garces de Januas, a member of his Privy Council, to solicit of the Infante Don Martin, who was then at Saragossa, and of the rich men and gentlemen of the kingdom, that they should send him all the men they possibly could. Then the prelates, the wealthy inhabitants, and the attorneys (law officers) of the cities and towns throughout Aragon, united with the Infante with a view to providing not only for Roussillon, but also for the defence of the kingdom, because at the same time when the Infante entered into Roussillon, the Bastard of Bearn, whom the King of Castile had created Count of Medina Celi and married to Donna Isabel, sister to Don Juan de la Cerda, both of whom were the children of Don Luis of Spain, Count de Telamon, and another British captain, called Joffre (Godfrey) Rechon, whom the King had attached to Aguilar de Campos with some companies of men-at-arms, collected in the district of Medina, and there being an armistice, they entered by that frontier with the intention of scaling the towns of Somet and Nueralos. They

<sup>1</sup> Henry of Trastamare.

carried off the herds of cattle that were found in the country about Molina, giving out that they were making war on the side of the Infante of Majorca. For this reason a general convocation was convened throughout the kingdom, to join the Infante Don Martin, in the Chapter of the Igglesia Mayor (Cathedral) at Saragossa, on the 8th October, whence fourteen persons were deputed, vested with power to make the necessary provisions; they were appointed by the ecclesiastical state (College), consisting of the Archbishop of Saragossa, the Bishop of Huesca, the Abbot of Montaragon and Berenguer de Montpahon, Lieutenant to the Governor of Amposta; the wealthy classes were represented by the Infante Don Martin and Don Pedro Fernandez de Ixar, and the gentry by Don Lope de Gurrea, Lord of Gurrea, and Don Pedro Iordan de Urries, Lord of Ayerbe, and six proctors from the Universities of the kingdom.

General convocation of Aragon, held in the Chapter of the Cathedral at Saragossa.

## PAGE 367.

Of the entry of the Infante of Majorca into the kingdom of Aragon. Of his death.

1374.

Notwithstanding the treaty of peace which was being negotiated between the Kings of Aragon and Castile, Captain Rechon, who with 250 lances had made good his entry into Aragon, did much damage to the country; they scaled several castles and garrisoned them with men-at-arms, spreading the news that the Governor (of the province) Pero Manrique, was to join with the Infante of Majorca, and Rechou

Damage in Aragon, and who caused it.



was to go with him to Navarra, because the Infante was expected to enter through the county of Urgel, and his coming was awaited with great confidence and (the people) went out to receive him.

Entry of the Infante of Majorca into Catalonia, and what the King did, and what preventive measures he took.

As the Infante met with great resistance in the approach to Paniças and the whole of the people of Catalonia charged (him) at the Ampurdan, he took the road leading through Puycerdan to Sen d'Urgel, and entered into Catalonia by the bank of the river Serge. When the King heard that the Infante was coming through the county of Urgel, he went to Cerrera and ordered all his forces to join him there, in order to give battle to the Infante. This battle took place about the middle of December, and the Infante Don Juan, who was at that time at Saragossa, left the city in great haste in order to be near his father in the battle; and as the entire kingdom was in arms on account of this invasion by the Infante of Majorca, and it was suitable to appoint a very influential person, greatly experienced in military matters, to take charge of and provide for the entire kingdom, the Infante appointed Don Blasco de Alagon to be his Lieutenant-General in his stead.

The Infante Don Juan leaves Saragossa to join his father, the King: he does not take command himself, but appoints Don Blasco de Alagon in his stead.

PAGE 367, *verso*.

Soon (after these events) the Infante of Majorca died of disease and was buried in the convent of S. Francisco in the city of Soria; and the Infanta Donna Isabel, Marquise of Monferrato, his sister, who had come with him, and Juan de Malestit, who was the principal captain of that army, and the other

1375-  
The Infante of Majorca died and was buried in S. Francisco, in the city of Soria, and his sister returned to Gascony.

captains returned, by favour of Don Juan, son of the King of Castile, accompanied by their people, to Gascony. Very different from this is the account given in the history we have of King Pedro of Aragon, in which it is said that the Infante entered through Catalonia with 2000 men-at-arms and arrived before Barcelona, and that as soon as he had entered by the road of Sen de Urgel, he returned through the valley of Aran, and suddenly died, having drunk a poisoned beverage. But however that may be, it is certain that afterwards many gentlemen of the King's household were inculpated for having favoured and assisted the Infante in this invasion; and, among others, Don Juan Remirez de Arellans was impeached, he being a vassal of the King and a servant in his household; and having been impeached in the presence of the King at Barcelona by the Viscount Don Frances de Perellos, he, to save his honour, accepted the challenge, which, however, was not brought to an issue, as related most circumstantially by Don Pedro Lopez in his history.

Opinion on the death of the Infante of Majorca.

Impeachment proffered by Don Frances de Perellos; against whom and what for.

PAGE 369.

Of the new pretensions advanced by the Duke of Anjou in the right of the Queen of Majorca, and of the general Cortes (Parliament) the King ordered the people at Aragon, Valencia, and Catalonia to convene, to be held in the city of Monçon.

1376.

The death of the Infante of Majorca did not put an end to the pretension advanced against the King of Aragon for that kingdom and the counties of

What the sister  
of the Infante  
of Majorca did.

Roussillon, Cerdania, Valespir, and Colibre ; but, on the contrary, as the Infante had died without having made his will, his sister, the Infanta Donna Isabel, having no interest in that fief lapsing again to the Crown, and she having personally renounced her right in favour of the King when she married the Marquis of Monferrat, she made, while staying with her husband, a new cession of everything that might belong to her to Louis, Duke of Anjou, brother to the King of France.

BIANCA, m. James, King of Aragon.  
 LEONORA, m. Frederick, King of Sicily. He died, 1337. She died, 1341.  
 MARY, m. James II., King of Majorca.  
 BEATRICE, m. (1) Azzo Este, Duke of Ferrara. m. (2) Rinaldo del Balzo, Count of Andria.

ROBERT, killed at Poitiers.  
 JAMES III. of Majorca, m. Queen Joanna I., 1364, d. 1374, at Soria, in Spain.  
 ISABEL, m. John Palaeologus, Marquis of Montferrat.  
 FRANCESCO DEL BALZO, Duke of Andria.

AGNES, m. (1) Can della Scala. m. (2) Giacomo del Balzo, Duke of Andria, 1384.  
 CLEMENTIA.  
 MARGHERITA. = CHARLES III., King of Naples, 1382.  
 JOANNA.

MARIA, d. 1380.  
 JOANNA II., Queen of Naples, m. James, Count of La Marche, d. 1435.  
 LADISLAUS, King of Naples, 1386.

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